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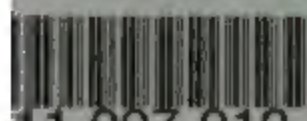
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1. Drama.

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2. Gen. Works on Science.

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LUDUS COVENTRIÆ.

**A Collection of Mysteries,
FORMERLY REPRESENTED AT COVENTRY**

ON THE

FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

*Richard Halliwell Esq
from his affectionate brother*
EDITED BY *The Editor.*

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ. F.R.S.

HON. M.R.I.A., F.S.A., F.R.A.S., &c.



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INTRODUCTION.

THREE complete collections of ancient English mysteries have descended to modern times, or rather are now known to be preserved, which are generally distinguished by the titles of the Chester, the Townley, and the Coventry Mysteries; and, with the exception of a few detached pieces of far inferior importance, we derive nearly all our actual knowledge of the early English drama from these series of plays, which have been long known to every one interested in this class of literary pursuits, as some of the most curious and valuable relics of bygone times; not merely as important records of our early stage, but also as illustrating, in a very interesting manner, the customs, language, and manners of the periods to which they belong. The only one of these series (which is, perhaps, the most important of all), that has yet been printed, is the Townley, which was published by the Surtees Society, with a very interesting and learned preface by Mr. Hunter. The Coventry is contained in the following volume; and the Chester, so ably commented upon by Mr. Markland, a gentleman to whom belongs the distinction of being the first in recent times to direct public

attention to these researches, has already been under the consideration of the Council of the Society under whose auspices the present volume is produced. *

Mr. Collier, in the second volume of his excellent *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, has carefully analyzed the *Coventry Mysteries*, with occasional notices of resemblances or dissimilarities in the method in which the same subjects are treated in the other collections. It will, therefore, be unnecessary for me in this place to enter on the general question of the chain in the evidence of dramatic history which these mysteries afford.

The *Coventry Mysteries* are contained in a quarto volume, the principal part of which was written in the year 1468, now preserved in the Cottonian collection of manuscripts, under the press-mark *Vespas. D. viii.* The date of the MS. is ascertained from the verso of fol. 100, a fac-simile of which page will be found at the commencement of this work. The history of the manuscript is unfortunately wrapped in obscurity, and it cannot be distinctly traced back to those who are presumed to have been its former possessors — the Grey Friars of Coventry. The principal authority for its appropriation to this body is contained in the following memorandum on the fly-leaf of the manuscript in the hand-writing of Dr. Richard James, librarian to Sir

* I am not without hopes of one or two more collections turning up. In MS. Addit. 4791, fol. 157, is given a list of the plays represented at Dublin on Corpus Christi day, 1468, which differs materially from the contents of any known series. The play of the "Sacrifice of Abraham," in Trinity College, Dublin, may be one of these. It has been printed by Mr. Collier.

Robert Cotton:—“Contenta Novi Testamenti scenice expressa et actitata olim per monachos sive fratres mendicantes: vulgo dicitur hic liber Ludus Coventriæ, sive Ludus Corporis Christi: scribitur metris Anglicanis.” The MS. was previously in the possession of Robert Hegge of Christ Church, Oxford, who died in 1629,* and was, most probably, purchased by James about that time for Cotton, as it appears from a letter in the same library† that James was engaged about that period at Oxford in procuring manuscripts for his patron.

James, in his MS. collections in the Bodleian, does not notice the MS. of the Ludus Coventriæ, and I have been unsuccessful in endeavouring to trace either the destination of Hegge’s library, or the authority for James’s assertion that this volume was commonly (vulgo dicitur) known under the above title.‡ That it was so, there cannot, I imagine, be the slightest doubt, for what object could James—a man who was, most probably, uninterested about the subject of the manuscript, and

* Wood’s *Athenæ*, by Bliss, vol. ii., p. 458. Hegge does not allude to the MS. in any of his writings.

† MS. Cotton. Julius, C. iii., fol. 193. James was then resident at Oxford.

‡ In the old catalogue of the Cottonian library, commenced in the year 1621, in MS. Harl. 6018, there is no notice of the present MS. I find, however, in a list of books “lent out of my study befor this 23 Aprill, 1621,” an entry which may be interesting to the reader: “Ælfricus Grammar Saxon to Ben: Jonson.” This was doubtlessly “the most ancient grammar written in the Saxon tongue and character,” which Kynaston saw in his hands. See Gifford’s *Jonson*, vol. ix., p. 254.

inserted the account above given as Cotton's librarian, according to his usual custom—have had in making a misrepresentation? It must be remembered, also, that the last leaf, or, perhaps, the last few leaves, are now deficient, and there is no improbability in the conjecture that these may not have been lost when James wrote his description, and that a colophon supplied him with his information.

Robert Hegge has given us his autograph in two places, and in both added the cognomen of "Dunelmensis." On this account, some writers have conjectured that the volume originally came from Durham; but this supposition is not supported by any evidence and very little probability. The principal mark of dialect which the Mysteries contain, viz., *x* for *sh* in such words as *xal*, *xulde*, &c., belong to that part of the country in which Coventry is situated.

If, then, we have not complete and absolute evidence that *Ludus Coventriæ* is the proper title of these Mysteries, yet the probabilities are greatly in favour of the correctness of this appellation, and no urgent reasons have been given for any different conclusion. By this name, at all events, the MS. has been known since the time of Dr. James, who died in 1639.

The external evidence is also greatly in favour of the claim of Coventry to these plays. Coventry was a place formerly famous for the performance of its Corpus Christi plays by the Grey Friars, in the same manner as Chester was for the performances of its trading companies. Mr. Sharp's *Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries*, 4to., Cov. 1816, contains a most curious and valuable collec-

tion of information* relative to the plays once performed there, and the manner in which the actors were dressed. In 1456, Queen Margaret was at Coventry, when she saw “alle the pagentes pleyde save domesday, which might not be pleyde for lak of day.” Even as late as 1575, “certain good harted men of Coventree” had the honour of performing before Queen Elizabeth in the celebrated entertainment at Kenilworth, and gained considerable applause.† And Heywood, in a passage which has been frequently quoted, alludes to the devil as a famous character in the old Coventry mysteries:—

“ For as good happe wolde have it chaunce,
Thys devyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce;
For oft, in the play of Corpus Christi,
He hath played the devyll at Coventry.”‡

The Coventry Mysteries attracted the attention of the antiquary, Dugdale, at an early period, and he has given us the following curious and important account of them:—

“ Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants that were play’d therein, upon Corpus-Christi day; which occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and

* Collected from the records of the corporation. Mr. Sharp has also printed a Coventry play of a later date, which does not contain the dialectical peculiarity mentioned above.

† Laneham’s Letter, 12mo. Lond. 1575, p. 32.

‡ *Playe called the foure P P.* sig. d. ii. Sharp has given us many particulars relative to this character. See also Collier’s *Hist. Dram. Poet.* vol. ii. p. 262-266.

1. Drama.

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2. Gen. ... on ...

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THE
COVENTRY MYSTERIES.

Prologue.

Primus vexillator.

Now gracyous God, groundyd of alle goodnesse,
As thi grete glorie nevyr begynnyng had,
So thou socour and save alle tho that sytt and sese,
And lystenyth to oure talkyng with sylens styлле and sad,
ffor we purpose us pertly styлле in this prese,
The pepyl to plese with plays ful glad.
Now lystenyth us, lovely, bothe more and lesse,
Gentyllys and 3emanry of goodly lyff lad,
This tyde.

We xal 3ou shewe, as that we kan,
How that this werd ffyrst began,
And how God made bothe molde and man,
Iff that 3e wyl abyde.

Secundus vexillator.

In the ffyrst pagent, we thenke to play
How God dede make, thorowe his owyn myth,
Hevyn so clere upon the fyrst day,
And therin he sett angelle fful bryth.

Than angelle with songe, this is no nay,
 Xal worchep God, as it is ryth ;
 But Lucyfer, that angelle so gay,
 In suche pompe than is he pyth,
 And set in so grete pride,
 That Goddys sete he gynnyth to take,
 Hese lordys pere hymself to make,
 But than he ffallyth a ffend ful blake,
 ffrom hevyn in helle to a[bide.]

Tertius vexillator.

In the secunde pagent by Godys myth,
 We thenke to shewe and pley, be-dene,
 In the other sex days, by opyn syth,
 What thenge was wrought ther xal be sene ;
 How best was made and foule of flyth,
 And last was man made, as I wene ;
 Of mannys o ryb, as I 3ow plyth,
 Was woman wrougth mannys make to bene,
 And put in paradyse.
 Ther were floures bothe blew and blake,
 Of alle frutes thei myth ther take,
 Saff frute of cunnyng thei xulde forsake,
 And towche it in no wyse.

The serpent toke Eve an appyl to byte,
 And Eve toke Adam a mursel of the same,
 Whan thei had do thus azens the rewle of ryte,
 Than was oure Lord wrothe and grevyd al with grame.
 Oure Lord gan appose them of ther grete delyte,
 Bothe to askuse hem of that synful blame,
 And than Almyghty God, ffor that gret dyspite,
 Assygned hem grevous peyn, as 3e xal se in game,
 In dede,
 Seraphyn, an angelle gay,
With brennyng sword, this is verray,

From paradise bete hem away,
In Bybyl as we rede.

Primus vexillator.

We purpose to shewe in the thryd pagent,
The story of Caym and of hese brother Abelle,
Of here tythynges now be we bent
In this pagent the trewthe to telle.
How the tythyng of Abel with feyr was brent,
And accept to God, yf 3e wyl dwelle,
We purpose to shewe, as we have ment,
And how he was kylyd of his brother so felle;
And than
How Caym was cursyd in al degré,
Of Godys owyn mowthe, ther xal 3e se,
Of trewe tythyng this may wel be,
Exaw[m]ple to every man.

Secundus vexilator.

The iii.^{de} pagent is now 3ow tolde;
The ffourte pagent of Noe xal be,
How God was wrothe with man an molde,
Because fro synne man dede not fle.
He sent to Noe an angel bolde,
A shyp ffor to makyn and swymmen on the se,
Upon the water bothe wood and coolde,
And viij. sowles ther savyd xulde be.
And j. peyre of everiche bestes in brynge.
Whan xl.^a days the flode had fflowe,
Than sente Noe out a crowe,
And after hym he sent a dowe,
That brouth ryth good tydyng.

Tertius vexillator.

Of Abraham is the fyfte pagent,
And of Ysaac his sone so fre,

How that he xulde with fere be brent,
 And slayn with swerd, as 3e xal se.
 Abraham toke with good atent
 His sone Ysaac, and knelyd on kne,
 His suerd was than ful redy bent,
 And thouth his chylde ther offered xuld be,
 Upon an hylle ful ryff.
 Than God toke tent to his good wyl,
 And sent an angel ryth sone hym tyl,
 And bad Abraham a shep to kyl,
 And savyd his chydys lyff.

Primus vexillator.

The sexte pagent is of Moyses,
 And of tweyn tabelys that God hym took,
 In the whiche were wrete, without les,
 The lawes of God to lerne and lok.
 And how God charged hym be wordys these,
 The lawes to lerne al of that book,
 Moyses than doth nevyr more sese,
 But prechyth duly both 3ere and woke,
 The lawes as I 3ow telle.
 The ten comaundementes alle be-dene,
 In oure play 3e xal hem sene,
 To alle tho that there wyl bene,
 If that 3e thenke to duelle.

Secundus vexillator.

Off the gentyl Jesse rote,
 The sefnt pagent forsothe xal ben,
 Out of the whiche doth sprynge oure bote,
 As in prophecye we redyn and sen;
 Kyngys and prophetes with wordys fful sote,
 Schulle prophesye al of a qwene,
 The whiche xal staunche oure stryff and moote,

And wynnyn us welthe withoutyn wene,
In hevyn to abyde.
They xal prophecye of a mayde,
Alle ffendys of here xal be affrayde,
Here sone xal save us, be not dismayde,
With hese woundys wyde.

Tertius vexillator.

Of the grete bushop Abyacar,
The tende pagent xal be without lesyng,
The whiche comaundyth men to be war,
And brynge here douteres to dew weddyng;
Alle that ben xiiij. 3ere and more,
To maryage he byddyth hem bryng,
Wherevyr thei be, he chargyth sore,
That thei not ffayle for no lettyng,
The lawe byddyth so serteyn than.
Than Joachym and Anne so mylde,
Thei brynge forthe Mary that blyssyd chylde,
But she wold not be defylyde,
With spot nor wem of man.

In chastyté that blysfyl mayde
Avowyd there here lyff to lede.
Than is the busshop sore dysmayde,
And wonderyth sore al of this dede;
He knelyd to God, as it is sayde,
And prayth than for help and rede.
Than seyth an angel, "be not afrayde,
Of this dowte take thou no drede,
But for the kynrede of Davyd thou sende;
Lete hem come with here offryng,
And in here handys white 3erdys brynge,
Loke whose 3erde doth ffloure and sprynge,
And he xal wedde that mayden hende."

Primus vexillator.

In the x.^{te} pagent, sothe to say,
 A masangere fforth is sent;
 Davydis kynrede without delay
 They come fful sone with good entent.
 Whan Joseph offeryd his 3erde that day,
 Anon ryth fforth in present
 The ded styk do floure fful gay,
 And than Joseph to wedlok went,
 Ryth as the angel bad.
 Than he plyth to his wyff,
 In chastyté to ledyn here lyff,
 The busshop toke here iij. maydenys ryff,
 Som comforte there she had.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xj.^{de} pagent goth Gabryelle,
 And doth salute oure lady ffre,
 Than grett with chylde, as I 3ow telle,
 That blyssyd mayde, forsothe is she.
 Tho iij. maydenys that with here dwelle,
 Here gret speche, but noon thei se,
 Than they suppose that sum angelle,
 Goddys masangere that it xuld be.
 And thus
 The Holy Gost in here is lyth,
 And Goddys sone in here is pygth,
 The aungelle doth telle what he xal hyght,
 And namyth the chylde JHESUS.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xij. pagent, as I 3ow telle,
 Joseph comyth hom fro fer countré,
 Oure ladyes wombe with chylde doth swelle,
 And than Joseph ful hevy is he ;

He doth forsake here with hert ful felle,
Out of cuntré he gynnyth to fle,
He nevyr more thenkyth with here to dwelle,
And than oure lady ryth sore wepyth she.
An angelle seyð hym ryf,
“God is with thi wyff sertayn,
Therefore, Joseph, turne hom agayn.”
Than is Joseph in herte ful fayn,
And goth ageyn onto his wyff.

Primus vexillator.

The xiiij.th pagent, I sey 3ow be-dene,
Xal be of Joseph and mylde Mary,
How they were sclawndryd with trey and tene,
And to here purgacion thei must hem hy.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xv. pagent shewe we xal,
How Joseph went withoute varyauns,
ffor mydwyvys to helpe oure lady at alle,
Of childe that she had delyverauns.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xvj. pagent Cryst xal be born,
Of that joy aungelys xul synge,
And telle the shepherdys in that morn
The blysseful byrth of that kyng.
The shepherdys xal come hym befforn,
With reverens and with worchepyng,
ffor he xal savyn that was forlorn,
And graunt us lyff evyr more lestyng,
I-wys.

This gle in grythe
Is mater of myrthe,
Now Crystys byrthe,
Bryng us to his blys!

Primus vexillator.

The xv.th pagent come kynges iiij.,
 With gold, myrre, and ffrankynsens,
 Kyng Herowdys styward hem doth se,
 And bryngyth alle to his presens.
 The Kynges of Coleyn with hert ful ffre,
 Tolde kyng Herownde here dylygens,
 That thei south in that countré
 A kyng of kynges, ffrom fere thens
 A sterre led hem the way.
 The chylde is 3oung and lyth in stalle.
 He xal be kyng of kynges alle,
 Before hym we thynk on kne to ffalle,
 And worchep hym this day.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xvj. pagent as wroth as wynde
 Is kyng Herownde, the sothe to say,
 And cruel knytes and unkende
 To sle male chylderyn he sendyth that day.
 But Cryst Jhesu thei may not ffynde,
 For Joseph hath led that childe away
 Unto Eglypht, as we have mende,
 As angele to Joseph dyd byd and say
 In hy3ht.
 Tho chylderyn that syt in here moderes lap,
 To sowkyn ful swetly here moderes pap,
 The knyhtes do sle hem evyn at a swap,
 This is a rewly syth.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xvij. pagent the knyhtes, be-dene,
 Shulle brynge dede childeryn befor the kyng;
 Whan kyng Herownde that syth hath sene,
 fful glad he is of here kylyng.

Than kyng Herownde, withowtyn wene,
Is sett to mete at his lykyng,
In his most pride xal come gret tene,
As 3e xal se at oure pleyng.

His sorwe xal awake ;
Whan he is sett at hese most pryde,
Sodeyn deth xal thrylle his syde,
And kille his knyttes that with hym byde ;
The devyl ther soulys xal take.

Primus vexillator.

In the xviiij. pagent we must purpose,
To shewe whan Cryst was xij. 3er of age,
How in the temple he dede appose
And answerd doctoris ryth wyse and sage.
The blyssyd babe withowte glose,
Overcam olde clerkes with suyche langage,
That thei meveyld, 3e xal suppose,
How that he cam to suche knowlage.
And in this whyle,
Thre days he was oute
ffro his modyr, without doute,
Wepying she sowth hym rownde aboute
Jherusalem many a myle.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xix. pagent xal seynt Jhon
Baptyse Cryst, as I 3ow say,
In the watyr of flom Jordone,
With which devys, as we best may,
The Holy Gost xal ovyr hym on,
The ffaderes voys xal be herd that day,
Out of hevyn that blisful trone,
The fadyr xal be herd, this is no nay,
And forth with pleyn.

The Holy Gost xal be hys gyde
 Into desert therin to abyde,
 Xl.th days a terme ful wyde,
 And xl.th nyghtes to faste serteyn.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xx.th pagent alle the develys of helle,
 They gadere a parlement, as 3e xal se,
 They have grete doute the trewth to telle,
 Of Cryst Jhesu whath he xulde be.
 They sende Sathan, that ffynde so ffelle,
 Cryst for to tempte in fele degré :
 We xal 3ow shewe, if 3e wyl dwelle,
 How Cryst was temptyd in synnys thre
 Of the deyvl Sathane ;
 And how Cryst answeyrd onto alle,
 And made the ffende away to falle,
 As we best may this shewe we xalle,
 Thorwe grace of God and man.

Primus vexillator.

The xxj.th pagent of a woman xal be,
 The whiche was take in adultrye
 The Pharysewys ffalsed ther 3e xal se,
 Cryst to convycte how they were slye.
 They conseyyd this sotylté,
 Yf Cryst this woman dede dampne trewly,
 Ageyn his prechyng than dede he,
 Whiche was of peté and of mercy ;
 And yf he dede here save,
 Than were he azens Moyses lawe,
 That byddyth with stonys she xulde be slawe,
 Thus they thowth undyr ther awe
 Cryst Jhesu ffor to have.

Secundus vexillator.

The grettest meracle that evyr Jhesus
 In erthe wrouth beforh his passyon,
 In xxij.^u pagent we purpose us
 To shewe in dede the declaracion.
 That pagent xal be of Lazarus,
 In whos place and habytacion
 Cryst was logyd, the Gospel seyth thus,
 And ofte tymes toke ther consolacion.
 But 3yt
 Lazarus, as I 3ow say,
 Was iiij. days ded and beryed in clay,
 ffrom deth to lyve the iiij^u. day,
 Cryst reysed hym ffrom that pyt.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xxiiij.^u pagent, Palme Sunday,
 In pley we purpose ffor to shewe,
 How chylderyn of Ebrew with ffloures ful gay,
 The wey that Cryst went thei gun to strewe.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxiiij.^u pagent, as that we may,
 Cryst and his apostelys alle on rewe,
 The mawnde of God ther xal they play,
 And sone declare it with wordys ffewe.
 And than
 Judas that fals traytour,
 ffor xxx.^u platys of werdly tresour,
 Xal betray oure Savyour
 To the Jewys certan.

Secundus vexillator.

ffor grevous peyn, this is no les,
 In the xxv.^u pagent, Cryst xal pray

To the fadyr of hevyn that peyn for to ses,
 His shamful deth to put away.
 Judas that traytour, befor gret pres,
 Xal kys his mouthe and hym betray,
 Alle his dyscyples than do dyscres,
 And forsake Cryst, the sothe to say,
 ffor doute thei do hem hede.
 Hese dyscyplys alle everychone
 Do renne away and leve hym alone,
 They lete hym stondyn amonge his ffon,
 And ronne away ffor drede.

Tertius vexillator.

Than in the xxvj.^a pagent,
 To Cayphas Cryst xal be brouth,
 Tho Jewys fful redy ther xul be bent,
 Cryst to acuse with worde and thouth.
 Seynt Petyr doth folwe with good intent,
 To se with Cryst what xuld be wrouth;
 ffor Crystes dyscyples whan he is hent,
 Thryes he doth swere he knew hym nowth,—
 A kok xal crowe and crye;
 'Than doth Petyr gret sorwe make,
 ffor he his lord thus dede forsake,
 But God to grace hym sone doth take,
 Whan he doth aske mercye.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxvij. pagent, sere Pylat
 Is sett in sete as hy justyce;
 Whan he is set in his astat,
 Thre thevys be brout of synful gyse,
 And Cryst that lovye nevyr stryff nor bat,
 But trewthe and goodnesse on every wyse,

As for a thef with ryth gret hat,
 Is browth to stondyn at that same syse.
 And than, as I 3ow say,
 The wyff of Pylat goth to rest,
 Coveryd with clothis al of the best,
 Than ffor to slepe she is ful prest,
 Alle this we thenke to play.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xxviiij. pagent xal Judas,
 That was to Cryst a ffals traytour,
 With wepyng sore evyr crye, alas,
 That evyr he solde oure Savyour.
 He xal be sory ffor his trespas,
 And brynge a3en alle his tresour,
 Alle xxx. pens to sere Cayphas,
 He xal them brynge with gret dolowre,
 ffor the whiche Cryst was bowth.
 ffor gret whanhope, as 3e xal se,
 He hangyth hymself upon a tre,
 ffor he noth trostyth in Godys peté,
 To helle his sowle is browth.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xxix. pagent, to Pylatus wyff
 In slepe aperyth the devyl of helle,
 ffor to savyn Crystes lyff,
 The devyl here temptyth, as I 3ow telle.
 Sche sendyth to Pylat anon ful ryff,
 And prayth that Cryst he xuld not qwelle ;
 Than Pylat is besy and ryth blyff,
 Cryst for to savyn he 3evyth councele,
 ffor he dede nevyr trespas.
 The Jewys do crye fast ffor to kyllé,
 The rythful man thei aske to spylle,

A thief thei save with herty wylle,
That callyd is Barrabas.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxx. pagent thei bete out Crystes blood,
And nayle hym al nakyd upon a rode tre,
Betwen ij. thevys, i-wys they were to wood,
They hyng Cryst Jhesu, gret shame it is to se.
Vij. wurdys Cryst spekyth hangyng upon the rode,
The weche 3e xal here alle tho that wyl ther be,
Than doth he dye ffor oure allether good ;
His modyr doth se that syth, gret mornyng makyth she,
ffor sorwe she gynnyth to swowne.
Seynt John evyn ther as I 3ow plythe,
Doth chere oure lady with al his mythe,
And to the temple anon forth rythe,
He ledyth here in that stownde.

Secundus vexillator.

We purpose to shewe in oure pleyn place,
In the xxxj.^u pagent, thorwe Godys mythe,
How to Crystes herte a spere gan pace,
And rent oure lordys bryst in ruly plyth.
ffor Longeus that olde knyth, blynd as he was,
A ryth sharpe spere to Crystes herte xal pythe,
The blod of his wounde to his oyn xal tras,
And thorwe gret meracle ther hath he syth.
Than in that morn,
Crystes soule goth downe to helle,
And ther ovyrcomyth the fend so felle,
Comfortyth the soulys that therin dwelle,
And savyth that was fforlorn.

Tertius vexillator.

Joseph and Nycodemus to Cryst trew servaunt
xxxij. page[nt] the body thei aske to have.

Pylat ful redyly the body doth hem graunt,
 Than thei with reverens do put it in grave.
 The Jewys more wyckyd than ony geawunt,
 ffor Crystes ded body keepers do thei crave,
 Pylat sendyth iiij. knytes that be ryth hardaunt,
 To keep the bloody body in his dede conclave.
 And 3it be his owyn myth,
 The body that was hevy as led,
 Be the Jewys nevyr so qwed,
 Aryseth from grave that ther lay ded,
 And ffrayth than every knyth.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxiiij. pagent the soule of Cryst Jhesu
 Xal brynge alle his ffrendys ffrom helle to paradyse,
 The soule goth than to the grave, and be ryth gret vertu
 That body that longe ded hath loyn to lyf a3en doth ryse.
 Than doth Cryst Jhesu onto his modyr sew,
 And comfortyth alle here care in temple ther she lyse,
 With suche cher and comforth his modyr he doth indew,
 That joy it is to here ther speche for to devyse.
 And than
 Oure lady of hefne so cler,
 In herte sche hath ryth glad chere,
 Whan here sone thus doth apere,
 Here care away is tan.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xxxiiij. pagent xal Maryes thre
 Seke Cryst Jhesu in his grave so coolde;
 An aungel hem tellyth that aresyn is he;
 And whan that this tale to them is tolde,
 To Crystes dyscyplis with wurdys fful fre,
 They telle these tydynges with brest ful bolde.
 Than Petyr and John, as 3e xal se,

Down rennyn in hast over lond and wolde,
 The trewth of this to have.
 Whan thei ther comyn, as I 3ow say,
 He is gon ffrom undyr clay,
 Than thei wytnesse anoon that day,
 He lyth not in his grave.

Tertius vexillator.

Onto Mary Mawdelyn as we have bent,
 Cryst Jhesu xal than apere,
 In the xxxv.^u pagent,
 And she wenyth he be a gardenere.
 Mary, be name verament,
 Whan Cryst here callyth with speche ful clere,
 She fallyth to ground with good entent,
 To kys his fete with gladsom chere.
 But Cryst byddyth here do way,
 He byddyth his feet that sche not kys,
 Tyl he have styed to hefne blys,
 To Crystes dyscyplys Mary i-wys
 Than goth the trewth to say.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxxvj.^u pagent xal Cleophas
 And Sent Luke to a castel go,
 Of Crystes deth as thei fforth pas
 They make gret mornyng and be ful wo,
 Than Cryst them ovyrtoke, as his wyl was,
 And walkyd in felachep fforth with hem too,
 To them he doth expowne bothe more and las
 Alle that prophetes spake ad of hymself also;
 That nyth in fay,
 Whan thei be set within the castelle,
 In brekyng of bred thei know Cryst welle,
 Than sodeynly, as I 3ow telle,
 Cryste is gon his way.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xxxvij. pagent than purpos we,
 To Thomas of Ynde Cryst xal apere,
 And Thomas evyn ther, as 3e xal se,
 Xal put his hands in his woundes dere.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xxxviiij.^a pagent up stye xal he
 Into hefne that is so clere,
 Alle hese apostele there xul be,
 And woundere sore and have gret dwere,
 Of that fferly syth.
 Ther xal come aungelle tweyne,
 And comfforte hem, this is certeyne,
 And tellyn that he xal comyn ageyne,
 Even by his owyn myth.

Primus vexillator.

Than ffolwyth next sekyrly,
 Of Wyttsunday that solempne ffest,
 Whyche pagent xal be ix. and thretty,
 To the apostelys to apere be Crystes hest ;
 In Hierusalem were gaderyd xij. opynly,
 To the Cenacle comyng ffrom West to Est,
 The Holy Gost apperyd fful vervently,
 With brennyng ffere thyrling here brest,
 Procedyng from hevyn trone.
 Alle maner langage hem spak with tung,
 Latyn, Grek, and Ebrew amonge,
 And affter thei departyd and taryed not long,
 Here deth to take ful sone.

Secundus vexillator.

The xl.^a pagent xal be the last,
 And domysday that pagent xal hyth,

Who se that pagent may be agast
 To grevyn his lord God eyther day or nyth ;
 The erthe xal qwake, bothe breke and brast,
 Beryelys and gravys xul ope ful tyth,
 Ded men xul rysyn and that therin hast,
 And ffast to here ansuere thei xul hem dyth,
 Beffore Godys fface.

But prente wyl this in 3our mende,
 Who so to God hath be unkende,
 ffrenchep ther xal he non ffynde,
 Ne ther get he no grace.

Tertius vexillator.

Now have we told 3ow alle be-dene
 The hool mater that we thynke to play ;
 Whan that 3e come, ther xal 3e sene
 This game wel pleyd in good aray.
 Of holy wrytte this game xal bene,
 And of no fablys be no way,
 Now God them save from trey and tene,
 ffor us that prayth upon that day,
 And qwyte them wel ther mede.
 A Sunday next, yf that we may,
 At vj. of the belle we gynne oure play,
 In N. towne, wherfore we pray,
 That God now be 3oure spede. *Amen.*

I. THE CREATION.

Deus. Ego sum alpha et ω , principium et finis.

My name is knowyn, God and kynge,
My werk for to make now wyl I wende,
In myself restyth my reynenge,
It hath no gynnyng ne non ende;
And alle that evyr xal have beynge,
It is closyd in my mende,
Whan it is made at my lykynge,
I may it save, I may it shende,
After my plesawns.
So gret of myth is my pousté,
Alle thyng xal be wrowth be me,
I am oo God in personys thre,
Knyt in oo substawns.

I am the trewe trenyté,
Here walkyng in this wone;
Thre personys myself I se,
Lokyn in me God alone.
I am the fadyr of powsté,
My Sone with me gynnyth gon,
My Gost is grace in magesté,
Weldyth welthe up in hevyn tron.
O God thre I calle,
I a fadyr of myth,
My sone kepyth ryth,
My gost hath lyth,
And grace with alle.

Myself begynnyng nevyr dyd take,
 And endeles I am thorw myn own myth,
 Now wole I begynne my werke to make,—
 ffyrst I make hevyn with sterrys of lyth
 In myrth and joy evermore to wake,
 In hevyn I bylde angelle fful bryth,
 My servauntes to be, and for my sake,
 With merth and melody worchepe my myth;
 I belde them in my blysse.
 Aungelle in hevyn evyrmore xal be,
 In lythful clere bryth as ble,
 With myrthe and song to worchip me,
 Of joys thei may not mys.

Hic cantent angeli in cælo. “Tibi omnes angeli, tibi
 cœli et universæ potestates, Tibi cherubyn et seraphyn
 incessabili voce proclamant,—Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanc-
 tus! Dominus Deus Sabaoth.”

Lucifer. To whos wurchipe synge 3e this songe,
 To wurchip God or reverens me?
 But 3e me wurchipe 3e do me wronge,
 ffor I am the wurthyest that evyr may be.
Angeli boni. We wurchipe God of myth most stronge,
 Whiche hath fformyd bothe us and the,
 We may nevyr wurchyp hym to longe,
 ffor he is most worthy of magesté.
 On kneis to God we ffalle.
 Oure lorde God wurchyp we,
 And in no wyse honowre we the,
 A gretter lord may nevyr non be,
 Than he that made us alle.

Lucifer. A worthyer lorde forsothe am I,
 And worthyer than he evyr wyl I be,
 In evydens that I am more wurthy,
 I wyl go syttyn in Goddes se.

Above sunne and mone and sterres on sky
 I am now set, as 3e may se ;
 Now wurchyp me ffor most mythty,
 And for 3our lord honowre now me,
 Syttyng in my sete.

Angeli mali. Goddys myth we forsake,
 And for more wurthy we the take,
 The to wurchep honowre we make,
 And ffalle down at thi ffete. }

Deus. Thu Lucyfere ffor thi mekyl pryde,
 I bydde the ffalle from hefne to helle ;
 And alle tho that holdyn on thi syde,
 In my blysse nevyr more to dwelle.
 At my comawndement anoon down thou slyde,
 With merthe and joye nevyr more to melle,
 In myschyf and manas evyr xalt thou abyde,
 In byttyr brennyng and fyer so felle,
 In peyn evyr to be pyht.

Lucyfer. At thy byddyng thi wyl I werke,
 And pas fro joy to peyne smerte,
 Now I am a devyl ful derke,
 That was an aungelle bryht.

Now to helle the wey I take,
 In endeles peyn ther to be pyht.
 ffor fere of fyre a fart I crake,
 In helle doonjoone myn dene is dyth. }

Deus. Now hevyn is made ffor aungelle sake,
 The fyrst day and the fyrst nyth ;
 The secunde day watyr I make,
 The walkyn also ful fayr and bryth.

The iiij.th day I parte watyr from erthe,
 Tre and every growyng thyng,
 Bothe erbe and floure of suete smellyng,

The iij.^{de} day is made be my werkyng.

Now make I the day that xal be the fferthe.

Sunne and mone and sterrys also,

The forthe day I make in same ;

The v.^{de} day werme and ffysche that swymme and go,

Byrdys and bestes, bothe wylde and tame ;

The sexte day my werk I do.

And make the man Adam be name,

In ertheleche paradys withowtyn wo,

I graunt the bydyng, lasse thou do blame :

fflesche of thi fflesche, and bon of thi bone,

Adam here is thi wyf and make,

Both ffysche and foulys that swymmyn and gone,

To everyche of hem a name thou take ;

Both tre and frute and bestys echone,

Red and qwyte, bothe blew and blake,

Thou 3eve hem name be thiself alone,

Erbys and gresse both beetes and brake ;

Thi wyff thou 3eve name also.

Lok that 3e not ses,

3owre ffru te to encres,

That ther may be pres

Me worchipe for to do.

Now come fforthe Adam to paradys,

Ther xalt thou have alle maner thyng,

Bothe flesche and ffysche and frute of prys,

Alle xal be buxum at thi byddyng.

Here is pepyr, pyan, and swete lycorys,

Take hem alle at thi lykyng,

Bothe appel and pere and gentyl rys,

But towche nowth this tre that is of cunnyng,

Alle thyng saff this ffor the is wrought ;

Here is alle thinge that the xulde plese,
Alle redy made onto thin ese,
Ete not this frute ne me dysplese,
ffor than thou deyst, thou skapyst nowth.

Now have I made alle thyng of nowth,
Hevyn and erthe, foule and best :—
To alle thyng that myn hand hath wrowth,
I graunt myn blyssyng that evyr xal lest;
My way to hefne is redy sowth,
Of werkyng I wole the vij.th day rest,
And alle my creatures that be abowth,
My blyssyng 3e have both est and west.
Of werkyng the vij.th day 3e sees;
And alle tho that sees of laboryng here,
The vij.th day withowtyn dwere,
And wurchyp me in good manere,
Thei xal in hefne have endles pes.

Adam go forthe and be prynce in place,
ffor to hefne I sped my way;
Thi wyttys wel loke thou chase,
And gostly governe the, as I say.

II. THE FALL OF MAN.

Adam. Holy ffadyr blyssyd thou be,
ffor I may walke in welthe anow,
I ffynde datys gret plenté,
And many ffele frutes ful every bow ;
Alle this wele is 3evyn to me,
And to my wyf that on me lowh,
I have no nede to towche 3on tre,
Azens my lordys wyl to werke now ;
I am a good gardenere ;
Every frute of ryche name,
I may gaderyn with gle and game,
To breke that bond I were to blame
That my lord bad me kepyn here.

Eva. We may bothe be blythe and glad,
Oure lordys comaundement to fulfyllé,
With ffele frutys be we ffayr ffad,
Woundyr dowcet and nevyr on ille.
Every tre with frute is sprad,
Of them to take as plesyth us tylle,
Oure wytte were rakyl and ovyr don bad,
To fforfete ageyns oure lordys wylle
In ony wyse.
In this gardeyn I wyl go se,
Alle the ffloures of fayr bewté,
And tastyn the frutes of gret plenté.
That be in paradyse.

Serpens. Heyl ffayr wyff and comely dame !
 This ffrute to ete I the cownsell,
 Take this appyl and ete this ssame,
 This ffrute is best as I the telle.

Eva. That appyl to ete I were to blame,
 ffrom joy oure lorde wolde us expelle,
 We xuld dye and be put out with schame,
 In joye of paradyse nevyr more to duelle.

God hymself thus sayde,
 What day of that frute we ete,
 With these wurdys God dyd us threte,
 That we xuld dye our lyff to lete,
 Therffore I am affrayde.

Serpens. Of this appyl yf 3e wyl byte,
 Evyn as God is, so xal 3e be,
 Wys of connyng as I 3ow plyte,
 Lyke onto God in al degré.
 Sunne and mone and sterrys bryth,
 ffysche and foule, bothe sond and se,
 At 3our byddyng bothe day and nyth,
 Alle thynges xal be in 3owre powsté ;
 3e xal be Goddys pere.

Take this appyl in thin hond,
 And to byte therof thou ffond,
 Take another to thin husbond,
 Thereof have thou no dwere.

Eva. So wys as God is in his gret mayn,
 And ffelaw in kunnyng ffayn wold I be.

Serpens. Ete this appyl, and in certeyn
 That I am trewe, sone xalt thou se.

Eva. To myn husbond with herte fful fayne,
 This appyl I bere, as thou byddyst me,

This frute to ete I xal asayn,
 So wys as God is yf we may be,
 And Goddys pere of myth.
 To myn husbond I walke my way,
 And of this appyl I xal asay,
 To make hym to ete, yf that I may,
 And of this ffrewte to byth.

Hic Eva reveniet Adæ viro suo et dicet ei.

My semely spowse and good husbond,
 Lystenyth to me, sere, I 3ow pray,
 Take this ffayr appyl alle in 3our hond,
 Therof a mursel byte and asay.
 To ete this appyl, loke that 3e fonde,
 Goddys ffelaw to be alway,
 Alle his wysdam to undyrstonde,
 And Goddys pere to be ffor ay,
 Alle thyng for to make,—
 Bothe ffysche and foule, se and sond,
 Byrd and best, watyr and lond;
 This appyl thou take out of myn hond,
 A bete therof thou take.

Adam. I dare not towche thin hand ffor dred
 Of oure lord God omnypotent,
 If I xuld werke after thi reed,
 Of God oure makere I xuld be shent.
 If that we do this synful dede,
 We xal be ded by Goddys jugement.
 Out of thin hand with hasty spede,
 Cast out that appyl anon present,
 ffor fer of Goddys threte.
Eva. Of this appyl yf thou wylt byte,

Goddys pere thou xalt be pyht,
 So wys of kunnyng, I the plyht,
 This frute yf thou wylt ete.

Adam. If we it ete oureself we kyllle,
 As God us told we xuld be ded ;
 To ete that frute and my lyf to spylle,
 I dar not do after thi reed.

Eva. A ffayr aungelle thus seyde me tylle,
 " To ete that appyl take nevyr no dred,
 So kunnyng as God in hevyn hille,
 Thou xalt sone be withinne a sted,
 Therefore this frute thou ete."

Adam. Off Goddys wysdam for to lere,
 And in kunnyng to be his pere,
 Of thyn hand I take it here,
 And xal sone tast this mete.

Adam dicet sic.

Alas ! alas ! ffor this fals dede,
 My flesly frend my fo I fynde,
 Schameful synne doth us unhede,
 I se us nakyd before and behynde.
 Oure lordes wurd wold we not drede,
 Therefore we be now caytyvys unkynde,
 Oure pore prevytés ffor to hede,
 Summe ffygge-levys fayn wolde I fynde,
 ffor to hyde oure schame.
 Womman, ley this leff on thi pryvyté,
 And with this leff I xal hyde me,
 Gret schame it is us nakyd to se,
 Oure lord God thus to grame.

Eva. Alas ! that evyr that speche was spokyn,
 That the fals aungel seyde unto me,

Alas ! oure makers byddyng is brokyn,
 ffor I have towchyd his owyn dere tre.
 Oure fflescly eyn byn al unlokyn,
 Nakyd for synne ouresylf we se,
 7 That sory appyl that we han sokyn,
 To dethe hathe brouth my spouse and me,
 Ryth grevous is oure synne.
 Of mekyl shame now do we knowe,
 Alas ! that evyr this appyl was growe,
 To dredful deth now be we throwe,
 In peyne us evyr to pynne.

Deus. Adam, that with myn handys I made,
 Where art thou now ? what hast thou wrought ?

Adam. A ! lord, for synne oure floures do ffade,
 I here thi voys, but I se the nought.

Deus. Adam, why hast thou synnyd so sone,
 Thus hastyly to breke my bone,
 And I made the mayster, undyr mone,
 Trewly of every tre.

O tre I kept for my owe,
 Lyff and deth therin I knowe,
 Thi synne fro lyf now the hath throwe,
 ffrom deth thou mayst not fle.

Adam. Lord I have wrought azens thi wyllle,
 I sparyd nat mysylf to spylle,
 The woman that thou toke me tylle,
 Sche brouth me therto.

It was here counselle and here reed,
 Sche bad me do the same deed,
 I walke as werme withowtyn wede,
 A wey is schrowde and sho.

Deus. Womman that arte this mannys wyffe,
 Why hast thou steryd 3our bothers stryffe ?

Now 3e be ffrom 3our ffayr lyffe,
And are demyd for to deye.

57 Unwys womman, sey me why,
That thou hast don this fowle foly,
And I made the a gret lady,
In paradys for to pleye?

Eva. Lord! whan thou wentyst from this place,
A werm with an aungelys face,
He hyth us to be ful of grace,
The frute yf that we ete.
I dyd his byddyng, alas! alas!
Now we be bowndyn in dethis las,
I suppose it was Sathanas,
To payne he gan us pete.

Deus. Thou werm with thi wylys wyk,
Thi fals fablis thei be ful thyk,
Why hast thou put dethis pryk
In Adam and his wyff?
Thow thei bothyn my byddyng have brokyn,
Out of whoo 3et art not wrokyn,
In helle logge thou xalt be loky[n],
And nevyr mo lacche lyff.

Diabolus. I xal the sey whereffore and why
I ded hem alle this velony,
ffor I am ful of gret envy,
Of wrethe and wyckyd hate.
That man xulde leve above the sky,
Where as sumtyne dwellyd I,
And now I am cast to helle sty,
Strejte out at hevyn gate.

Deus. Adam! ffor thou that appyl boot,
Azens my byddyng; welle I woot,

Go teyl thi mete with swynk and swoot,
 Into thi lyvys ende.
 Goo nakyd, ungry, and bare ffoot,
 Ete bothe erbys, gres, and root,
 Thy bale hath non other boot,
 As wrecche in werlde thou wende.

Womman thou sowtyst this synnyng,
 And bad hym breke myn byddyng,
 Therefore thou xalt ben undyrlyng,
 To mannys byddyng bend.
 What he byddyth the, do thou that thyng,
 And bere thi chyldere with gret gronyng,
 In daungere and in deth dredyng,
 Into thi lyvys ende.

Thou wyckyd worm fful of pryde,
 ffowle envye syt be thi syde,
 Upon thi gutt thou xalt glyde,
 As werm wyckyd in kende.
 Tyl a maydon in medyl-erth be borne,
 Thou ffende I warn the befor,
 Thorwe here thi hed xal be to-torn,
 On wombe away thou wende.

Diabolus. At thi byddyng ffowle I falle,
 I kreve hem to my stynkyng stalle,
 Helle pyt and hevyn halle,
 Xul do thi byddyng bone.
 I ffalle downe here a ffowle freke,
 ffor this ffalle I gynne to qweke,
 With a ffart my breche I breke,
 My sorwe comyth ful sone.

Deus. ffor 3our synne that 3e have do,
 Out of this blysse sone xal 3e go,

In erthely labour to levyn in wo,
 And sorwe the xal atast.
 ffor your synne and mysdoynge,
 An angelle with a swerd brennyng,
 Out of this joye he xal 3ow dyng,
 3our welthe away is past.

*Hic recedit Deus, et angelus seraphicus cum gladio
 flammea verberat Adam et Evam extra Paradisum.*

Seraphim. 3e wrecchis unkend and ryht unwyse,
 Out of this joye hy3 3ow in hast,
 With fflammyng swerd ffrom paradyse
 To peyn I bete 3ow, of care to tast.
 3our myrthe is turnyd to carfulle syse,
 3our welthe with synne away is wast,
 ffor 3our ffalse dede of synful gyse,
 This blysse I spere ffrom 3ow ryth fast.
 Here in come 3e no more ;
 ¶ Tyl a chylde of a mayd be born,
 And upon the rode rent and torn,
 To save alle that 3e have forlorn,
 3our welthe ffor to restore. ¶

Eva. Alas ! alas ! and wele away,
 That evyr towchyd I the tre ;
 I wende as wrecche in welsom way,
 In blake busshys my boure xal be.
 In paradys is plenté of pleye,
 ffayr frutys ryth gret plenté,
 The 3atys be schet with Godys keye,
 My husbond is lost because of me.
 Leve spowse now thou fonde,
 Now stomble we on stalk and ston,
 ¶ My wyt away is fro me gon,

Wrythe on to my necke bon,
 With hardnesse of thin honde.)

Adam. Wyff, thi wytt is not wurthe a rosche,
 Leve woman, turne thi thought,
 I wyl not sle fflescly of my fflesche,
 ffor of my flesche thi fflesche was wrought.
 Oure hap was hard, oure wytt was nesche,
 To paradys whan we were brought,
 My wepyng xal be longe ffresche,
 Schort lykyng xal be longe bought.
 No more telle thou that tale,
 ffor yf I xulde sle my wyff,
 I sclow myself withowtyn knyff,
 In helle logge to lede my lyff,
 With woo in wepyng dale.

But lete us walke forthe into the londe,
 With ryth gret labour oure fode to fynde,
 With delvyng and dyggyng with myn hond,
 Oure blysse to bale and care to-pynde.
 And, wyff, to spynne now must thou ffonde,
 Oure nakyd bodyes in clothe to wynde,
 Tylle sum comforthe of Godys sonde,
 With grace releve oure careful mynde.
 Now come go we hens, wyff.

Eva. Alas! that ever we wrought this synne,
 Oure bodely sustenauns for to wynne,
 ze must delve and I xal spynne,
 In care to ledyn oure lyff.

III. CAIN AND ABEL.

Abeele. I wolde ffayn knowe how I xuld do,
To serve my lord God to his plesyng ;
Therefore, Caym, brother, lete us now go
Unto oure ffadyr withowte lettyng,
Suenge hym in vertu and in norture
To com to the hyzer joy celestyalle,
Remembryng to be clene and pure,
For in mysrewle we myth lythly falle
Azens hevyn kynge.

Lete us now don oure dyligens,
To come to oure faderes presens,
Good brother, passe we hens,
To knowe ffor oure levyng.

Caym. As to my fadyr, lete us now tee
To knowe what xal be his talkyng ;
And that I holde it but vanyté,
To go to hym ffor any spekyng,
To lere of his lawe.

ffor if I have good anow plenté,
I kan be mery, so mot y the,
Thow my fadyr I nevyr se,
I 3yf not therof an hawe.

Abel. Ryth sovereyn fadyr, semely sad and sure,
Ever we thank 3ow in hert, body, and thowth,

And alwey shulle whylle oure lyf may indure,
 As inwardly in hert it kan be sought,
 Bothe my brother and I.

ffadyr, I ffalle onto 3our kne,
 To knowe how we xul rewlyd be,
 ffor Godys that ffallyth bothe hym and me,
 I wolde ffayn wete trewly.

Adam. Sonys, 3e arn to spekyn naturally,
 The ffyrst frute of kendely engendrure,
 Befforn whom, saff 3our modyr and I,
 Were nevyr non of mannys nature.
 And 3it were we al of another portature,
 As 3e have me oftyn herd seyde sothly;
 Wherefore, sonys, yf 3e wyl lyff sad and sure,
 ffyrst I 3ow counseyle most syngulerly,
 God ffor to love and drede.
 And suche good as God hath 3ow sent,
 The fyrst frute offyr to hym in sacryfice brent,
 Hym evyr besechyng with meke entent,
 In alle 3our werkys to save and spede.

Abeelle. Gramercy, ffadyr, ffor 3our good doctrine,
 ffor as 3e us techyn so xal we do,
 And as ffor me thoro Goddys grace dyvyne,
 I wyl fforthwith applye me therto.

Cayme. And thow me be lothe I wyl now also
 Onto 3our counselle, ffadyr, me inclyne;
 And 3itt I say now to 3ow bothe too,
 I had levyr gon hom welle ffor to dyne.

Adam. Now, God, graunt good sacryfice to 3ow bothe too,
 He vowchesaff to acceptyn 3ow and alle myne,
 And 3eve 3ow now grace to plesyn hym soo,
 That 3e may come to that blysse that hymself is inne,
 With gostly grace.

That alle 3our here levyng
 May be to his plesyng,
 And at 3our hens partyng,
 To come to good place.

Abelle dicet.

Almyhtty God, and God ful of myth,
 Be whom alle thing is made of nowth,
 To the myn hert is redy dyht,
 For upon the is alle my thought.
 O sovereyn lord! reygnyng in eternyté,
 With alle the mekenesse that I kan or may,
 This lombe xal I offre it up to the,—
 Accept it, blyssyd Lord! I the pray.
 My 3yft is but sympyl, this is no nay,
 But my wyl is good and evyr xal be,
 The to servyn and worchepyn bothe nyht and day,
 And therto thi grace, Lord, grawnt thou me,
 Throwhe thi gret mercy,
 Whiche in a lombys lyknes
 Thou xalt for mannys wyckydnes
 Onys ben offeryd in peynfulnes
 And deynful dolfoly.

ffor trewly, Lord, thow art most worthy
 The best to have in eche degré,
 Bothe beste and werst ful certeynly,
 Alle is had thorowe grace of the.
 The best schep fulle hertyly,
 Amonges my flok that I kan se,
 I tythe it to God of gret mercy,
 And bettyr wolde, if bettyr myht be,—
 Evyn here is myn offryng.
 I tythe to the with ryht good wylle,
 Of the best thou sentyst me tylle.

Now, gracyous God on hevyn hille,
Accept now my tythyng.

Caym. Amonges alle ffolys that gon on grownd,
I holde that thou be on of the most,
To tythe the best that is most sownd,
And kepe the werst that is nere lost.
But I more wysly xal werke this stownde,
To tythe the werst, and make no bost,
Off alle my cornys that may be fownde,
In alle my ffeldys bothe crofte and cost,
I xal lokyn on every syde.
Here I tythe this unthende sheff,
Lets God take it or ellys lef,
Thow it be to me gret repreff,
I 3eve no ffors this tyde.

Abelle. Now Caym, brother, thou dost ful ille,
ffor God the sent bothe best and werst,
Therefore thou shewe to hym good wylle,
And tythe to God evyr of the best.
Caym. In feyth, thou shewyst now a febylle skylle,
It wolde me hyndyr and do me greff,
What were God the better, thou sey me tylle,
To 3evyn hym away my best sheff,
And kepe myself the wers?
He wylle neyther ete nor drynke,
ffor he doth neyther swete nor swynke:
Thou shewyst a ffebyl reson, me thynke,
What thou fonnyst as a best I gesse.

Abelle. 3it me thynkyth my wyt is good,
To God evermore sum love to shewe,
Off whom we have oure dayly food,
And ellys we had never drawe.

Caym. 3itt me thynkeht thi wytt is wood,
 ffor of thi lore I ffynde but ffewe ;
 I wylle never the more chawnge my mood,
 ffor no wordys that thou dost shewe ;

I sey I wylle tythe the werst.

Abelle. Now God, that syt in hefne above,
 On whom is sett alle myn hool love,
 This wyckyd wylle from the he showe,
 As it plesyth hym best !

Hic ardent decimum Abel et Caym ; quo facto, dicent,

Caym. Herke, Abel, brother, what aray is this,
 Thy tythyng brennyth as ffyre fful bryght,
 It is to me gret wondyr i-wys,
 I trow this is now a straunge syght.

Abelle. Goddys wylle fforsothe it is,
 That my tythyng with fyre is lyth,
 ffor of the best were my tythis,
 And of the werst thou dedyst hym dyght,
 Bad thyng thou hym bede.

Of the best was my tythyng,
 And of the werst was thin offryng,
 Therfor God Almyghty, hevyn kyng,
 Alowyht ryht nowth thi dede.

Caym. What? thou stynkyng losel, and is it so?
 Doth God the love and hatyht me?
 Thou xalt be ded, I xal the slo,
 Thi Lord thi God thou xalt nevyr se!
 Tythyng more xalt thou nevyr do,
 With this chavyl bon I xal sle the,
 Thi deth is dyht, thi days be go,
 Out of myn handys xalt thou not fle,
 With this strok I the kylle.—
 Now this boy is slayn and dede,

Of hym I xal nevyr more han drede ;
 He xal hereafter nevyr ete brede,
 With this gresse I xal hym hylle.

Deus. Caym, come fforth and answere me,
 Asoyle my qwestyon anon ryght,
 Thy brother Abel, wher is now he ?
 Ha don, and answere me as tyght.
Caym. My brothers kepere ho made me ?
 Syn whan was I his kepyng knyght ?
 I kan not telle wher that he be,
 To kepe hym was I nevyr dyght,
 I knowe not wher he is.

Deus. Acursyd Caym, thou art untrewe,
 And for thi dede thou xalt sore rewe ;
 Thi brothers blood that thou slewe,
 Askyht vengeauns of thi mys.

Thu xalt be cursyd on the grounde,
 Unprophitable where so thou wende,
 Bothe veyn and nowthty and nothyng sounde,
 With what thing thou medele thou xalt it shende.

Caym. Alas ! in whoo now am I wounde,
 Acursyd of God, as man unkende ;
 Of any man yf I be founde,
 He xal me slo, I have no ffrende,
 Alas and weleaway !

Deus. Of what man that thou be sclayne,
 He xal have vij. folde more payn,
 Hym were bettyr never to be sayn
 On lyve be nyth ne day.

Caym. Alas ! alas ! whedyr may I go ?
 I dare nevyr se man in the vesage,

I am woundyn as a wrecche in wo,
And cursyd of God ffor my ffalfage.
Unprofytabyll and vayn also,
In felde and towne, in strete and stage,
I may nevyr make merthis mo,
I wot nevyr whedyr to take passage ;
I dare not here abyde.
Now wyl I go wende my way,
With sore syeng and welaway,
To loke where that I best may
ffrom mannys ssyht me hyde.

IV. NOAH'S FLOOD.

Introitus Noe.

Noe. God of his goodnesse and of grace grounde,
By whoys glorious power alle thyng is wrought,
In whom alle vertu plenteuously is ffounde,
Withowtyn whos wyl may be ryth nought;
Thy servauntes save, Lord, fro synful sownde,
In wyl, in werk, in dede, and in thouht;
Oure welth in woo lete nevyr be fownde,
Us help, Lord, from synne that we be in brought,
Lord God fful of myght!

Noe, seres, my name is knowe,
My wyff and my chyldere here on rowe,
To God we pray with hert ful lowe,
To plese hym in his syght.

In me Noe, the secunde age
Indede begynnyth, as I 3ow say;
Aftyr Adam, withoutyn langage,
The secunde fadyr am I in fay.
But men of levyng be so owtrage,
Bothe be nyght and eke be day,
That lesse than synne the soner swage,
God wyl be vengyd on us sum way,
Indede.

Ther may no man go ther owte,
But synne regnyth in every rowte,
In every place rownde abowte
Cursydnes doth sprynge and sprede.

Uxor Noe. Allemygthy God, of his gret grace,
Enspyre men with hertely wylle,
For to sese of here trespace,
ffor synfulle levyng oure sowle xal spyлле.
Synne offendyth God in his face,
And agrevyth oure Lorde ffulle ylle,
It causyth to man ryght grett manace,
And scrapyth hym out of lyvys bylle,
That blyssyd book.

What man in synne doth alle wey scleppe,
He xal gon to helle ful deppe,
Than xal he nevyr after creppe
Out of the brennyng brook.

I am 3our wyff, 3our childeryn these be,
Onto us tweyn it doth longe,
Hem to teche in alle degré
Synne to forsakyn and werkys wronge.
Therefore, sere, for love of me,
Enforme hem wele evyr amonge,
Synne to forsake and vanyté
And vertu to ffolwe that thei ffonge,
Oure Lord God to plese.

Noe. I warne 3ow, childeryn, on and alle,
Drede oure lord God in hevy[n] halle,
And in no forfete that we ne ffalle,
Oure Lord for to dysplese.

Shem. A ! dere ffadyr, God forbede
That we xulde do in ony wyse
Ony werke of synful dede,
Oure lord God that xulde agryse.
My name is Shem, 3our son of prise,
I xal werke aftere 3our rede,

And also, wyff, the weylle awyse,
 Wykkyd werkys that thou none brede,
 Never in no degré.

Uxor Seem. fforsothe, sere, be Goddys grace,
 I xal me kepe from alle trespace,
 That xulde offende Goddys fface,
 Be help of the Trynyté.

Cham. I am Cham, 3our secunde sone,
 And purpose me be Goddys myght,
 Nevyr suche a dede for to don,
 That xuld agreve God in syght.

Uxor Cham. I pray to God me grawnt this bone,
 That he me kepe in suche a plyght,
 Mornynge, hevenynge, mydday, and none,
 I to affendyn hym day nor nyght.

Lord God, I the pray,
 Bothe wakyng and eke in slepe,
 Gracyous God, thou me keppe,
 That I nevyr in daunger crepe,
 On dredffulle domys-day.

Japhet. Japhet, thi .iiij.^{de} sone, is my name ;
 I pray to God, wher so we be,
 That he us borwe fro synfulle shame,
 And in vertuous levynge evyrmore kepe me.

Uxor Japhet. I am 3our wyff, and pray the same,
 That God us save on sonde and se,
 With no grevauns that we hym grame,
 He grawnt us grace synne to fle,—
 Lord God, now here oure bone.

Noe. Gracyous God, that best may,
 With herty wyl to the we pray,
 Thou save us sekыр bothe nyght and day,
 Synne that we noon done.

Deus. Ow, what menyht this myslevyng man,
 Whiche myn hand made and byldyd in blysse?
 Synne so sore grevyht me 3a in certayn,
 I wol be vengyd of this grett mysse.
 Myn aungel dere, thou xalt gan
 To Noe that my servaunt is,
 A shypp to make on hond to tan
 Thou byd hym swythe ffor hym and his,
 ffrom drynchyng hem to save.
 ffor, as I am God off myght,
 I xal dystroye this werd downe ryght,
 Here synne so sore grevyht me in syght,
 Thei xal no mercy have.

fecisse hominem nunc pœnitet me !
 That I made man sore doth me rewe,
 Myn handwerk to sle sore grevyth me,
 But that here synne here deth doth brewe.
 Go sey to Noe, as I bydde the,
 Hymself, his wyf, his childeryn trewe,
 Tho viij. sowlys in shyp to be,
 Thei xul not drede the flodys fflowe,
 The flod xal harne them nowht.
 Of alle ffowlys and bestys thei take a peyre,
 In shypp to save, bothe ffoule and ffayere,
 ffrom alle dowyty and gret dyspeyre,
 This vengeauns or it be wrought.

Angelus ad Noe. Noe ! Noe ! a shypp loke thou make,
 And many a chaumbyr thou xalt have therinne ;
 Of every kyndys best a cowpyl thou take,
 Within the shypp here lyvys to wyne.
 ffor God is sore grevyd with man for his synne,
 That alle this wyde werd xal be dreynt with flood,

Saff thou and thi wyff xal be kept from this gynne,
And also thi chylderyn with here vertuys good.

Noe. How xuld I have wytt a shypp for to make,
I am of ryght grett age, v. c. 3ere olde,
It is not for me this werk to undyrtake,
ffor ffeythnnesse of age my leggys gyn ffolde.

Angelus. This dede ffor to do be bothe blythe and bolde,
God xal enforme the and rewle the ful ryght,
Of berd and of beste take, as I the tolde,
A peyr into the shypp, and God xal the qwyght.

Noe. I am ful redy as God doth me bydde,
A shypp for to make be myght of his grace,
Alas ! that ffor synne it xal so be betydde,
That vengeauns of flood xal werke this manase.
God is sore grevyd with oure grett tresspas,
That with wylde watyr the werd xal be dreynt ;
A shyppe for to make now lete us hens pas,
That God azens us of synne have no compleynt.

*Hic transit Noe cum familia sua pro navi, quo exeunte,
locum interludii subintret statim Lameth conductus ab
adolescente, et dicens,*

Lameth. Gret mornyng I make, and gret cause I have ;
Alas ! now I se not, for age I am blynde,
Blyndenes doth make me of wytt for to rave,
Whantynge of eye-syght in peyn doth me bynde.
Whyl I had syht, ther myht nevyr man fynde
My pere of archerye in alle this werd aboute ;
ffor 3itt schet I nevyr at hert, are, nere hynde,
But yf that he deyde, of this no man have doute.

Lameth " the good archere," my name was ovyr alle,
ffor the best archere myn name dede ever sprede ;

Record of my boy, here wytnes this he xal,

What merk that were set me to deth it xuld blede.

Adolescens. It is trewe, mayster, that 3e seyn, indede ;
ffor that tyme 3e had 3oure bowe bent in honde,
If that 3our prycke had be half a myle in brede,
3e wolde the pryk han hitte, if 3e ny had stonde.

Lameth. I xuld nevyr affayled what marke that ever were sett,
Whyl that I myght loke and had my clere syght ;
And 3itt, as me thynkyht, no man xuld shete bett
Than I xuld do now, if myn hand were sett aryght.
Aspye some marke, boy, my bowe xal I bende wyght,
And sett myn hand evyn to shete at some best ;
And I dare ley a wagour his deth for to dyght,
The marke xal I hitt, my lyff do I hest.

Adolescens. Undyr 3on grett bushe, mayster, a best do I se,
Take me thin hand swythe and holde it ful style,
Now is thin hand evyn as evyr it may be,
Drawe up thin takylle 3on best for to kylle.

Lameth. My bowe xal I drawe ryght with herty wylle,
This brod arwe I shete that best ffor to saylle ;
Now have at that busche 3on best for to spylle,
A sharppe schote I shote, therof I xall not faylle.

Cayn. Out, out, and alas ! myn hert is on sondyr.
With a brod arwe I am ded and sclayn !
I dye here on grounde, myn hert is alle to tundyr,
With this brod arwe it is clovyn on twayn !

Lameth. Herke, boy, cum telle me the trewthe in certeyn,
What man is he that this cry doth thus make ?

Adolescens. Caym thou hast kyllyd, I telle the ful pleyn,
With thi sharp shetyng his dethe hath he take.

Lameth. Have I slayn Cayme ? Alas ! what have I done ?
Thou stynkyng lurdeyn, what hast thou wrought ?

Thou art the why I sle hym so sone,
 Therefore xal I kille the here, thou skapyst nowght.

Hic Lameth cum arcu sua verberat adolescentem ad mortem, dicente adolescente,

Adolescens. Out, out, I deye here! my deth is now sought!
 This theffe with his bowe hath broke my brayn!
 Ther may non helpe be, my dethe is me brought,
 Ded here I synke down as man that is sclayn!

Lameth. Alas! what xal I do? wrecche, wykkyd on woolde,
 God wyl be vengyd ful sadly on me;
 ffor deth of Caym I xal have vij. folde
 More peyn than he had that Abelle dede sle.
 These to mennys deth fulle sore bought xal be,
 Upon alle my blood God wylle venge this dede,
 Wherefore sore wepyng hens wyl I fle,
 And loke where I may best my hede sone heyde.

Hic recedat Lameth et statim intrat Noe cum navi cantantes,

Noe. With doolful hert syenge sad and sore,
 Grett mornyng I make ffor this dredful flood!
 Of man and of best is dreynte many a skore,
 Alle this werd to spylle these flodys be ful wood.
 And alle is for synne of mannys wylde mood,
 That God hath ordeyned this dredfulle vengeaunce;
 In this flood spylt is many a mannys blood,
 ffor synfulle levyng of man we have gret grevauns.

Alle this hundryd 3ere ryght here have I wrought,
 This schypp for to make, as God dede byd me;
 Of alle maner bestes a cpylle is in brought,
 Within my shypp borde on lyve for to be.
 Ryght longe God hath soferyd amendyng to se;
Alle this hundryd 3ere God hath shewyd grace.

Alas ! fro gret syn man wyl not fle,
God doth this vengeauns for oure gret trespase.

Uxor Noe. Alas ! for gret ruthe of this gret vengeaunce,
Gret doyl it is to se this watyr so wyde !
But 3it thankyd be God of this ordenaunce,
That we be now savyd on lyve to abyde.
Seem. ffor grett synne of lechory alle this doth betyde,
Alas ! that evyr suche synne xulde be wrought !
This fflood is so gret on every a syde,
That alle this wyde werd to care is now brought.

Uxor Seem. Becawse of chyldeyn of God that weryn good,
Dede forfeite ryght sore what tyme that thei were,
Synfully compellyd to Caymys blood,
Therefore be we now cast in ryght grett care.
Cham. ffor synful levyng this werde doth for-fare ;
So grevous vengeauns myght nevyr man se ;
Ovyr alle this werd wyde ther is no plot bare,
With watyr and with flood God vengyd wylle be.

Uxor Cham. Rustynes of synne is cawse of these wawys,
Alas ! in this fflood this werd xal be lorn ;
ffor offens to God brekyng his lawys,
On rokkys ryght sharp is many a man torn.
Japhet. So grevous ffloodys were nevyr 3ett beforne,
Alas ! that lechory this vengeauns doth gynne !
It were welle bettyr ever to be unborn,
Than ffor to forfeityn evyr more in that synne.

Uxor Japhet. Oure lord God I thanke of his gret grace,
That he doth us save from this dredful payn !
Hym for to wurchipe in every stede and place,
We beth gretly bownde with myght and with mayn.
Noe. Xl.^u days and nyghtes hath lasted this rayn,
And xl.^u days this grett flood begynnyth to slake ;

This crowe xal I sende out to seke sum playn,
 Good tydynges to brynge, this massage I make.

Hic emittat corvum, et parum expectans iterum dicat,

This crowe on sum careyn is falle for to ete,
 Therefore a newe masangere I wylle fforthe now sende ;
 ffly fforth, thou fayr dove, ovyr these waterys wete,
 And aspye afftere sum dry lond, oure mornyng to amend.

*Hic evolet columba ; qua redeunte cum ramo viride
 olivæ,*

Joye now may we make of myrth that that were frende,
 A grett olyve bushe this dowe doth us brynge ;
 ffor joye of this tokyn ryght hertyly we tende
 Our lord God to worchep, a songe let us synge.

Hic decantent hos versus.

Mare vidit et fugit,
 Jordanis conversus est retrorsum.
 Non nobis, Domine, non nobis,
 Sed nomini tuo da gloriam.

Et sic recedant cum navi.

V. ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

Introitus Abrahe, etc.

Most myghty makere of sunne and of mone,
Kyng of kynges, and Lord over alle,
Allemychty God in hevyn trone,
I the honowre and evyr more xal !
My Lord, my God ! to the I kalle,
With herty wylle, Lord, I the pray,
In synfulle lyff lete me nevyr falle,
But lete me leve evyr to thi pay.

Abraham my name is kydde,
And patryarke of age ful olde ;
And 3it be the grace of God is bredde,
In myn olde age, a chylde fulle bolde.
Ysaac, lo ! here his name is tolde,
My swete sone that stondyth me by,
Amonges alle chylderyn that walkyn on wolde,
A lovelyer chylde is non trewly.

I thanke God with hert welle mylde,
Of his gret mercy and of his hey grace,
And pryncepal y ffor my suete chylde,
That xal to me do gret solace.
Now, suete sone, ffayre fare thi fface,
fful hertyly do I love the,
ffor trewe herty love now in this place,
My swete childe, com, kysse now me.

Ysaac. At 3oure byddynge 3our mouthe I kys,
 With lowly hert I 3ow pray,
 3oure fadyrly love lete me nevyr mysse,
 But blysse me, 3our chylde, bothe nyght and day.

Abraham. Almyghty God, that best may,
 His dere blyssyng he graunt the,
 And my blyssyng thou have alle way,
 In what place that evyr thou be.

Now, Ysaac, my sone so suete,
 Almyghty God loke thou honoure,
 Wiche that made bothe drye and wete,
 Shynyng sunne and scharpe echoure.
 Thu art my suete childe, and par amoure
 fful wele in herte do I the love,
 Loke that thin herte, in hevyn toure
 Be sett to serve oure Lord God above.

In thi 3onge lerne God to plese,
 And God xal quyte the weyl thi mede :
 Now, suete sone, of wordys these
 With alle thin hert thou take good hede.
 Now fare weyl, sone, God be thin spede !
 Evyn here at hom thou me abyde,
 I must go walkyn, ffor I have nede,
 I come a3en withinne a tyde.

Ysaac. I pray to God, ffadyr of myght,
 That he 3ow spede in alle 3our waye,
 From shame and shenshipp, day and nyht,
 God mote 3ow kepe in 3our jornay.

Abraham. Now fare weylle, sone ! I the pray
 Evyr in thin hert loke God thou wynde,
 Hym to serve, bothe nyght and day,—
 I pray to God sende the good mynde.

Ther may no man love bettyr his childe,
 Than Isaac is lovyd of me ;
 Almyghty God, mercyful and mylde,
 ffor my swete son I wurchyp the !
 I thank the, Lord, with hert ful fre,
 ffor this fayr frute thou hast me sent.
 Now, gracyous God, wher so he be,
 64 To save my sone evyr more be bent.

Dere Lord, I pray to the also,
 Me to save for thi servvaunte ;
 And sende me grace nevyr for to do
 Thyng that xulde be to thi displesaunte.
 Bothe ffor me and for myn infaunte,
 I pray the, Lord God, us to help,—
 Thy gracyous goodnes thou us grawnt,
 72 And save thi servaunt from helle qwelp.

Angelus. Abraham, how ! Abraham,
 Lyst and herke weylle onto me.

Abraham. Al redy, sere, here I am ;
 Telle me 3our wylle what that it be.

Angelus. Almyghty God thus doth bydde the,—
 Ysaac thi sone anon thou take,
 And loke hym thou slee anoon, lete se,
 81 And sacrafice to God hym make.

Thy welbelovyd childe thou must now kyllle,
 To God thou offyr hym, as I say,
 Evyn upon 3on hey hylle,
 That I the shewe here in the way.
 Tarye not be nyght nor day,
 But smertly thi gate thou goo ;
 Upon 3on hille thou knele and pray
 11 To God, and kyllle the childe ther and scloo !

Abraham. Now Goddys comaundement must nedys be done,
 Alle his wyl is wourthy to be wrought;
 But 3itt the fadyr to scle the sone,
 Grett care it causyth in my thought.
 In byttyr hale now am I brought
 My swete childe with knyf to kyllle ;
 But 3it my sorwe avaylith ryght nowth,
 For nedys I must werke Goddys wylle.

With evy hert I walke and wende,
 My childys deth now for to be,
 Now must the fadyr his suete sone schende
 Alas ! for ruthe it is peté !
 My swete sone, come hedyr to me :
 How, Isaac, my sone dere,
 Com to thi ffadyr, my childe so fre,
 ffor we must wende to-gedyr in fere.

Isaac. Alle redy fadyr, evyn at 3our wylle,
 And at 3our byddyng I am 3ow by,
 With 3ow to walk ovyr dale and hille,
 At 3oure callyng I am redy.
 To the fadyr evyr most comly,
 It ovyth the childe evyr buxom to be ;
 I wyl obey, ful hertyly,
 To alle thyng that 3e bydde me.

Abraham. Now, son, in thi necke this fagot thou take,
 And this fyre bere in thinne honde,
 ffor we must now sacrefyse go make,
 Evyn after the wylle of Goddys sonde.
 Take this brennyng bronde,
 My swete childe, and lete us go ;
 Ther may no man that levyth in londe,
 Have more sorwe than I have wo.

Ysaac. ffayr fadyr, 3e go ryght styлле,

I pray 3ow, fadyr, speke onto me.

Abraham. Mi gode childe, what is thi wylle ?

Telle me thyn hert, I pray to the.

Ysaac. ffadyr, fyre and wood here is plenté,

But I kan se no sacryfice ;

What 3e xulde offre fayn wold I se,

129 That it were don at the best avyse.

Abraham. God xal that ordeyn that sytt in hevynne,

My swete sone, ffor this offryng,

A derrere sacryfice may no man nempne,

Than this xal be, my dere derlyng.

Ysaac. Lat be, good fadyr, 3our sad wepynge !

3our hevy cher agrevyth me sore :

Telle me, fadyr, 3our grett mornyng,

130 And I xal seke sum help therfore.

Abraham. Alas ! dere sone, for nedys must me,

Evyn here the kylle, as God hath sent ;

Thyn owyn fadyr thi deth must be,—

Alas ! that evyr this bowe was bent.

With this fyre bryght thou must be brent,

An aungelle seyde to me ryght so :

Alas ! my chylde, thou xalt be shent !

131 Thi careful fadyr must be thi ffo !

Ysaac. Almyghty God, of his grett mereye,

fful hertyly I thanke the sertayne :

At Goddys byddyng here for to dye,

I obeye me here for to be sclayne.

I pray 3ow, fadyr, be glad and fayne,

Trewly to werke Goddys wylle :

Take good comferte to 3ow agayn,

132 And have no dowte 3our childe to kylle.

ffor Godys byddyng forsothe it is,
 That I of 3ow my deth schulde take :
 Azens God 3e don amys,
 Hys byddyng yf 3e xuld forsake.
 3owre owyn dampnacion xulde 3e bake,
 If 3e me kepe from this reed ;
 With 3our swerd my deth 3e make,
 And werk evyrmore the wylle of God.

Abraham. The wylle of God must nedys be done !
 To werke his wylle I seyð nevyr nay ;
 But 3it the ffadyr to sle the sone,
 My hert doth clynge and cleve as clay.
Ysaac. 3itt werke Goddys wylle, fadyr, I 3ow pray,
 And sle me here anoon forthe ryght,
 And turne fro me 3our face away,
 Myne heed whan that 3e xul of smygth.

Abraham. Alas ! dere childe, I may not chese,—
 I must nedys my swete sone kyllle !
 My dere derlyng, now must me lese,
 Myn owyn sybb blood now xal I spylle !
 3itt this dede or I fulfyllle,
 My swete sone, thi mouth I kys.
Ysaac. Al redy, fadyr, evyn at 3our wylle
 I do 3our byddyng, as reson is.

Abraham. Alas ! dere sone, here is no grace,
 But nedis ded now must thou be !
 With this kerchere I kure thi face,
 In the tyme that .I sle the.
 Thy lovely vesage wold I not se,
 Not for alle this werdlys good :
 With this swerd, that sore grevyht me,
 My childe I sle and spylle his blood !

Angelus. Abraham ! Abraham ! thou fadyr fre.

Abraham. I am here redy, what is your wylle ?

Angelus. Extende thin hand in no degré,

I bydde thou hym not kylle !

Here do I se by ryght good skylle,

Allemygthy God that thou dost drede.

For thou sparyst nat thi sone to spylle,—

God wylle aqwhyte the welle thi mede.

Abraham. I thank my God in hevyn above,

And hym honowre for this grett grace !

And that my Lord me thus doth prove,

I wylle hym wurchep in every place.

My childys lyff is my solace,

I thank myn God evyr for his lyff,

In sacrifice here or I hens pace,

I sle this shepe with this same knyff.

Now this shepe is deed and slayn,

With this fyre it xal be brent ;

Of Isaac my sone I am ful fayn,

That my swete childe xal not be shent.

This place I name, with good entent,

The hille of Godys vesytacion :

ffor hedyr God hath to us sent

His comforte, after grett trybulacion.

Angelus. Herke, Abraham, and take good heyd !

By hymself God hath thus sworne,

ffor that thou woldyst a done this dede,

He wylle the blysse bothe evyn and morne.

ffor thi dere childe thou woldyst have lorn,

At Goddys byddyng, as I the telle ;

God hath sent the word befor,

Thi seed xal multiplye, wher so thou duelle.

As sterres in hevyn byn many and fele,
 So xal thi seed encrese and growe ;
 Thou xalt ovyrcome, in welthe and wele,
 Alle thi fomen reknyd be rowe.

As sond in the se doth ebbe and flowe,
 Hath cheselys many unnumerabyll,
 So xal thi sede, thou mayst me trowe,
 Encres and be evyr prophytabyll.

ffor to my speche thou dedyst obeye,
 Thyn enmyes portes thou shalt possede ;
 And alle men on erthe, as I the seye,
 Thei xal be blyssed in thi sede.
 Almyghty God thus the wylle mede,
 ffor that good wylle that thou ast done,
 Therefore thank God, in word and dede,
 Bothe thou thiself, and Ysaac thi sone.

Abraham. A ! my lord God to wurchep on kne now I falle !
 I thank the, Lord, of thi mercy !
 Now, my swete childe, to God thou kalle,
 And thank we that Lord now hertyly.
Isaac. With lowly hert to God I crye,—
 I am his servvant bothe day and nyght !
 I thank the, Lord, in hevyn so hyze,
 With hert, with thought, with mayn, with myght !

Abraham. Gramercy, Lord, and kyng of grace !
 Gramercy, Lord over lordys alle !
 Now my joye returnyth his trace,
 I thank the, Lorde, in hevyn thin halle.
Isaac. Ovyr alle kynges crownyd kyng, I the kalle !
 At thi byddyng to dye with knyff,
 I was fful buxum evyn as thi thralle ;—
 Lord, now I thank the, thou grauntyst me lyff.

Abraham. Now we have wurchepyd oure blyssyd lorde,
On grounde knelyng upon oure kne ;
Now lete us tweyn, sone, ben of on acorde,
And goo walke hom into oure countré.

Ysaac. ffadyr, as 3e wylle, so xal it be,
I am redy with 3ow to gon ;
I xal 3ow folwe with hert fulle fre ;
Alle that 3e bydde me, sone xal be don.

Abraham. Now, God alle thyng of nowth that made,
Evyr wurcheppyd he be on watyr and londe !
His gret honowre may nevyr more fade,
In felde nor town, se nor on sonde !
As althyng, Lord, thou hast in honde,
So save us alle, wher so we be,—
Whethyr we syttyn, walk, or stonde,
Evyr on thin handwerke thou have pyté !

Explicit.

VI. MOSES AND THE TWO TABLES.

Introitus Moyses.

He that made alle thyng of nought,
Hevyn and erthe, bothe sunne and mone,
Save alle that his hand hath wrought,
Allemygthy God in hevyn trone !
I am Moyses that make this bone,
I pray the, Lord God, with alle my mende,
To us inclyne thi mercy sone,
Thi gracyous lordchep lete us fynde.

The to plesyn in alle degré,
Gracyous God and Lord ovyr alle,
Thou graunte us grace, wher so we be,
And save us sownd fro synfulle falle.
Thy wylle to werke to us thi thralle,
Enforme and teche us all thi plesans,
In purenesse put us that nevyr not falle,
And grounde us in grace ffrom alle grevauns.

Hic Moyses videns rubrum ardentem admirande dicit,

A ! mercy, God, what menyth 3on syte ?
A grene busche as fyre doth flame,
And kepyth his colowre fayr and bryghte,
ffresche and grene withowtyn blame.

It fyguryth sumthyng of ryght gret fame,
 I kan not seyn what it may be,
 I wylle go nere, in Goddys name,
 And wysely loke this busche to se.

Deus. Moyses, how ! Moyses,
 Herke to me anon this stounde.

Moyes. I am here, Lorde, withowtyn les,
 3owre gracyous wylle to do I am bounde.

Deus. Thu take thi schon anon ful rownde
 Of thi fete in hast, lete se,
 fful holy is that place and grownde,
 Ther thou dost stonde, I sey to the.

Moyes. Barfoot now I do me make,
 And pulle of my schon fro my fete :
 Now have I my schon of take,
 What is 3our wylle, Lord ? fayn wold I wete.

Deus. Com nere, Moyses, with me to mete,
 These tabelleis I take the in thin honde,
 With my ffynger in hem is wrete
 Alle my lawys, thou undyrstonde.

Loke that thou preche alle abowte,
 Hoo so wylle have frenshipp of me,
 To my lawys loke thei lowte,
 That thei be kept in alle degré.
 Go forthe and preche anon, let se,
 Loke thou not ses nyght nor day.

Moyes. 3our byddyng, Lord, alle wrought xal be,
 3our wylle to werk I walk my way.

“ Custodi precepta domini Dei tui.” *Deutronomini* vj.^{to}

The comaundment of thi Lord God, man, loke thou kepe,
 Where that thou walk, wake, or slepe,
 Every man take good hede,
 And to my techyng take good intent ;

For God hath sent me now indede,
 3ow for to enforme his comaundment ;
 3ow to teche God hath me sent,
 His lawys of lyff that arn ful wyse ;
 Them to lern be dyligent,
 3oure soulys may thei save at the last asyse.

- . The preceptes that taught xal be,
 Be wretyn in these tablys tweyn :
 In the fyrst ben wretyn thre,
 That towche to God, this is serteyn.
 In the secund tabyl be wretyn ful pleyn,
 The tother vij. that towche mankende :
 Herk now welle, man, what I xal seyn,
 And prent thise lawys welle in thi mende.

Primum mandatum. “ Non habebis Deos alienos.”

The fyrst comaundement of God, as I 3ow say,
 Of the fyrst tabyl forsothe is this,
 Thou xalt have, neythyr nyght nore day,
 Noon other God but the kyng of blysse.
 Undyrstonde wele what menyth this,
 Every man in his degré,
 And sett nevyr 3our hert amys,
 Upon this werdlys vanyté.

ffor if thou sett thi love so sore
 Upon ryches and werdly good,
 Thi wurdly rycches thou takyst evermore
 Evyn for thi God, as man ovyr wood ;
 Amend the, man, and chaunge thi mood,
 Lese not thi sowle for werdlys welthe,
 Only hym love whiche bodyly ffood
 Doth 3eve alle day, and gostly helthe.

Secundum mandatum. “Non assumens nomen Dei tui
in vanum.”

The secund precept of the fyrst tabylle,
The name of God take nevyр in vayne,
Swere none othis be noon fals fabylle,—
The name of God thou nevyр dysteyn.
Bewhare of othis for dowte of peyn,
Amonges ffelachepp whan thou dost sytt,
A lytyl othe, this is serteyn,
May dampne thy sowle to helle pytt.

Man, whan thou art sett at the nale,
And hast thi langage as plesyth the,
Loke thin othis be non or smale,
And jett alwey loke trewe thei be.
But swere not oftyn by rede of me,
ffor yf thou use oftyn tyme to swere,
It may gendyr custom in the ;
Byware of custom, ffor he wyl dere.

Tercium mandatum. “Memento ut sabbatum sanctificet.”

The iiij.th comaundment of God, as I rede,
Dothe bydde the halwe welle thin halyday,
Kepe the welle ffro synfulle dede,
And care not gretly ffor ryche aray.
A ryght pore man, this is non nay,
Of sympyl astat in clothis rent,
May be bettyr than ryche with garmentes gay,
Oftyn tyme doth kepe this comaundment.

ffor ryche men do shewe oftyntyme pompe and pride,
On halydayes, as oftyn is sene ;
Whan pore men passe and go besyde,
At wurthy festys riche men wolle bene.

Thyn halyday thou kepyst not clene
 In gloteny to lede thi lyff,
 In Goddys hous 3e xulde be-dene
 Honoure your God, bothe mayden and wyff.

Quartum Mandatum. “Honora patrem tuum et matrem tuam.”

Off the secunde tabylle the fyrst comaundment,
 And in the ordyr the iiij.th, I sey in fay,
 He byddyth the evermore with hert bent,
 Bothe ffadyr and modyr to wurchep alway.
 Thow that thi fadyr be pore of array,
 And 3ow never so ryche of golde and good,
 3itt loke thou wurchep hym nyght and day,
 Of whom thou hast bothe fflesche and blood.

In this comaundmente includyd is
 The bodyli fadyr and modyr also,
 Includyd also I fynde in this,
 Thi gostly fadyr and modyr therto.
 To thi gostly ffadyr evyr reverens do,
 Thi gostly modyr is holy cherche ;
 These tweyn save thi sowle fro woo,
 Ever them to wurchep loke that thou werche.

Quintum mandatum. “Non occides.”

The ffyfft comaundement byddyth alle us,
 Scle no man, no whight that thou kille ;
 Undyrstonde this precept thus,
 Scle no wyght with wurd nor wylle.
 Wykkyd worde werkyht oftyntyme grett ille,
 Be war therfore of wykkyd langage,
 Wyckyd speche many on doth spylle,
 Therfore of speche bethe not owtrage.

Sextum mandatum. “Non makaberis.”

The sexte comaundement byddith every man,
 That no wyght lede no lecherous lay,
 fforfett never be no woman,
 Lesse than the lawe alowe thi play.
 Trespas nevyr with wyff, ne may,
 With wedow, nor with non othyr wyght ;
 Kepe the cleue, as I the say,
 To whom thou hast thi trowth plyght.

Septimum mandatum. “Non furtum facies.”

Do no thefte, no thyngge thou stele,
 The vij.th precept byddyth the ful sore ;
 Whylle thou arte in welthe and wele,
 Evylle gett good loke thou restore.
 Off handys and dede be trewe evyrmore,
 ffor yf thin handys lymyd be,
 Thou art but shent, thi name is lore,
 In ffelde and towne, and in alle countré.

Octavum mandatum. “Non loqueris contra proximum tuum falsum testimonium.”

The viij.th precept thus doth the bydde,
 ffals wyttnes loke non thou bere,
 The trowthe nevyr more loke that thou hyde,
 With ffals wyttnes no man thou dere.
 Nowther ffor love, ne dred, ne fere,
 Sey non other than trowthe is,
 ffals wytnes yf that thou rere,
 Azens God thou dost grettly amys.

Nonum mandatum. “Non desiderabis uxorem proximi tui, etc.”

The ix.th precept of lawe of lyff,
 Evyn thus doth bydde every man,
 Desyre not thi neybores wyff,
 Thow she be fayr and whyte as swan,

And thi wyff brown ; 3itt natt for-than
 Thi neybores wyff thou nevyr rejoyse,
 Kepe the clene, as evyr thou can,
 To thin owyn wyff, and thin owyn choyse.

Decimum mandatum. “ Non concupisces domum
 proximi tui, non servum, non ancillam, non bos, non
 asinum, nec omnia quæ illius sunt, etc.”

The x.th comaundement of God and last is this,
 Thi neybores hous desyre thou nowth,
 Maydon, nor servaunt, nor nowth of his,
 Desyre hem nevyr in wylle nor thowth.
 Oxe nere asse that he hath bought,
 Nere no thyng that longyht hym to,
 Godys lawe must nedys be wrought,
 Desyre no thyng thin neybore ffro.

The vj.th comaundement of lechery
 Doth exclude the synfulle dede,
 But theys tweyn last most streytly,
 Bothe dede and thought thei do forbede.
 In wylle nere thought no lechory thou lede,
 Thi thought and wylle thou must refreyn,
 Alle thi desyre, as I the rede,
 In clennes of lyff thiself restreyn.

ffrendys, these be the lawys that 3e must kepe,
 Therfore every man sett welle in mende,
 Wethyr that thou do wake or slepe,
 These lawys to lerne thou herke ful hynde.
 And Godys grace xal be thi ffrende,
 He socowre and save 3ow in welthe fro woo !
 ffare welle, gode frendys, for hens wyll I wende,
 My tale I have taught 3ow, my wey now I goo.

Explicit Moyses.

VII. THE PROPHETS.

Ysaïas.

I am the prophete callyd Isaye,
Replett with Godys grett influens,
And sey pleynty, be spyryte of prophecie,
That a clene mayde, thourghe meke obedyens,
Shalle bere a childe whiche xal do resystens
Ageyn foule 3abulon, the devyl of helle,
Mannys soule ageyn hym to defens,—
Opyn in the felde the fend he xal felle.

Wherefore I seye quod virgo concipiet
Et pariet filium nomen Emanuel,
Oure lyf for to save he xal suffyr dethe,
And bye us to his blysse in hevyn for to dwelle
Of sacerdotale lynage, the trewth I 3ow telle,
fflesche and blood to take God wylle be borne ;
Joye to man in erth, and in hevyn aungelle
At the chyldys byrthe joye xal make that morn.

Radix Jesse.

Egredietur virga de radice Jesse,
Et flos de radice ejus ascendet.
A blyssyd braunche xal sprynge of me,
That xal be swettere than bawmys brethe ;
Oute of that braunche, in Nazareth
A flowre xal blome of me, Jesse rote,
The whiche by grace xal dystroye dethe,
And brynge mankende to blysse most sote.

Davyd Rex.

I am David, of Jesse rote,
 The fresche kyng by naturalle successyon,
 And of my blood xal sprynge oure bote,
 As God hymself hath mad promysson ;
 Of regalle lyff xal come suche foyson,
 That a clene mayde modyr xal be,
 Ageyns the devellys fals illusyon,
 With regalle power to make man fre.

Jeremias propheta.

I am the prophete Jeremye,
 And fulliche acorde in alle sentence
 With kyng David and with Ysaie,
 Affermynge pleynly befor this audyens,
 That God of his highe benyvolens,
 Of prest and kynge wylle take lynage,
 And bye us alle ffrom oure offens,
 In hevyn to have his herytage.

Salamon Rex.

I am Salamon the secunde kynge,
 And that wurthy temple for sothe made I,
 Whiche that is fygure of that mayde 3ynge,
 That xal be modyr of grett Messy.

Ezechiell propheta.

A vysion of this, fful veryly,
 I Ezechiel have had also,
 Of a gate that sperd was trewly,
 And no man but a prince myght therin go.

Roboas Rex.

The iij.^{de} kyng of the jentylle Jesse,
 My name is knowe, kyng Roboas,
 Of oure kynrede 3itt men xul se
 A clene mayde trede downe foule Sathanas.

Micheas propheta.

And I am a prophete calde Mycheas,
 I telle 3ou pleynly that thus it is,

[Evyn lyke as Eve modyr of wo was,
So xal a maydyn be modyr off blyss.]

Abias Rex.

I, that am calde kynge Abias,
Conferme for trewe that 3e han seyde;
And sey also as in this cas,
That alle oure myrthe comyth of a mayd.

Danyel propheta.

I prophete Danyel am welle apayed,
In fygure of this I saw a tre;
Alle the fendys of helle xalle ben affrayd,
Whan maydenys frute theron thei se.

Asa Rex.

I, kynge Asa, beleve alle this,
That God wylle of a maydyn be borne,
And, us to bryngyn to endles blys,
Ruly on rode be rent and torn.

Jonas propheta.

I, Jonas, sey that on the iiij.th morn
fro dethe he xal ryse, this is a trewe talle,
Fyguryd in me, the whiche longe befor
Lay iiij. days beryed within the qwalle.

Josophat rex.

And I, Josophat, the vj.th kynge serteyne,
Of Jesse rote in the lenyalle successyon,
Alle that my progenitouris hath befor me seyn,
feythfully beleve withowtyn alle dubytacion.

Abdias propheta.

I, Abdias prophete, make this protestacion,
That after he is resyn to lyve onys agen,
Dethe xal be drevyn to endles dampnacion,
And lyff xal be grawntyd of paradys ful pleyn.

Joras Rex.

And I, Joras, also in the numbre of sefne,
Of Jesse rote kynge, knowlyche that he

Aftr his resurreccion retorne xal to hefne,
Bothe God and verry man ther endles to be.

Abacuche propheta.

I, Abacuche prophete, holde wele with the,
Whan he is resyn he xal up stye,
In hevyn as juge sitt in his se,
Us for to deme whan we xal dye.

Ozias Rex.

And I, Ozyas, kynge of hygh degré,
Spronge of Jesse rote, dare welle sey this,
Whan he is gon to his dygnyté,
He xal send the sprytt to his discyplis.

Joelle propheta.

And I, Joel, knowe fulle trewe that is,
God bad me wryte in prophesye,
He wolde sende downe his sprytt i-wys,
On 3onge and olde ful sekyrlye.

Joathas rex.

My name is knowe, kyng Joathan,
The ix.^e kynge spronge of Jesse,
Of my kynrede God wol be man,
Mankend to save, and that joyth me.

Aggeus propheta.

With 3ow I do holde that am prophete Aggee,
Com of the same hygh and holy stok,
God of oure kynrede in dede born wyl be,
ffrom the wulf to save al shepeof his flok.

Achas rex.

Off Jesse kyng Achas is my name,
That falsly wurchepyd ydolatrie,
Tyl Ysaie putt me in blame,
And seyde a mayd xulde bere Messye.

Ozyas propheta.

Off that byrthe wyttnes bere I,
A prophete Ozyas men me calle,

And aftyr that tale of Isaye,
That mayd xal bere Emanuelle.

Ezechias rex.

My name is knowyn, kyng Ezechias,
The xj.^m kyng of this genealogye,
And say fforsothe, as in this cas,
A mayde be mekenes xal brynge mercye.

Sophosas propheta.

I a prophete callyd Sophonye,
Of this matyr do bere wyttnes,
And for trowth to sertyfie,
That maydens byrthe oure welthe xal dresse.

Manasses rex.

Of this nobylle and wurthy generacion,
The xij. kyng am I Manasses,
Wyttnessynge here, be trew testyficacion,
That maydenys childe xal be prince of pes.

Baruk propheta.

And I, Baruk prophete, conferme wurdys thes,
Lord and prince of pes, thow that chylde be,
Al his fomen ageyn hym that pres,
Ryght a grym syre at domysday xal he be.

Amon rex.

Amon kynge, ffor the last conclusyon,
Al thyng befor seyde ffor trowth do testyfie,
Praynge that lord of oure synne remyssyon,
At that dredful day he us graunt mercye.

Thus we alle of this genealogye,
Accordynge in on here in this place,
Pray that hey3 lorde whan that we xal dye,
Of his gret goodnesse to grawnt us his grace !

Explicit Jesse.

VIII. THE BARRENNESS OF ANNA.

Contemplacio. Cryst conserve this congregacion
Fro perellys past, present, and future,
And the personys here pleand, that the pronunciacion
Of here sentens to be seyde mote be sad and sure.
And that non oblocucion make this matere obscure,
But it may profite and plesse eche persone present,
ffrom the gynnyng to the endyng so to endure,
That Cryst and every creature with the conceyte be content.

This matere here mad is of the modyr of mercy,
How be Joachym and Anne was here conception,
Sythe offred into the temple, compiled breffly,
Than maryed to Joseph, and so folwyng the salutacion.
Metyng with Elyzabeth and therwith a conclusyon,
In fewe wurdys talkyd, that it xulde nat be tedyous,
To lernyd nyn to lewd nyn to no man of reson,
This is the processe, now preserve 3ow Jhesus !

Thereffore of pes I 3ow pray alle that ben here present,
And take hed to oure talkyn what we xal say,
I be-teche 3ow that lorde that is evyr omnypotent,
To governe 3ow in goodnes, as he best may,
In hevyn we may hym se.

Now God that is hevyn kynge,
Sende us alle hese dere blyssynge,
And to his towre he mote us brynge.
Amen, ffor charyté !

Ysakar. The prestys of God offre sote ensens
 Unto here God, and therfore they be holy ;
 We that mynistere here in Goddys presens,
 In us xuld be fownd no maner of ffoly.
Ysakar, prynce of prestys, am I,
 That this holiest day here have mynystracion,
 Certyfyenge alle tribus in my cure specyaly,
 That this is the hiest fest of oure solennyacion.

This we clepe *festum Encenniorum*,
 The new ffest of whiche iij. in the 3ere we exercyse ;
 Now alle the kynredys to Jerusalem must cum,
 Into the temple of God here to do sacryfyse ;
 Tho that be cursyd my dygnyté is to dysspyse,
 And tho that be blyssyd here holy sacrefyse to take ;
 We be regal sacerdocium, it perteyneth us to be wysse,
 Be fastyng, be prayng, be almes, and at du tyme to wake.

Joachym. Now alle this countré of Galylé,
 With this cetye of Nazareth specyal,
 This ffest to Jerusalem must go we,
 To make sacrefyce to God eternal.
 My name is Joachym, a man in godys substancyalle,
 Joachym is to say, he that to God is redy,
 So have I be and evyr more xal,
 ffor the dredful domys of God sore drede I.

I am clepyd ryghtful, why wole 3e se ?
 ffor my godys into thre partys I devyde,
 On to the temple and to hem that ther servyng be,
 Anodyr to the pylgrimys and pore men ; the iij.^{de} ffor hem
 with me abyde.
 So xulde every curat in this werde wyde,
 3eve a part to his chauncel i-wys,
 A part to his parochoneres that to povert slyde,
 The thryd part to kepe for hym and his.

But, blyssyd wyff Anne, sore I drede

In the temple this tyme to make sacryfice ;
Becawse that no frute of us dothe procede,

I fere me grettly the prest wole me dysspice.

Than grett slawndyr in the tribus of us xulde aryse:

But this I avow to God, with alle the mekenes I can,
3yff of his mercy he wole a childe us devyse,
We xal offre it up into the temple to be Goddys man.

Anna. 3our swemful wurdys make terys trekyl downe be my face,

I-wys, swete husband, the fawte is in me ;

My name is Anne, that is to sey, grace,

We wete not how gracyous God wyl to us be.

A woman xulde bere Cryst, these profecyes have we,

If God send frute and it be a mayd childe ;

Withe alle reverens I vow to his magesté,

Sche xal be here foot-mayd to mynyster here most mylde.

Joachym. Now lete be it as God wole, ther is no more,

Tweyn turtelys ffor my sacryfice with me I take ;

And I beseche, wyff, and evyr we mete more,

That hese grett mercy us meryer mut make.

Anna. For dred and ffor swem of 3our wourdys I qwake,

Thryes I kysse 3ow with syghys ful sad ;

And to the mercy of God mekely I 3ow betake,

And tho that departe in sorwe, God make ther metyng glad !

Senior tribus. Worchepful sere Joachym, be 3e redy now ?

Alle 3our kynrede is come 3ow to exorte,

That thei may do sacrifice at the temple with 3ow,

ffor 3e be of grett wurchep, as men 3ow report.

Joachym. Alle synfulle, seke, and sory, God mote comforte,

I wolde I were as men me name !

Thedyr in Goddys name now late us alle resorte :

A Anne, Anne, Anne, God scheeld us fro shame !

Anne. Now am I left alone, sore may I wepe,
 A, husbond ! ageyn God wel mote 3ow brynge !
 And fro shame and sorwe he mote 3ow kepe,
 Tyl I se 3ow ageyn I kan not sees of wepynge.

Senior. Prynce of oure prestys, if it be 3our plesynge,
 We be com mekely to make our sacrifice.

Ysakar. God do 3ow mede, bothe elde and 3ynge,
 Than devowtly we wyl begynne servyse.

There they xal synge this sequens, "Benedicta sit beata Trinitas." And in that tyme Ysakar with his ministeres ensensythe the outere, and than thei make her offryng, and Isaker seyth,

Comyth up, serys, and offeryth alle now,
 3e that to do sacryfice worthy are :

Abyde a qwyle, sere, whedyr wytte thou ?

Thou and thi wyff arn barrany and bare ;
 Neyther of 3ow fruteful nevyr 3ett ware,

Whow durste thou amonge fruteful presume and abuse ?
 It is a tokyn thou art cursyd thare,

Wherefore with grett indygnacion thin offeryng I refuse !

Et refudit sacrificium Joachi.

Amonge alle this pepyl barreyn be no mo,

Therefore comyth up and offeryth here alle :

Thou, Joachym, I charge the fast out the temple thou go ;

Than with Goddys holy wourde blysse 3ow I shalle !

Et redit flendo.

Ministro catando. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini !

Johns. Qui fecit coelum et terram !

Minister. Sit nomen Domini benedictum !

Chorus. Ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum !

Episcopus. Benedicat vos divina majestas et una deitas,
 Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus ! *Chorus.* Amen.

Signando manu cum cruce solenniter, et recedant tribus extra templum.

Now of God and man blyssyd be 3e alle,
 Homward a3en now returne 3e,
 And in this temple abyde we xalle,
 To servyn God in Trinyté.

Joachym. A ! mercyfful Lord, what is this lyff ?
 What have I do, Lorde, to have this blame ?
 ffor hevynes I dare not go hom to my wyff,
 And amonge my neybores I dare not abyde ffor shame.
 A Anne ! Anne ! Anne ! al oure joye is turnyd to grame,
 ffrom 3our blyssyd ffelacheppe I am now exilyd,
 And 3e here onys of this ffowle fame,
 Sorwe wyl sle 3ow to se me thus revylyd.

But son God soferyth thys us must sofron nede,
 Now wyl I go to my shepherdys and with hem abyde,
 And ther evyrmore levyn in sorwe and in drede,
 Shame makyth many man his hed for to hyde.
 Ha ! how de 3e, felas ? in 3ow is lytel pryde,
 How fare 3e and my bestys ? this wete wolde I veryly.

Primus pastor. A ! welcome hedyr ! blyssyd mayster, we pas-
 ture hem ful wyde,

They be lusty and fayr and grettly multiply.
 How do 3e, mayster ? 3e loke al hevyly !
 How dothe oure dame at hom ? sytt she and sowyht ?

Joachym. To here the speke of here it sleyth myn hert veryly,
 How I and sche doth, God hymself knowythe !
 The meke God lyftyth up, the proude over-throwyht,
 Go do what 3e lyst ; se 3our bestys not stray.

Secundus pastor. Aftere grett sorwe, mayster, evyr gret grace
 growyht ;

Sympyl as we kan, we xal for 3ow pray.

Tertius Pastor. 3a, to pray ffor careful it is grett nede,
 We alle wul prey ffor 3ow knelende,
 God of his goodnes send 3ow good spede,
 And of 3our sorwe 3ow sone amende !

Joachym. I am nott wurthy, Lord, to loke up to hefne !

My synful steppys anvempnyd the grounde ;
 I loth folest that levyth thou, Lord, hiest in thi setys sefne,
 What art thou, Lord ? what am I wrecche werse than an hownde ?
 Thou hast sent me shame whiche myn hert doth wounde ;
 I thank the more herefore than for alle my prosperité :
 This is a tokyn thou lovest me,—now to the I am bounde ;
 Thou seyst thou art with hem that in tribulacion be.

And ho so have the, he nedyth not care thanne ;

My sorwe is feryng I have do sum offens
 Punchyth me, Lorde, and spare my blyssyd wyff Anne,
 That syttyth and sorwyth ful sore of myn absens !
 Ther is not may profyte but prayour to 3our presens ;
 With prayores prostrat byfore thi person I wepe ;
 Have mende on oure avow, for 3our meche magnyficens,
 And my lovyngest wyff Anne, Lord, for thi mercy kepe !

Anna. A ! mercy, Lord ! mercy ! mercy ! mercy !

We are synfolest ; it shewyth that 3e send us alle this sorwe :
 Why do 3e thus to myn husbond, Lord ? why, why, why ?

For my barynes he may amend this thiself and thou lyst to morwe,
 And it plese so thi mercy, the, my Lord, I take to borwe,
 I xal kepe myn avow qwyl I leve and leste,
 I fere me I have offendyd the ; myn hert is ful of sorwe :
 Most mekely I pray thi pety, that this bale thou wyl breste.

Here the aungel descendith the hefne syngyng,

“ Exultet cælum laudibus !

Resultet terra gaudiis !

Archangelorum gloria

Sacra canunt solemnia.”

Joachym. Qwhat art thou, in Goddys name, that makyst me
 adrad ?

It is as lyth abowt me as al the werd were fere.

Angelus. I am an aungel of God come to make the glad !

God is plesyd with thin helmes, and hath herd thi prayere ;
He seyth thi shame, thi repress, and thi terys cler :

God is a vengere of synne, and not nature doth lothe !
Whos wombe that he sparyth and makyth barreyn her,
He doth to shewe his myth and his mercy bothe !

Thu seest that Sara was nynty 3er bareyn.

Sche had a sun Ysaac, to whom God 3aff his blyssynge ;
Rachel also had the same peyn,

She had a son Joseph, that of Egypt was kynge.
A strongere than Sampson nevyr was be wrytynge,
Nor an holyere than Samuel, it is seyde thus ;
3ett here moderes were bareyn bothe in the gynnynges ;
The concepcon of alle swyche, it is ful mervelyous.

And in the lyke wyse Anne, that blyssyd wyff,

Sche xal bere a childe xal hygthe Mary,
Whiche xal be blyssyd in here body and have joys ffyff,
And fful of the Holy Goost inspyred syngulyrly.
Sche xal be offryd into the temple solemply,
That of here non evyl ffame xuld sprynge thus,
And as sche xal be bore of a barrany body,
So of here xal be bore without nature Jhesus,

That xal be savyour unto al mankende !

In tokyn, whan thou come to Jherusalem, to the gyldyn gate,
Thou xalt mete Anne thi wyff, have this in thi mende ;
I xal sey here the same here sorwys to rebate.

Joachim. Of this incomparabyl comfort I xal nevyr forgete
the date,

My sorwe was nevyr so grett, but now my joy is more ;
I xal hom in hast, be it nevyr so late.

A, Anne ! blyssyd be that body of the xal be bore !
Now farewell, myn shepherdis, governe 3ow now wysly.

Primus pastor. Have 3e good tydynges, mayster? than we be glad!

Joachym. Prayse God for me, for I am not wourthy!

Secundus pastor. In feyth, sere, so we xal with alle oure sowlys sad.

Tertius pastor. I holde it helpfful that on of us with 3ow be had.

Joachym. Nay, abyde with 3our bests, sone, in Goddys blyssynge.

Primus pastor. We xal make us so mery now this is be-stad,
That a myle on 3our wey 3e xal here us synge.

Anne. Alas! ffor myn husbond me is ful wo,
I xal go seke hym what so evyr be-falle;
I wote not in erth whiche wey is he go,
ffadyr of hefne, ffor mercy to your ffete I falle.

Angelus. Anne, thin husbond ryght now I was with-alle,
The aungel of God, that bare hym good tydynge,
And as I seyde to hym so to the sey I xal,
God hath herd thi preyour and thi wepynge.

At the goldyn gate thou xalte mete hym ful mylde,
And in grett gladnes returne to 3our hous;
So be proces thou xalt conseyye and bere a childe,
Whiche xalt hyght Mary, and Mary xal bere Jhesus,
Whiche xal be Savyour of alle the werd and us,—
Aftere grett sorwe evyr grett gladnes is had!
Now myn inbasset I have seyde to 3ow thus,
Gooth in oure Lordys name, and in God beth glad!

Anne. Now blyssyd be oure Lorde and alle his werkys ay!
Alle heffne and erthe mut blysse 3ow for this!
I am so joyful I not what I may say!
Ther can no tounge telle what joye in me is!
I to bere a childe that xal bere alle mannys blyss,
And have myn hosbonde ageyn; ho mythe have joys more?

No creature in erthe is grauntyd more mercy i-wys !
I xal hyze me to the 3ate to be ther before.

Here goth the aungel a3en to hefne.

A ! blyssyd be our Lord ! myn husbond I se.

I xalle on myn kneis and to hym-ward crepe.

Joachym. A ! gracyous wyff Anne, now frutefull xal he be !

ffor joy of this metyng in my sowle I wepe ;

Have this kusse of clenness and with 3ow it kepe,

In Goddys name now go we, wyff, hom to our hous.

Anne. Ther was nevyr joy sank in me so depe,

Now may we say, husbond, God is to us gracyous,
Verily.

Joachym. 3a, and if we have levyd wel here before,

I pray the, Lord, thin ore,

So mote we levyn evyr more,

And be thi grace more holyly.

Anne. Now hom-ward, husbond, I rede we gon,

Ryth hom al to our place,

To thank God that sytt in trone,

That thus hath sent us his grace.

IX. MARY IN THE TEMPLE.

Contemplacio. Sovereynes, 3e han sen shewyd 3ow before,
Of Joachym and Anne here botheres holy metynge,
How our lady was conseyyd, and how she was bore ;
We passe ovyr that, breffnes of tyme consyderynge.
And how our lady, in here tendyr age and 3yng,
Into the temple was offryd, and so forthe proced,
This sentens sayd xal be hire begynnnyng,
Now the Modyr of mercy in this be our sped !

And as a childe of iij. 3ere age here she xal appere,
To alle pepyl that ben here present,
And of here grett grace now xal 3e here,
How she levyd evyr to Goddys entent
With grace.

That holy matere we wole declare,
Tyl ffortene 3ere how sche dyd ffare ;
Now of 3our speche I pray 3ow spare,
Alle that ben in this place.

*Here Joachym and Anne, with oure lady between hem, beyng
al in whyte as a childe of iij. 3ere age, presente here into the
temple, thus seying Joachym,*

Joachym. Blyssyd be oure Lord, ffayr ffrute have we now !
Anne, wyff, remembyr wole 3e,
That we made to God an holy avow,
That oure fyrst childe the servaunt of God xulde be !
The age of Mary oure dowtere is 3eres thre,
Therefore to thre personys and on God lete us here present ;

The 3onger she be drawyn the bettyr semyth me,
And for teryeng of our avow of God we myth be shent !

Anne. It is as 3e say, husbond, indede,

Late us take Mary our dowter us betwen,
And to the temple with here procede :

Dowtere, the aungel tolde us 3e xulde be a qwen !
Wole 3e go se that lord 3our husbond xal ben,

And lerne for to love hym and lede with hym 3our lyf ?
Telle 3our ffadyr and me her, 3our answeere let sen ;

Wole 3e be pure maydyn and also Goddys wyff ?
Maria. ffadyr and modyr, if it plesynge to 3ow be,

3e han mad 3our avow, so ssothly wole I,
To be Goddys chast servaunt whil lyff is in me,

But to be Goddys wyff I was nevyr wurthy ;
I am the sympelest that evyr was born of body.

I have herd 3ow seyde God xulde have a modyr swete,
That I may leve to se hire, God graunt me for his mercy,
And abyly me to ley my handys undyr hire fayr fete.

Et genuflectet ad Deum.

Joachym. I-wys, dowtere, it is wel seyde,
3e answeere and 3e were twenty 3ere olde.

Anne. Whith 3our speche, Mary, I am wel payde,
Can 3e gon alone ? lett se beth bolde.

Maria. To go to Goddys hous wole 3e now beholde,
I am joyful thedyrward, as I may be.

Joachym. Wyff, I ryght joyful oure dowter to beholde.

Anne. So am I wys, husbond ; now in Goddys name go we !

Joachym. Sere, prince of prestes, and it plese 3ow,
We that were barreyn God hath sent a childe,

To offere here to Goddys service we mad oure avow,
Here is the same mayde, Mary most mylde.

Isakar. Joachym, I have good mende how I 3ow revyled,

I am ryght joyful that God hath 3ove 3ow this grace,
To be amonge fruteful now be 3e reconsyld,

Come, swete Mary, come, 3e have a gracyous face !

Joachym flectendo ad Deum, sic dicens,

Joachym. Now, ffadyr, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
On God and personys thre !

We offere to the, Lorde of myghtes most,
Oure dowtere thi servaunt evyr more to be !

Anna. Ther-to most bounde evyr more be we :
Mary, in this holy place leve 3ow we xalle ;
In Goddys name now up go 3e !

Oure fadyr, oure prest, lo ! doth 3ow calle.

Maria. Modyr, and it plesse 3ow, fyrst wole I take my leve
Of my fadyr and 3ow my modyr i-wys ;
I have a fadyr in hefne, this I beleve,

Now, good ffadyr, with that fadyr 3e me blysse !

Joachym. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti !

Maria. Amen ! Now 3e, good modyr.

Anne. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti !

Maria. Amen !

Maria. Now, oure Lord, thank 3ow for this !

Here is my fadyr and my modyr bothe,
Most mekely I beseche I may 3ow kys ;—

Now for3eve me yf evyr I made 3ow wrothe !

Et explexendo osculabit patrem et matrem.

Joachym. Nay, dowtere, 3e offendyd nevyr God nor man ;
Lovyd be that lord 3ow so doth kepe !

Anne. Swete dowtyr, thynk on 3our modyr An,
3our swemyng smytyht to myn hert depe.

Maria. ffadyr and modyr, I xal pray for 3ow and wepe,
To God with al myn hert specyaly ;
Blysse me day and nyght evyr her 3e slepe,
Good ffadyr and modyr, and be mery.

Joachym. A ! ho had evyr suche a chylde ?

Nevyr creature 3it that evyr was bore !
Sche is so gracyous, she is so mylde,—

So xulde childyr to fadyr and modyr evyr more.

Anne. Than xulde thei be blyssyd and plese God sore !
 Husbond, and it plese 3ow not hens go we xal,
 Tyl Mary be in the temple above thore,
 I wold not for al erthe se here fal.

Episcopus. Come, gode Mary, come, babe, I the calle ;
 Thi pas pratyly to this plas pretende,
 Thou xalt be the dowtere of God eternalle,
 If the fyftene grees thou may ascende ;
 It is meracle if thou do ; now God the dyffende !
 ffrom Babylony to hevynly Jherusalem this is the way ;
 Every man that thynk his lyf to amende,
 The fyftene psalmys in memorye of this mayde say,
 Maria !

Maria ! et sic deinceps usque ad finem quindecim psalmorum.

The fyrst degré gostly applyed,
 It is holy desyre with God to be,
 In trobyl to God I have cryed,
 And in sped that lord hath herde me.

Ad Dominum cum tribularer clamavi, et exaudivit me.

The secunde is stody with meke inquysissyon veryly,
 How I xal have knowynge of Godys wyllle,
 To the mownteynes of hefne I have lyfte myn ey,
 ffrom qwens xal comyn helpe me tylle.

Levari oculos meos in montes, unde veniat auxilium mihi.

The thrydde is gladnes in mende in hope to be,
 That we xalle be savyd alle thus ;
 I am glad of these tydynges ben seyde to me,—
 Now xal we go into Goddys hous.

Lætatus sum in hiis, quæ dicta sunt mihi : in domum Domini ibimus.

The fourte is meke obedyence, as is dette,
 To hym that is above the planetes sefne ;

To the I have myn eyn sette,
That dwellys above the skyes in hefne !

Ad te levavi oculos meos, qui habitas in cælis.

The ffyfte is proppr confessyon,
That we be nought withowth God thus ;
But God in us have habytacion,
Peraventure oure enemyes shulde swelle us.

Nisi quia Dominus erat in nobis, dicat nunc Israel: nisi quia Dominus erat in nobis.

The sexte is confidens in Goddys strenght alon,
ffor of alle grace from hym comyth the strem :
They that trust in God, as the mownt Syon,
He xal not be steryd endles, that dwellyth in Jherusalem.

Qui confidunt in Domino, sicut mons Syon, non commovebitur in æternum, qui habitat in Hierusalem.

The sefte is undowteful hope of immortalyté,
In oure Lorde is as gracy and mercy ;
Whan oure Lord convertyth oure captivité,
Than are we mad as joyful mery.

In convertendo domus captivitatem Syon: facti sumus sicut consolati.

The eyted is contempt of veyn glory in us,
ffor hym that al mankende hath multiplyed ;
But yf oure Lord make here oure hous,
They an laboryd in veyn that it have edyfied.

Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam.

The nynte is a childely for in dede,
With a longyng love in oure Lorde that ay is ;

Blyssyd arn alle they that God drede,
Whiche that gon in his holy weys.

Beati omnes, qui timent Dominum, qui ambulant in viis ejus.

The tende is myghty soferauns of carnal temptacion,
ffor the fleschly syghtes ben fers and fel ;
Ofte 3oughe is ffowthe with with sueche vexacion,
Than seyng God say, so clepyd Israel.

Sæpe expugnauerunt me a juventute mea, dicat nunc Israel.

The elefnte is accusatyff confessyon of iniquité,
Of whiche ful noyous is the noyis ;
Fro depnes, Lord, I have cryed to the !
Lord, here in sped my sympyl voys !

*De profundus clamavi ad te, Domine ! Domine, exaudi
vocem meam !*

The twelfte is mekenes, that is fayr and softe,
In mannys sowle withinne and withowte ;
Lord, myn herte is not heyved on lofte,
Nyn myn eyn be not lokynge abowte.

*Domine, non est exaltatum cor meum, neque elati sunt oculi
mei.*

The threttene is ffeyth therwith,
With holy dedys don expresse ;
Have mende, Lorde of Davyth,
And of alle his swettnes !

Memento, Domine, David, et omnis mansuetudinis ejus.

The ffourtene is brothyrlly concorde i-wys,
That norchych love of creatures echon ;
Se how good and how glad it is,
Bretheryn, ffor to dwelle in on.

Ecce quam bonum, et quam jocundum habitare fratres in unum.

The fyftene is gracyous with on acorde,
 Whiche is syne of Godly love, semyth me ;
 Se now blysse, oure Lorde,
 Alle that oure lordys servauntes be.

Ecoe nunc, benedicite Dominum, omnes servi Domini !

Episcopus. A ! gracyous Lord, this is a mervelyous thyng,
 That we se here alle in syght,
 A babe of thre 3er age so 3ynge,
 To come up these greeys so up ryght ;
 It is an hey meracle, and by Goddys myght
 No dowth of she xal be gracyous.

Maria. Holy ffadyr, I beseche 3ow forthe ryght,
 Sey how I xal be rewlyd in Goddys hous.

Episcopus. Dowtere, God hath 3ovyn us commaundementes
 ten,

Whiche shortely to say be comprehendyd in tweyn,
 And tho must be kept of alle Crysten men,
 Or ellys here jugement is perpetual peyn.
 3e must love God severeynly and 3our evyn Crystyn pleyn,
 God fyrst ffor his hy3 and sovereyn dygnyté :
 He lovyd 3ow fyrst, love hym ageyn,
 ffor of love to his owyn lyknes he made the.

Love ffadyr, Sone, and Holy Gost !

Love God the Fadyr, ffor he gevyth myght ;
 Love God the Sone, ffor he gevyth wysdom thou wost ;
 Love God the Holy Gost, ffor he gevyth love and lyght.
 Thre personys and on God thus love of ryght,
 With alle thin hert, with alle thi sowle, with alle thi mende,
 And with alle the strengthis in the be dyght,
 Than love thin evyn Crystyn as thiself withowtyn ende.

Thu xalt hate nothyng but the devyl and synne :
 God byddyth the lovyn thi bodyly enmy ;

And as for yourself here, thus xal 3e begynne,—

3e must serve and wurchep God here dayly ;
ffor what pray3er with grace and mercy,

Sethe have a resonable tyme to fede,
Thanne to have a labour bodyly,

That therin be gostly and bodely mede.
your abydyngge xal be with your maydenys ffyve,
Whyche tyme as 3e wole have consolacion.

Maria. This lyff me lyketh as my lyve :

Of her namys I beseche 3ow to have informacion.

Episcopus. There is the fyrst Meditacion,
Contryssyon, Compassyon, and Clennes,
And that holy mayde Fruysson :

With these blyssyd maydenes xal be your besynes.

Maria. Here is an holy ffelachepp, I fele

I am not wurthy amonge hem to be :
Swete systeres, to 3ow alle I knele,
To receyve, I beseche, your charyté.

Episcopus. They xal, dowtere, and on the tothere syde se,
Ther ben sefne prestys indede,
To schryve, to teche, and to mynystryng to the,
To lerne the Goddys lawys and Scrypture to rede.

Maria. ffadyr, knew I here namys, wele were I.

Episcopus. Ther is Dyscresson, Devocion, Dylexcion,
and Deliberacion,—

They xal tende upon 3ow besyly ;

With Declaracion, Determy nacion, Dyvynacion ;
Now go 3e, maydenys, to your occupacion,
And loke 3e tende this childe tendyrly ;
And 3e, serys, knelyth, and I xal gyve 3ow Goddys benyson,
In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti !

Et recedent cum ministris suis omnes virgines, dicentes
“ *Amen.* ”

To 3ow, ffadyr and modyr, I me comende,
Blyssyd be the tyme 3e me hedyr brought.

Joachym. Dowtere, the ffadere of oure feyth the mot defende,
As he of his myght made alle thyng of nowth.

Anne. Mary, to the sowle solas he sende,
In whos wysdam alle this werd was wrought!
Go we now hens, husbonde so hende,
For owth of care now are we brought.

Hic Joachim et Anna recedent domum.

Maria. Be the Holy Gost at hom be 3e brought,
Systeres (*ad virgines*) 3e may go do what 3e xalle,
To serve God fyrst here is al my thought,
Beforn this holy awtere on my knes I falle!

Lord, sefne petycions I beseche 3ow of here,
ffyrst that I may kepe thi love and thi lawe;
The secunde to lovyn myn evyn Crystyn as myself dere;
The thrydde from alle that thou hatyst me to withdrawe;
The fourte alle vertuys to thi plesauns knawe;
The fyfte to obey the ordenaryes of the temple echeon;
The sexte, and that alle pepyl may serve the with awe,
That in this holy tempyl fawte be non.

The sefnte, Lord, I haske with grett ffere,
That I may se onys in my lyve,
That lady that xal Goddys sone bere,
That I may serve here with my wyttes fyve.
If it plese 3ow, and ellys it is not therwith to stryve,
With prayers prostrat ffor these gracys I wepe:
O, my God! devocion depe in me dryve,
That my hert may wake in the, thow my body slepe.

*Here the aungel bryngyth manna in a coupe of gold lyke to
confeccions, the hefne syngynge, the aungel seyth,*

Merveyle not, mekest maydone, of my mynystracion,
I am a good aungel sent of God alle-mygth,
With aungelys mete ffor 3our sustentacion,
3e to receyve it ffor natural myght;

We aungellys xul serve 3ow day and nyght :

Now fede 3ow therwith in Goddys name.

We xal lerne 3ow the lyberary of oure Lordys lawe lyght,
ffor my sawys in 3ow shewyth sygnes of shame.

Maria. To thank oure soveryen Lord not sufficyth my mende,

I xal fede me of this fode my Lord hath me sent ;

Alle maner of savowres in this mete I fynde,

I felt nevyr non so swete ner so redolent.

Angelus. Eche day therwith 3e xal be content ;

Aunge alle howrys xal to 3ow apere.

Maria. Mercy, my makere, how may this be ment ?

I am the sympelest creature that is levyng here.

Angelus. In 3our name Maria ffyve letterys we han,—

M. Mayde most mercyfulle and mekest in mende ;

A. Averte of the anguysche that Adam began ;

R. Regina of regyon reyneng withowtyn ende ;

I. Innocent be influens of Jesses kende ;

A. Advocat most autentyk 3our autecer Anna,

Hefne and helle here kneys down bende,

Whan this holy name of 3ow is seyde, MARIA.

Maria. I quake grettly ffor dred to here this comendacion !

Good swete aungel, why wole 3e sey thus ?

Aungelle. ffor 3e xal hereaftere have a salutacion,

That xal this excede, it is seyde amonge us ;

The Deyté that dede xal determyn and dyscus,

3e xal nevyr, lady, be lefte here alone.

Maria. I crye the mercy, Lorde, and thin erthe cus,

Recomendyng me to that Godhyd that is tryne in trone.

Hic osculet terram. Here xal comyn alwey an aungel with
dyvers presentes, goynge and comynge, and in the tyme thei xal
synge in hefne this hympne. “ *Jhesu corona virginum.* ” And
after ther comyth a minister fro the buschop with a present and
seyth,

Minister. Prynce of oure prestes, Ysakare be name,

He hath sent 3ow hymself his servyce in dede ;

And bad 3e xulde ffede 3ow spare for no shame,

In this tyme of mete no lenger 3e rede.

Maria. Recomende me to my fadyr, sere, and God do hym mede,

These vesselys a3en sone I xal hym sende ;

I xal bere it my systeres, I trowe thei have more nede,

Goddys foyson is evyr to his servauntes hendyr than we wende.

Systeres, oure holy ffadyr Isakare

Hath sent us hese servyce here ryght now ;

ffede 3ow therof hertyly, I pray 3ow nat spare,

And if owght beleve, specyaly I pray 3ow,

That the pore men the relevys ther of have now ;

ffayn and I myth I wolde do the dedys of mercy ;

Pore ffolk ffaryn God knowyth how,

On hem evyr I have grett pety.

Contemplacio. Lo ! sofreyne here 3e have seyn,

In the temple of oure ladyes presentacion,

She was nevyr occapyed in thynges veyn,

But evyr besy in holy ocupacyon ;

And we beseche 3ow of 3oure pacyens,

That we pace these materes so lythly away,

If thei xulde be do with good prevydens,

Eche on wolde suffyce ffor an hoole day.

Now xal we procede to here disponsacion,

Whiche aftere this was xiiij. 3ere,

Tyme sufficyth not to make pawsacion,

Hath pacyens with us, we beseche 3ow here,

And in short spas,

The parlement of hefne sone xal 3e se,

And how Goddys sone come man xal he,

And how the salutacion aftere xal be,

Be Goddys holy gras.

X. MARY'S BETROTHMENT.

Tunc venit ab Ysakar episcopus.

Lystenyth lordynges, both hye and lowe,
And tendyrly takyth heyd onto my sawe,
Beth buxom and benygne 3our busshopp to knowe,
ffor I am that lord that made this lawe.
With hertys so hende herkyn nowe,
3oure damyselys to weddyng 3a loke that 3e drawe,
That passyn xiiij. 3ere, ffor what that 3e owe,
The lawe of God byddyth this sawe,
That at xiiij. 3ere of age
Every damesel, what so sche be,
To the encrese of more plenté,
Xulde be browght in good degré,
Onto here spowsage.

Joachym. Herke now, Anne, my jentyl spowse,
How that the buschop his lawe hath tolde,
That what man hath a dowtyr in his house,
That passyth xiiij. 3eres olde,
He muste here brynge, I herde hym kowse,
Into the tempyl a spowse to wedde,
Wherfore oure dowtyr ryth good and dowse,
Into the tempyl sche must be ledde,
And that anoon ryght sone.

Anne. Sere, I grawnt that it be so,
A3en the lawe may we not do,
With here togedyr lete us now go,
I hold it ryght weyl done.

Joachym. Sere busshopp, here, aftyr thin owyn hest,
 We have here brought oure dowtyr dere ;
 Mary, my swete childe, she is ful prest
 Of age, she is ful xiiij. 3ere.

Episcopus. Welcome, Joachym, onto myn areste,
 Bothe Anne thi wyff and Mary clere ;
 Now, Mary, chylde to the lawe thou leste,
 And chese the a spowse to be thi ffere,
 That lawe thou must ffulffylle.

Maria. Azens the lawe wyl I nevyr be,
 But mannys ffelachep xal nevyr folwe me,
 I wyl levyn evyr in chastyté
 Be the grace of Goddys wylle.

Episcopus. A ! ffayre mayde, why seyst thou so ?
 What menyth the for to levyn chast ?
 Why wylt thou not to weddyng go ?
 The cawse thou tell me, and that in hast.

Maria. My ffaydr and my modyr sertys also,
 Er I was born, 3e may me trast,
 Thei were bothe bareyn, here frute was do ;
 They come to the tempyl at the last,
 To do here sacryfice.

Bycause they hadde nothyr frute nere chylde,
 Reprevyd thei wore of wykkyd and wyllde,
 With grett shame thei were revyld,—
 Al men dede them dyspyce.

My ffadyr and my modyr thei wepte fulle sore,
 fful hevy here hertys wern of this dede ;
 With wepynge eyn thei preyd therfore
 That God wolde socowre hem and sende hem sede.
 Iff God wold grannt hem a childe be bore,
 They behest the chylde here lyf xulde lede,
 In Goddys temple to serve evyrmore,

And wurchep God in love and drede.
 Than God fful of grace,
 He herd here longe prayour,
 And than sent hem bothe seed and flowre :
 Whan I was born in here bowre,
 To the temple offryd I was.

Whan that I was to the temple brought,
 And offerde up to God above,
 Ther hested I, as myn hert thought,
 To serve my God with hertyly love.
 Clennesse and chastyté myn hert owth,
 Erthely creature nevyr may shove ;
 Suche clene lyff xuld 3e nought
 In no maner wyse reprove ;
 To this clennesse I me take.
 This is the cawse, as I 3ow telle,
 That I with man wylle nevyr melle,
 In the servyse of God wyl I evyr dwelle,—
 I wyl nevyr have other make.

Episcopus. A ! mercy God, these wordys wyse,
 Of this fayr mayde clene ;
 Thei trobyl myn hert in many wyse,
 Her wytt is grett, and that is sene ;
 In clennes to levyn in Godys servise,
 No man here blame non here tene,
 And 3it in lawe thus it lyce,
 That suche weddyd xulde bene :
 Who xal expownd this oute ?
 The lawe doth after lyff of clennes,
 The lawe doth bydde suche maydenes expres
 That to spowsyng they xulde hem dres :
 God help us in this dowhte !

This ansuere grettly trobelyth me :

To mak a vow to creatures it is lefful,—
 Vovete and reddite in Scripture have we,
 And to observe oure lawe also it is nedful.
 In this to dyscerne to me it is dredful ;
 Therefore to cowcelle me in this cas, I calle
 The holde and the wyse and swiche as ben spedful.—
 In this sey 3our avyse, I beseche 3ow alle.

Minister. To breke our lawe and custom it wore hard indede,
 And on that other syde to do a3en Scrypture ;
 To 3eve sentens in this degré 3e must take goo hede,
 ffor dowteles this matere is dyffuse and obscure.

Myn avyse here in this, I 3ow ensure,
 That we prey alle God to have relacion ;
 ffor be prayour grett knowleche men recure,
 And to this I counselle 3ou to 3eve assygnacion.

Episcopus. Trewly 3our counselle is ryght good and eylsum,
 And as 3e han seyde, so xal it be :

I charge 3ow, bretheryn and systerys, hedyr 3e com,
 And togedyr to God now pray we,
 That it may plese his fynyte deyté,
 Knowleche in this to sendyn us !
 Mekely eche man ffalle downe on kne,
 And we xal begynne *Veni Creator spiritus*.

Et hic cantent "Veni Creator." And whan "Veni Creator"
is down, the buschop xal seyng,

Now, lord God, of lordys wysest of alle,
 I pray the, Lorde, knelyng on kne,
 With carefulle herte I crye and calle,
 This dowteful dowte enforme thou me.
Angelus. Thy prayor is herd to hy3 hevyn halle,
 God hath me sent here downe to the,
 To telle the what that thou do xalle,
 And how thou xalt be rewlyd in iche degré.
 Take tent and undyrstond.

This is Goddys owyn byddyng,
 That alle kynsmen of Davyd the kyng,
 To the temple xul brynge here du offryng,
 With whyte 3ardys in ther honde.

Loke wele what tyme thei offere there,
 Alle here 3ardys in thin hand thou take,
 Take hede whose 3erde doth blome and bere,
 And he xal be the maydenys make.
Episcopus. I thank the, Lord, with mylde chere,
 Thi wurde xal I werkyn withowtyn wrake;
 I xal send for hem, bothyn fere and nere;
 To werke thi wyl I undyrtake:
 Anon it xal be do.

Herk, masangere, thou wend thi way,
 Davyd kynsmen, as I the say,
 Byd hem come offyr this same day,
 And brynge whyte 3ardys also.

Nuncius. Oy! al maner men takyth to me tent,
 That be owgth of kynrede to David the kyng;
 My lord the busshop hath for 3ow sent,
 To the temple that 3e come with 3our offryng.
 He chargight that 3e hast 3ow, for he is redy bent,
 3ow to receyve at 3our comyng;
 He byddeth 3ow fferthermore in handys that 3e hent,
 A fayre white 3erde everyche of 3ow 3e bryng,
 In hyght.

Tary not, I pray 3ow;
 My lord, as I say 3ow,
 Now to receyve so
 Is fulle redy dyght.

Joseph. In great labore my lyff I lede,
 Myn ocupasyon lyth in many place,

ffor febylness of age my journey I may nat spede ;
I thank the, gret God, of thi grace !

Primus generacionis David.

What chere, Joseph, what ys the case,
That ye lye here on this ground ?

Joseph. Age and febylness doth me embrace,

That I may nother welle goo ne stond. }

Secundus generacionis.

We be commandyd be the beschoppys sond,

That every man of Davyd kynrede,

In the tempyll to offyr a wond ;

Therfor in this journey let us procede.

Joseph. Me to traveylle yt is no nede,

I prey you, frendes, go forth your wey.

Tertius generacionis.

This come forth, Joseph, I you rede,

And knowyth what the buschop wolle sey.

Quartus generacionis.

Ther ys a mayd whos name ys clepyd Mary,

Doughter to Joachym, as it is told :

Here to mary thei wolle asay

To som man dowty and bold.

Joseph. Benedicite, I cannot undyrstande

What oure Prince of Prestes doth men,

That every man xuld come and brynge with hym a whande,

Abyl to be maryed, that is not I, so mote I then. ✓

I have be maydon evyr, and evyr more wele ben,

I chaungyd not 3et of alle my long lyff ;

And now to be maryed sum man wold wen,

It is a straunge thyng an old man to take a 3onge wyff. ✓

But nevyr the lesse no doute of we must forth to towne,

Now neybores and kynnysmen lete us forth go :

I xal take a wand in my hand and cast of my gowne,

Yf I falle than, I xalle gronyn for wo.

Ho so take away my staff, I say he were my fo,
 3e be men that may wele ren go 3e before ;
 I am old and also colde, walkyng doth me wo ;
 Therfor now wole I to my staff holde I, this jurny to wore
Episcopus. Seres, 3e xal undyrstande

That this is the cawse of our comynge,
 And why that eche of 3ow bryngyth a wande,
 ffor of God we have knowynge.

Here is to be maryde a mayde 3ynge,
 Alle 3our roddys 3e xal brynge up to me ;
 And on hese rodde that the Holy Gost is syttynge,
 He xal the husbond of this may be.

Hic portent virgas.

[*Joseph*. It xal not be, I ley a grote,
 I xal abyde behynde prevyly ;
 Now wolde God I were at hom in my cote,
 † I am aschamyd to be seyn veryly.

Primus generacionis David.

To wurchep my lord God hedyr am I come,
 Here ffor to offyr my dewe offrynge,
 A fayr white 3arde in hand have I nome,
 My lord, sere busshop, at 3our byddynge.

Secundus generacionis David.

Off Davythis kynred sertes am I com,
 A ffayr white 3arde in hand now I bryng ;
 My lord the busshop, after 3our owym dom,
 This 3arde do I offre at 3our chargyng,
 Ryht here.

Tercius generacionis David.

And I a 3arde have bothe fayr and whyght,
 Here in myn hond it is redy dyght,
 And here I offre it forth within syght,
 Ryght in good manere.

Quartus generacionis David.

I am the fourte of Davidis kyn,
 And with myn offrynge my God I honoure ;

This fayr whyte 3arde is offryng myn,
I trost in God of sum socoure.

Com on, Joseph, with offrynge thin,
And brynge up thin, as we have oure,
Thou taryst ryth longe behynde certeyn ; }
Why comyst not forth to Goddys toure ?

Com on, man, for shame.

Joseph. Com 3a, 3a, God help, fulle fayn I wolde,
But I am so agyd and so olde,
That bothe myn leggys gyn to folde, }
I am ny almost lame. }

Episcopus. A ! mercy Lord, I kan no sygne aspy,
It is best we go ageyn to prayr.

Vox. He brought not up his rodde 3et trewly,
To whom the mayd howyth to be maryed her.

Episcopus. Whath, Joseph, why stande 3e there byhynde ? }
I-wys, sere, 3e be to blame.

Joseph. Sere, I kannot my rodde ffynde ;
To come ther in trowthe me thynkyht shame.

Episcopus comyth, thens Joseph,
Sere, he may evyl go that is ner lame ;
In sothe I com as fast as I may.

Episcopus. Offyr up 3our rodde, sere, in Goddys name !
Why do 3e not as men 3ow pray ?

Joseph. Now in the wurchep of God of hevyn,
I offyr this 3erde as lely whyte,
Prayng that Lord of gracyous stewyn,
With hert, with wytt, with mayn, with myght.

And as he made the sterres seven,
This sympyl offrynge that is so lyght,
To his wurchep he weldyghe evyn,
ffor to his wurchep this 3erd is dyghte.

Lord God, I the pray,
To my herte thou take good hede,
And nothyng to my synful dede, •

After my wyl thou qwyte my mede,

As plesyth to thi pay.

I may not lyfte myn handys heye,

Lo ! lo ! lo ! what se 3e now ?

Episcopus. A ! mercy ! mercy ! mercy ! Lord, we crye,

The blyssyd of God we se art thou.

Et clamant omnes " mercy ! mercy ! "

A ! gracyous God, in hevyn trone,

Ryht wundryful thi werkys be,

Here may we se a merveyl one,

A ded stok beryth floures ffre !

Joseph in hert, withoutyn mone,

Thou mayst be blythe with game and gle,

A mayd to wedde thou must gone,

Be this meracle I do wel se.

Mary is here name ;

Joseph. What, xuld I wedde ? God forbede !

I am an old man, so God me spede,

And with a wyff now to levyn in drede,

It wore neyther sport nere game.

Episcopus. Azens God, Joseph, thou mayst not stryve,

God wyl that thou a wyff have ;

This fayr mayde xal be thi wyve,

She is buxum and whyte as lave.

Joseph. A ! shuld I have here ? 3e lese my lyff :

Alas ! dere God, xuld I now rave ?

An old man may nevyr thryff

With a 3onge wyff, so God me save !

Nay, nay, sere, lett bene,

Xuld I now in age begynne to dote,

If I here chyde she wolde clowte my cote,

Blere myn ey, and pyke out a mote,

And thus oftyn tymes it is sene.

Episcopus. Joseph, now as I the saye,

God hath assygnyd here to the ;

That God wol have do, sey thou not nay,
Oure lord God wyl that it be so !

Joseph. Azens my God not do I may,
Here wardeyn and kepere wyl I evyr be ;
But fayr maydon, I the pray,
Kepe the clene, as I xal me ;
I am a man of age.

Therefore, sere busshop, I wyl that 3e wete,
That in bedde we xul nevyr mete,
ffor i-wys mayden suete

An old man may not rage.

Episcopus. This holyst virgyn xalt thou maryn now,
3our rodde foreschyth fayrest, that man may se ;
The Holy Gost we se syttyht on a bow !
Now 3elde we alle preysyng to the trenyté.

Et hic cantent, " Benedicta sit beata Trinitas."

Joseph, wole 3e have this maydon to 3our wyff,
And here honour and kepe, as 3e howe to do ?

Joseph. Nay, sere, so mote I thryff,
I have ryght no nede therto.

Episcopus. Joseph, it is Goddys wyl it xuld be so !
Sey aftyr me, as it is skyl.

Joseph. Sere, and to performe his wyl I bow therto,
ffor alle thyngge owyght to ben at his wyl.

Episcopus, et idem Joseph.

Sey than aftyr me,—“ Here I take the, Mary, to wyff,
To havyn to holdyn, as God his wyl with us wyl make ;
And as long as bethwen us lestyght oure lyff,
To love 3ow as myselff, my trewthe I 3ow take.”

Nunc ad Mariam sic dicens episcopus,

Mary, wole 3e have this man,
And hym to kepyn as 3our lyff ?

Maria. In the tenderest wyse, fadyr, as I kan
And with alle my wyttys ffyff.

Episcopus. Joseph, with this ryng now wedde thi wyff,
And be here hand now thou here take.

Joseph. Sere, with this ryng I wedde here ryff,
And take here now here ffor my make.

Episcopus. Mary, mayd, withoutyn more stryff,
Onto thi spowse thou hast him take.

Maria. In chastyté to ledyn my lyff,
I xal hym nevyr forsake,

But evyr with hym abyde :
And, jentylle spowse, as 3e an seyde,
Lete me levyn as a clene mayd,
I xal be trewe, be not dysmayd,
Bothe terme, tyme, and tyde.

{ *Episcopus.* Here is the holiest matremony that evyr was
in this werd,

The hy3 names of oure lord we wole now syng hy,
We alle wole this solempn dede recorde

Devowtly. Alma chorus Domini nunc pangat nomina Summi!
Now goth hom alle in Godys name,
Where as 3our wonyng was before ;
Maydenys, to lete here go alone it wore shame,
It wold hevy 3our hertes sore :

3e xal blysse the tyme that sche was bore,
Now loke 3e at hom here brynge.

Maria. To have 3our blyssyng, ffaydr, I falle 3ow before.

Episcopus. He blysse 3ow that hath non hendyng,
In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti !

Episcopus. Joseph, thiselph art old of age,
And thi wyff of age is 3onge ;

And as we redyn in old sage,
Many man is sclepyr of tonge.

Therefore evyl langage for to swage,

That 3our good fame may leste longe,
iij. dymselfys xul dwelle with 3ow in stage,
With thi wyff to be evyrmore amonge.

I xal these iij. here take ;
 Susanne the fyrst xal be,
 Rebecca the secunde xal go with the,
 Sephore the thrydde,—loke that 3e thre
 This maydon nevyr 3e forsake.
Susanne. Sere, I am redy att 3our wylle,
 With this maydon for to wende.
Rebecca. 3our byddyng, sere, xalle ffulffyl,
 And ffolwe this maydon ffayr and hende.
Sephor. To ffolwe hyre it is good skyl,
 And to 3our byddyng wole I bende.
Joseph. Now, sere buschop, hens go I wyl,
 For now comyth onto my mende
 A matere that nedful is.
Episcopus. ffarewel, Joseph and Mary clere,
 I pray God kepe 3ow alle infere,
 And sende 3ow grace in good manere
 To serve the kynge of blysse.
Maria. ffadyr and modyr, 3e knowe this cas,
 Whow that it doth now stonde with me ;
 With myn spowse I must forth passe,
 And wott nevyr whan I xal 3ow se ;
 Therefore I pray 3ow here in this plas,
 Of 3our blyssynge for charyté ;
 And I xal spede the betyr and have more gras,
 In what place that evyr I be ;
 On knees to 3ow I falle.
 I pray 3ow, fadyr, and modyr dere,
 To blysse 3our owyn dere dowerere,
 And pray ffor me in allemanere,
 And I ffor 3ow alle.
Joachym. Almyghty God, he mote the blysse,
 And my blyssynge thou have also ;
 In alle goodnesse ged the wysse,
 On londe or on watyr, wherevyr thou go.
Anna. Now God the kepe from every mysse,

And save the sownd in welthe from wo !
 I pray the, dowtyr, thou onys me kys,
 Or that thi modyr part the fro.

I pray to God the save.

I pray the, Mary, my swete chylde,
 Be lowe and buxhum, meke and mylde,
 Sad and sobyr and nothyng wylde,
 And Goddys blyssynge thou have.

Joachym. fforwel, Josephe, and God 3ow spede,
 Wher so 3e be in halle or boure.

Joseph. Almyghty God, 3our weys lede,
 And save 3ow sownd from alle doloure.

Anna. Goddys grace on 3ow sprede,
 ffarewel, Mary, my swete fflowre,
 ffareweyl, Joseph, and God 3ow rede,
 ffareweyl my chylde and my tresowre,
 ffarewel, my dowtere 3yng.

Maria. ffarewel, fadyr and modyr dere,
 At 3ow I take my leve ryght here,
 God that sytt in hevyn so clere,
 Have 3ow in his kepyng.

Joseph. Wyf, it is ful necessary this 3e knowe,
 That I and my kynrede go hom before,
 For in sothe we have non hous of oure owe,
 Therefore I xal gon ordeyn and thanne come 3ow fore.
 We ar not ryche of werdly thyng,
 And 3et of our sustenauns we xal not mys,
 Therefore abydyth here styll to 3our plesynge,
 To worchep 3our God is alle 3our blysse.

He that is and evyr xal be
 Of hefne and helle ryche kynge,
 In erth hath chosyn poverté,
 And alle ryches and welthis refusynge.

Maria. Goth, husbond, in oure lordys blyssynge,
 He mote 3ow spede in alle 3our nede,

And I xal here abyde 3our a3en comynge,
And on my sawtere-book I xal rede.
Now blyssyd be oure Lord ffor this,
Of hefne and erthe and alle that beryth lyff,
I am most bound to 3ow, Lord, i-wys,
ffor now I am bothe mayde and wyff.

Now, Lord God, dysspose me to prayour,
That I may sey the holy psalmes of Davyth,
Wheche book is clepyd the Sawtere,
That I may preyse the, my God, therwith.
Of the vertuys therof this is the pygth,
It makyht sowles fayr, that doth it say,
Angelys besteryd to help us therwith,
It lytenyth therkenesse and puttyth develyys away.

The song of Psalmus is Goddys dete,
Synne is put away therby ;
It lernyth a man vertuys ful to be,
It feryth mannys herte gostly.
Who that it usyth customably,
It claryfieth the herte, and charyté makyth cowthe,
He may not ffaylen of Goddys mercy,
That hath the preysenge of God evyr in his mowthe.

O holy Psalmys ! O holy book !
Swetter to say than any ony !
Thou lernyst hem, love Lord, that on the look,
And makyst hym desyre thyngys celestly.
With these halwyd psalmys, Lord, I pray the specyaly,
ffor alle the creatures qwyke and dede,
That thou wylt shewe to hem thi mercy,
And to me specyaly that do it rede.

I have seyde sum of my sawtere, and here I am
At this holy psalme in dede,

"Benedixisti, Domine, terram tuam,"

In this holy labore, Lord, me spede.

Joseph. Mary, wyff and mayd most gracyous,

Displese 3ow not, I pray 3ow, so long I have be.

I have hyryd for us a lytyl praty hous,

And ther in ryght hesely levyn wole we.

(Come forthe, Mary, and folwe me,

To Nazareth now wele we go,

And alle the maydonys, bothe ffayr and fre,

With my wyff comyth forthe also.

Now lystenyth welle, wyff, what I telle the,

I must gon owth hens fer the fro,

I wylle go laboryn in fere countré,

With trewthe to maynteyn oure housholde so.

This ix. monthis thou seyst me nowth :

Kepe the clene, my jentyl spowse,

And alle thin maydenys in thin howse,

That evyl langage I here not rowse,

ffor hese love that alle hath wrought.

Maria. I pray to God he spede 3our way,

And in sowle helthe he mote 3ow kepe,

And sende 3ow helthe, bothe nyth and day,

He shylde and save 3ow from al shenschepe.

Now, Lord of grace, to the I pray,

With morny mood on kne I krepe,

Me save from synne, from tene and tray,

With hert I murne, with eye I wepe.

Lord God of peté,

Whan I sytt in my conclave,

Alle myn hert on the I have,

Gracyous God, my maydenhed save,

Evyr clene in chastyté.

XI. THE SALUTATION AND CONCEPTION.

Contemplacio. ffowre thowsand sex undryd foure 3ere I
telle,

Man ffor his offens and ffowle foly,
Hath loyn 3eres in the peynes of helle,
And were wurthy to ly therin endlesly.
But thanne xulde perysche 3our grete mercy,
Good Lord, have on man pyté,
Have mende of the prayour seyde by Ysaie,
Lete mercy meke thin hiest magesté.

Wolde God thou woldyst breke thin hefne myghtye,
And com down here into erthe ;
And levyn 3eres thre and threttye,
Thyn famyt ffolke with thi ffode to fede.
To staunche thi thryste lete thi syde blede,
ffor erst wole not be mad redempcion.
Cum vysite us in this tyme of nede,
Of thi careful creatures, Lord, have compassyon !

A ! woo to us wrecchis that wrecchis be,
ffor God hath addyd ssorowe to sorwe ;
I prey the, Lorde, thi sowlys com se,
How thei ly and sobbe, bothe eve and morewe.
With thi blyssyd blood ffrom babys hem borwe,
Thy careful creaturys cryenge in captyvyté,
A ! tary not, gracyous Lord, tyl it be to-morwe,
The devyl hath dysceyved hem be his iniquité.

A ! quod Jeremye, who xal gyff wellys to myn eynes,
 That I may wepe bothe day and nyght ?
 To se oure bretheryn in so longe peynes,
 Here myschevys amende may thi meche myght.
 As grett as the se, Lord, was Adamys contryssyon ryght,
 ffrom oure hed is ffalle the crowne,
 Man is comeryd in synne, I crye to thi syght,
 Gracyous Lord ! Gracyous Lord ! Gracyous Lord, come
 downe !

Virtutes. Lord ! plesyth it thin hiz domynacion,
 On man that thou made to have pyté,
 Patryarchys and prophetys han mad supplycacion,
 Oure offyse is to presentē here prayeres to the.
 Aungelys, archaungelys, we thre
 That ben in the fyrst ierarchie,
 ffor man to thin hy magesté,
 Mercy ! mercy ! mercy ! we crye.

The aungel, Lord, thou made so glorious,
 Whos synne hath mad hym a devyl in helle,
 He mevyd man to be so contraryous,
 Man repentyd, and he in his obstynacye doth dwelle.
 Hese grete males, good Lord, repelle,
 And take man onto thi grace,
 Lete thi mercy, make hym with aungelys dwelle,
 Of Locyfere to restore the place.

Pater. Propter miseriam inopum, et gemitum pauperum
 nunc exurgam.

ffor the wretchydnes of the nedy,
 And the porys lamentacion,
 Now xal I ryse that am Almyghty,
 Tyme is come of reconsyliacion,
 My prophetys with prayers have made supplicacion,
 My contryte creaturys crye alle for comforte,

Alle myn aungellys in hefne, withowte cessacion,
They crye that grace to man myght exorte.

Veritas. Lord, I am thi dowtere, Trewthe,
Thou wilt se I be not lore,
Thyn unkynde creatures to save were rewthe,
The offens of man hath grevyd the sore.
Whan Adam had synnyd, thou seydest yore,
That he xulde deye and go to helle,
And now to blysse hym to restore,
Twey contraryes now not togedyr dwelle.

Thy trewthe, Lord, xal leste withowtyn ende,
I may in no wyse ffro the go,
That wrecche that was to the so unkende,
He may not have to meeche wo:
He dyspysyd the and plesyd thi ffo,
Thou art his creatour and he is thi creature,
Thou hast lovyd trewthe, it is seyde evyr mo,
Therefore in peynes lete hym evyrmere endure.

Misericordia. O ffadyr of mercye and God of comforte,
That counselle us in eche trybulacion,
Lete 3our dowtere Mercy to 3ow resorte,
And on man that is myschevyd have compassyon.
Hym grevyth fful gretly his transgressyon,
Alle hefne and erthe crye ffor mercy,
Me semyth ther xuld be non excepcion,
Ther prayers ben offeryd so specyally.

Threwthe sseyth she hath evyr be than,
I graunt it wel she hath be so,
And thou seyst endlesly that mercy thou hast kept ffor man,
Than mercyabyl lorde, kepe us bothe to,

Thu seyst *veritas mea et misericordia mea cum ipso*,
 Suffyr not thi sowlis than in sorwe to slepe,
 That helle hownde that hatyth the byddyth hym ho,
 Thi love man no lengere lete hym kepe.

Justicia. Mercy, me mervelyth what 3ow movyth,
 3e know wel I am 3our syster Ryghtwysnes,
 God is ryghtfful and ryghtffulnes lovyth,
 Man offendyd hym that is endles,
 Therefore his endles punchement may nevyr sees ;
 Also he forsoke his makere that made hym of clay,
 And the devyl to his mayster he ches,
 Xulde he be savyd ? nay ! nay ! nay !

As wyse as is God he wolde a be,
 This was the abhomynabyll presumpcion,
 It is seyde, 3e know wel this of me,
 That the ryghtwysnes of God hath no diffynicion.
 Therffore late this be oure conclusyon,
 He that sore synnyd ly styll in sorwe,
 He may nevyr make a seyth be resone,
 Whoo myght thanne thens hym borwe.

Misericordia. Syster Ryghtwysnes, 3e are to vengeabyll,
 Endles synne God endles may restore,
 Above alle hese werkys, God is mercyabyll,
 Thow he forsook God be synne, be feyth he forsook hym
 never the more.

And thow he presumyd nevyr so sore,
 3e must consyder the frelnes of mankende,
 Lerne and 3e lyst, this is Goddys lore,
 The mercy of God is withowtyn ende.

Pax. To spare 3our speches, systeres, it syt,
 It is not onest in vertuys to ben dycencion,

The pes of God ovyrcomyth alle wytt,
Thou Trewthe and Ryght sey grett reson.
3ett Mercy seyth best to my pleson,
ffor yf mannys sowle xulde abyde in helle,
Betwen God and man evyr xulde be dyvysyon,
And than myght not I Pes dwelle.

Therefore me semyth best 3e thus acorde,
Than hefne and erthe 3e xul qweme,
Putt bothe 3our sentens in oure Lorde,
And in his hy3 wysdam lete hym deme.
This is most fyttynge me xulde seme,
And lete se how we ffowre may alle abyde,
That mannys sowle it xulde perysche it wore sweme,
Or that ony of us ffro othere xulde dyvyde.

Veritas. In trowthe hereto I consente,
I wole prey oure lorde it may so be.

Justicia. I Ryghtwysnes am wele contente,
ffor in hym is very equyté.

Misericordia. And I Mercy ffro this counsel wole not fle,
Tyl wysdam hath seyde I xal ses.

Pax. Here is God now, here is unyté,
Hefne and erthe is plesyd with pes.

ffilius. I thynke the thoughtys of Pes and nowth of
wykkydnes,

This I deme to ses 3our contraversy,
If Adam had not deyde, peryschyd had Ryghtwysnes,
And also Trewthe had be lost therby.

Trewth and Ryght wolde chastyse ffoly,
3iff another deth come not, Mercy xulde perysche,
Than Pes were exyled ffynnyaly,
So tweyn dethis must be 3ow fowre to cherysche,

But he that xal deye 3e must knawe,
 That in hym may ben non iniquyté,
 That helle may holde hym be no lawe,
 But that he may pas at hese lyberté.
 Qwere swyche on his prevyde and se,
 And hese deth for mannys dethe xal be redempcion,
 Alle hefne and erthe seke now 3e,
 Plesyth it 3ow this conclusyon.

Veritas. I, Trowthe, have sowte the erthe withowt and
 withinne,

And in sothe ther kan non be fownde,
 That is of o day byrth withowte synne,
 Nor to that dethe wole be bownde.

Misericordia. I, Mercy, have ronne the hevynly regyon
 rownde,

And ther is non of that charyté,
 That ffor man wole suffre a deddly wounde,
 I cannott wete how this xal be.

Justicia. Sure I can fynde non sufficyent,
 ffor servauntys unprofytable we be eche one,
 Hes love nedyth to be ful ardent,
 That for man to helle wolde gon.

Pax. That God may do is non but on,
 Therfore this is be hys avyse,
 He that 3aff this counselle lete hym 3eve the comforte alon,
 ffor the conclusyon in hym of alle these lyse.

ffilius. It peyneth me that man I mad,
 That is to seyn peyne I must suffre sore,
 A counsel of the Trinité must be had,
 Whiche of us xal man restore.

Pater. In 3our wysdam, son, man was mad thore,
 And in wysdam was his temptacion,

Therfor, sone, sapyens 3e must ordeyn herefore,
And se how of man may be salvation.

Filius. ffadyr, he that xal do this must be bothe God and man,
Lete me se how I may were that wede,
And sythe in my wysdam he began,
I am redy to do this dede.

Spiritus Sanctus. I the Holy Gost of 3ow tweyn do procede,
This charge I wole take on me,
I love to 3our lover xal 3ow lede,
This is the assent of oure unyté:

Misericordia. Now is the loveday mad of us fowre fynialy,
Now may we leve in pes as we were wonte :
Misericordia et Veritas obviaverunt sibi,
Justicia et Pax osculatæ sunt.

Et hic osculabunt pariter omnes.

Pater. ffrom us, God, aungel Gabryel, thou xalte be sende,
Into the countré of Galyle,
The name of the cyté Nazareth is kende,
To a mayd, weddyd to a man is she.
Of whom the name is Joseph se,
Of the hous of Davyd bore,
The name of the mayd ffre,
Is Mary that xal al restore.

ffilius. Say that she is withowte wo and ful of grace,
And that I the son of the Godhed of here xal be bore.
Hy3e the thou were there apace,
Ellys we xal be there the before.
I have so grett hast to be man thore,
In that mekest and purest virgyne,
Sey here she xal restore,
Of 3ow aungellys the grett ruyne.

Spiritus Sanctus. And if she aske the how it myth be,
 Telle her I the Holy Gost xal werke al this,
 Sche xal be savyd thorwe oure unyté,
 In tokyn here bareyn cosyn Elyzabeth is
 Qwyk with childe, in here grett age i-wys ;
 Sey here to us is nothyng impossible,
 Her body xal be so ful fylt with blys,
 That she xal sone thynke this sownde credyble.

Gabriel. In thyn hey inhasset, Lord, I xal go,
 It xal be do with a thought,
 Beholde now, Lord, I go here to,
 I take my flyth and byde nowth.

Ave Maria gratia plena, Dominus tecum !

Heyl, fful of grace, God is with the,
 Amonge alle women blyssyd art thu ;
 Here this name Eva is turnyd Ave,
 That is to say withowte sorwe ar 3e now.

Thow sorwe in 3ow hath no place,
 3ett of joy, lady, 3e nede more,
 Therefore I adde and sey “ fful of grace,”
 ffor so ful of grace was nevyr non bore.
 3ett who hath grace, he nedyth kepyng sore,
 Therefore I sey “ God is with the,”
 Whiche xal kepe 3ow endlesly thore,
 So amonge alle women blyssyd are 3e.

Maria. A ! mercy God, this is a mervelyous herynge ;
 In the aungelys wordys I am trobelyd her,
 I think how may be this gretynge,
 Aungelys dayly to me doth aper.
 But not in the lyknes of man that is my fer,
 And also thus hy3ly to comendyd be,

And am most unworthy, I cannot answere,
Grett shamfastnes and grett dred is in me.

Gabryel. Mary, in this take 3e no drede,
ffor at God grace ffownde have 3e,
3e xal conceyve in 3our wombe indede
A childe, the sone of the Trynyté.
His name of 3ow JHESU clepyd xal be,
He xall be grett, the son of the hiest clepyd of kende,
And of his ffadyr, Davyd, the Lord xal 3eve hym the se,
Reynyng in the hous of Jacob, of whiche regne xal be
non ende.

Maria. Aungel, I sey to 3ow,
In what manere of wyse xal this be?
ffor knowyng of man I have non now,
I have evyrmore kept and xal my virginyté.
I dowte not the wordys 3e han seyde to me,
But I aske it xal be do.

Gabryel. The Holy Gost xal come fro above to the,
And the vertu of hym hiest xal schadu the so.

Therefore that Holy Gost of the xal be bore,
He xal be clepyd the son of God sage;
And se Elyzabeth 3our cosyn thore,
She hath conseyvid a son in hyre age;
This is the sexte monyth of here passage,
Of here that clepyd was bareyn:—
Nothyng is impossyble to Goddys usage.
They thynkyth longe to here what 3e wyl seyn.

*Here the aungel makyth a lytyl restynge, and Mary
beholdyth hym, and the Aungel seythe,*

Mary, come of, and haste the,
And take hede in thyn entent,

Whow the Holy gost, blyssyd he be!
 Abydyth thin answers and thin assent;
 Thorwe wyse werke of dyvynyte,
 The secunde persons verament:
 Is mad man by fraternyte,
 Withinne thyself in place present.

Furthermore take hede this space,
 Whow alle the blyssyd spyrytys of vertu,
 That are in heven byffore Goddys face,
 And alle the gode levest and trew
 That are here in this erthely place,
 Thyn owyn kynrede, the sothe ho knew,
 And the chosyn sowlys, this tyme of grace,
 That are in helle, and byde ther resce.

As Adam, Abraham, and Davyd in fere,
 And many othere of good reputacion,
 That thin answer desyre to here,
 And thin assent to the Incarnacion,
 In whiche thou standyst as persevere,
 Of alle mankende savacion;
 Gyff me myn answer now, lady dere,
 To alle these creatures comfortacion

Maria. With alle mekenes I clyne to this acorde,
 Bowynge down my face with alle benyngnyte;
 Se here the hand-mayden of oure Lorde,
 Aftyr thi worde be it don to me.

Gabryel. Gramercy, my lady ffre,
 Gramercy of 3our answer on hyght,
 Gramercy of 3our grett humylyte,
 Gramercy, 3e lanterne of lyght.

*Here the Holy Gost descendit with iij. bemys to our
 Lady, the sone of the Godhed vest with iij. bemys to the*

*Holy Gost, the fadyr Godly with iij. demys to the sone,
and so entre alle thre to her bosom, and Mary seyth;*

Maria. A ! now I ffele in my body be
Parfyte God and parfyte man;
Havyng alle schappe of chyldly carnalyté,
Evyn al at onys thus God began.

Nott takynge ffyrst o membyr and sythe another,
But parfyte childhod 3e have anon ;
Of 3our handmayden now 3e have mad 3our modyr,
Withowte peyne in fflesche and bon.
Thus conceyved nevyr woman non,
That evyr was beynge in this lyff ;
O, myn hyst ffadyr, in 3our trone,
It is worthy 3our son, now my son, have a prerogatyff.

I cannot telle what joy, what blysse,
Now I fele in my body !
Aungel Gabryel, I thank 3ow for thys,
Most mekely recomende me to my faderes mercy.
To have be the modyr of Gbd ffyl lytyl wend I,—
Now myn cosyn Elyzabeth ffayn wold I se,
How sche hath conseyyd as 3e dede specyfy,
Now blyssyd be the hy3 Trynyté.

Gabryel. ffareweyl, turtyl, Goddys dowtere dere,
ffarewel, Goddys modyr, I the honowre,
ffarewel, Goddys sustyr, and his pleyng fere,
ffarewel, Goddys chawmere and his bowre.

Maria. ffarewel, Gabryel, specyalye,
ffarewel, Goddys masangere expresse,
I thank 3ow for 3our traveyl hye,
Gramercy of 3our grett goodnes.

And namely of 3our comfortabyll massage,
 ffor I undyrstande by inspyracion,
 That 3e knowe by syngulere prevylage,
 Most of my sonys incarnation.
 I pray 3ow take it into usage,
 Be a custom ocupacion,
 To vesyte me ofte be mene passage,—
 3our presence is my comfortacion.

Gabriel. At 3our wyl, lady, so xal it be,
 3e gentyllest of blood and hyest of kynrede,
 That reynyth in erthe in ony degré,
 Be pryncypal incheson of the Godheda.

I comende me onto 3ow, thou trone of the Trinyté,
 O mekest mayde, now the modyr of Jhesu;
 Qwen of hefne, lady of erthe, and empres of helle be 3e,
 Socour to alle synful that wole to 3ow sew.
 Thoro 3our body beryth the babe oure blysse xal renew,
 To 3ow, modyr of mercy, most mekely I recomende;
 And as I began, I ende with an Ave new,
 Enjonyd hefne and erthe with that I ascende.

Angeli cantando istam sequenciam :—

Ave Maria gratia plena !
 Dominus tecum, virgo serena !

XII. JOSEPH'S RE'TURN.

Joseph. How, dame, how ! undo 3oure dore, undo !

Are 3e at hom ? why speke 3e notht ?

Susanna. Who is ther ? why cry 3e so ?

Telle us 3our herand. Wyl 3e ought ?

Joseph. Undo 3our dore, I sey 3ow to,
ffor to com in is alle my thought.

Maria. It is my spowse that spekyth us to ;
Ondo the dore, his wyl were wrought.

Wellecome hom, myn husbond dere,
How have 3e ferd in fer countré ?

Joseph. To gete oure levyng withowtyn dwere, }
I have sore laboryd ffor the and me.

Maria. Husbond, ryght gracyously now come be 3e,
It solacyth me sore sothly to se 3ow in syth.

Joseph. Me merveilyth, wyff, surely 3our face I cannot se,
But as the sonne with his bemys qwhan he is most bryth.

Maria. Husbond, it is as it plesyth oure Lord, that grace
of hym grew,

Who that evyr beholdyth me veryly,
They xall be grettly steryd to vertu,
ffor this 3yfte and many moo, good Lord, gramercy.

Joseph. How hast thou ferde, jentyl mayde, }
Whyl I have be out of londe ?

Maria. Sekyr, sere, beth nowth dysmayde,
Ryth after the wyl of Goddys sonde.

Joseph. That semyth evyl, I am afrayd,
Thi wombe to hyze doth stonde.

I dred me sore I am betrayd,
 Sum other man the had in bonde,
 Hens sythe that I went.
 Thy wombe is gret, it gynnyth to ryse,
 Than hast thou begowune a synfulle gyse,
 Telle me now in what wyse,
 Thyself thou hast thus schent.

Ow ! dame, what thinge men th this ?
 With childe thou thyth gret to gone.
 Sey me, Mary, this thyth ho is ?
 I pray the telle me, t anon.

Maria. The fadyr of hevyn and 3e it is,
 Other fadyr hath be non ;
 I dede nevyr forfete with man i-wys ;

 Wherfore I pray 3ow amende 3our mon,—
 This childe is Goddys and 3our.

Joseph. Goddys childe ! thou lyist, in fay ;
 God dede nevyr jape so with may,
 And I can nevyr ther, I dare wel say,
 3itt so nyh thi boure.

But 3it I sey, Mary, whoos childe is this ?

Maria. Goddys and 3oure, I sey i-wys.

Joseph. 3a ! 3a ! alle olde men to me take tent,
 And weddyth no wyff in no kynnys wyse,

That is a 3onge wenche, be myn asent,
 ffor doute and drede and swyche servyse.

Alas ! alas ! my name is shent !

Alle men may me now dyspyse,
 And seyn, " olde oockwold, thi bowe is bent
 Newly now after the Frensche gyse."

 Alas and welaway !

Alas ! dame, why dedyst thou so ?

ffor this synne that thou hast do,
 I the forsake and from the go,
 ffor onys, evyr, and ay.

Maria. Alas ! gode spowse, why sey 3e thus ?

Alas ! dere hosbund, amende 3our mod.

It is no man, but swete Jhesus,

He wylle be clad in flesche and blood,

And of 3our wyff be born.

Sephor, ffor sothe, the aungel, thus seyde he,

That Goddys sone in Trynité,

ffor mannys sake a man wolde be,

To save that is forlorn.

Joseph. An aungel ! alas, alas ! fy for schame !

3e syn now in that 3e to say,

To puttyn an aungel in so gret blame.

Alas ! alas ! let be, do way.

It was sum boy began this game,

That clothyd was clene and gay ;

And 3e 3eve hym now an aungele name,—

Alas ! alas and welaway !

That evyr this game betydde.

A ! dame, what thought haddyst thou ?

Here may alle men this proverbe trow,

That many a man doth bete the bow,

Another man hath the brydde.

Maria. A ! gracyous God, in hefne trone,

Comforte my spowse in this hard cas ;

Mercyful God amend his mone,

As I dede nevyr to gret trespas.

Joseph. Lo ! lo ! seres, what told I 3ow,

That it was not for my prow,

A wyff to take me to ;

An that is wel sene now,

ffor Mary I make god avow,

Is grett with childe, lo !

Alas ! why is it so ?

'o the busshop I wole it telle,
That he the lawe may here do,
With stonys here to qwelle. }

Nay ! nay ! yet God fforbede,
That I xuld do that v abyl dede, }
But if I wyst wel qwy.

I knew never to God me spede,
Tokyn of thyr nor dede
That tyn I velany.

Nevyr-the-les w ay,
Thow she be make a mylde,
Withowith mannys e any
She myght not be i n childe.

But I ensure myn was it nevyr ;
Thow that she hath not done here devyr.
Rather than I xuld pleynyn opynly,
Serteynly 3itt had I levyr
fforsake the countré ffor evyr,
And nevyr come in here company.
ffor and men knew this velany,
In repreff thei wolde me holde,
And 3ett many bettyr than I,
3a, hath ben made cokolde. }

Now, alas ! whedyr xal I gonne ?
I wot nevyr whedyr nor to what place ;
ffor oftyn tyme sorwe comyth sone,
And lenge it is or it pace,—
No comforte may I have here.
I-wys wyff thou dedyst me wronge ;
Alas ! I traryed from the to longe,

Alle men have pety on me amonge,
ffor to my sorwe is no chere.

Maria. God, that in my body art sesyd,
Thou knowist myn husbond is dysplesyd,
To se me in this plight.

ffor unknowlage he is desesyd,
And therefore help that he were esyd,
That he myght knowe the ful perfyght.

ffor I have levyr abyde respyt,
To kepe thi sone in privité,
Grauntyd by the Holy Spyryt,
Than that it xulde be opynd by me.

Deus. Descende, I sey, myn aungelle,
Onto Joseph, for to telle
Suche as my wyl is ;
Byd hym with Mary abyde and dwelle,
ffor it my sone fful snelle

That she is with i-wys.

Angelus. Almyghty God of blys,
I am redy ffor to wende
Wedyr as thi wyl is,
To go bothe fer and hynde.

Joseph, Joseph ; thou wepyst shryle,
ffro thi wyff why comyst thou owte ?

Joseph. Good sere, lete me wepe my ffylle,
Go forthe thi wey and lett me nowght.

Angelus. In thi wepynge, thou dost ryght ylle,
Azens God thou hast myswrought ;
Go chere thi wyff with herty wylle,
And chawnge thi chere, amende thi thought.

Sche is a ful clene may.
I telle the, God wyl of here be born,
And sche cleue mayd as she was beforne,
To save mankynd that is forlorn,
Go chere hyre therfore, I say.

Joseph. A! lord God, benedicite!
 Of thi gret comforte I thank the,
 That thou sent me this space.
 I myght wel a wylt par-dé,
 So good a creature as she
 Wold nevyr a donne trespace.
 For sche is ful of Grace;
 I know wel I have myswrought,
 I walk to my pore place,—
 I aske fforgyfnes, I have mystthought.

Now is the tyme sen at eye,
 That the childe is now to veryfye,
 Whiche xal save mankende,
 As it was spoke be prophesye;
 I thank the, God, that syttys on hye,
 With hert, wyl, and mende,
 That evyr thou woldyst me bynde
 To wedde Mary to my wyff,
 Thi blysfyl sone so nere to fynde,
 In his presens to lede my lyff.

Alas! ffor joy I qwedyr and qwake;
 Alas! what hap now was this?
 A mercy, mercy, my jentyl make,—
 Mercy! I have seyd al amys;
 Alle that I have seyd here I forsake:
 3our swete fete now lete me kys.
Mary. Nay, lett be my fete, not tho 3e take,
 My mowthe 3e may kys i-wys,
 And welcome onto me.

Joseph. Gramercy, myn owyn swete wyff,
 Gramercy, myn hert, my love, my lyff,
 Xal I nevyr more make such stryf
 Betwix me and the.

A! Mary, Mary, wel thou be,
And blyssyd be the frewte in the,
 Goddys sone of myght!
Now good wyff, fful of pyté,
As be not evyl payd with me,
 Thow that thou have good ryght.
As for my wronge in syght,
 To wyte the with ony synne,
Had thou not be a vertuous wythe,
 God wold not a be the withinne.

I knowlage I have don amys,
I was never wurthy i-wys
 ffor to be thin husbonde;
I xal amende aftere thys,
Ryght as thin owyn wyl is,
 To serve the at foot and honde.
And thi chylde bothe to undyrstonde,
 To wurchep hym with good affeccion;
And therfore telle me, and nothinge whonde,
 The holy matere of 3our conception.
Maria. At 3owre owyn wylle, as 3e bydde me;
 Ther came an aunge hyght Gabryelle,
And gret me ffayr and seyd Ave,
 And ferther more to me gan telle
God xulde be borne of my bodé,
 The ffendys powsté ffor to ffelle,
Thorwe the Holy Gost, as I wel se,
 Thus God in me wyl byde and dwelle.

Joseph. Now I thank God with speche and spelle,
 That evyr, Mary, I was weddyd to the.

Mary. It was the werk of God, as I 3ow telle,
 Now blyssyd be that Lord so purveyd for me.

XIII. THE VISIT TO ELIZABETH.

Maria. Butt, husbond, of oo thynges I pray 3ow most mekely,
I have knowyng that oure cosyn Elyzabeth with childe is ;
That it plesse 3ow to go to here hastyly,
If owught we myth comforte here, it were to me blys.

Joseph. A ! Godys sake is she with childe, sche ?

Than wole here husbond 3akarye be mery.
In Montana they dwelle fer hens, so mot y the,
In the cety of Juda, I knowe it veryly ;
It is hens, I trowe, myles two and ffyfty,
We are like to be wery or we come at that same ;
I wole with a good wyl, blyssyd wyff Mary,—
Now go we forthe than in Goddys name.

Maria. Goth husbond, thow it be to 3ow payne,
This jurny I pray 3ow lete us go fast,
ffor I am schamfast of the pepyl to be sayne,
And namely of men, therof I am agast.
Pylgrymages and helpynges wolde be go in hast,
The more the body is peynynd, the more is the mede ;
Say 3e 3our devocionys, and I xal myn reast (?),
Now in this jurny God mote us spede !

Joseph. Amen ! Amen ! and evyr more ;
Lo ! wyff, lo ! how starkly I go before.

Et sic transient circa placeam.

Contemplacio. Sovereynes, undyrstondyth that kynge Davyd here
Ordeyned ffoure and twenty prestys of grett devocion,
In the temple of God after here let apere,
Thei weryd clepyd *summi sacerdotes* ffor her mynistracion.

And on was prynce of prestys havynge domynacyon,
Amonge whiche was an old prest clepyd zakarye,
And he had an old woman to his wyff of holy conversacion,
Whiche hyth Elizabeth, that nevyr had childe verylye.

In hese mynistracion the howre of incense,
The aungel Gabryel apperyd hym to,
That hese wyff xulde conseyye he zaff hym intelligence,
Hes juge, hes unwurthynes, and age not belevyd so.

The plage of dompnesse his lippis lappyd, lo !
Thei wenten hom and his wyff was conseyyenge ;
This concepcion Gabryel tolde oure lady to,
And in soth sone aftere that sage sche was sekynge.
And of her tweyners metyng
Here gynnyth the proces,
Now God be oure begynnynge,
And of my tonge I wole ses.

Joseph. A ! A ! wyff, in feyth I am wery,
Therefore I wole sytt downe and rest me ryght here.
Lo ! wyff, here is the house of zakary,
Wole ze I clepe Elyzabeth to zow to apere.

Maria. Nay, husbond, and it plese zow I xal go ner,
Now the blyssyd Trynité be in this hous !
A ! cosyn Elizabeth, swete modyr, what cher ?

ze grow grett, a ! my God ! how ze be gracyous.

Elizabeth. Anon as I herd of zow this holy gretynge,
Mekest mayden and the modyr of God, Mary,
Be zour breth the Holy Gost us was inspyrynge,
That the childe in my body enjoyd gretly,
And turnyd downe on his knes to oure God reverently,
Whom ze bere in your body this veryly I ken,
ffulfyllyd with the Holy Gost thus lowde Ic ry,
Blyssyd be thou amonge alle women.

And blyssyd be the frute of thi wombe also,
 Thou wurthyest virgyne and wyff that ever was wrought!
How is it that the modyr of God me xulde come to?
 That wrecche of alle wrecchis, a whyght wers than nought!
 And thou art blyssyd, that belevyd veryly in thi thought,
 That the wurde of God xulde profyte in the,
 But how this blyssydnes abought was brought,
 I cannot thynk nyn say how it myght be.

Maria. To the preysyng of God, cosyn, this seyde mut be,
 Whan I sat in my lytyl hous onto God praynge,
Gabryel come and seyde to me, Ave!

Ther I conceyved God at my consentynge,
 Parfyte God and parfyte man at onys beyng.

Than the aungel seyde unto me, *et tu pariter dicis*
 That it was sex monethys syn your conceyvinge;

This cawsyth my comynge, cosyn, 3ow to comfort and se.
Elizabeth. Blyssyd be 3e, cosyn, ffor your hedyr comynge,
 How I conseyyd I xal to 3ow say;

The aungel apperyd the howre of incensynge,
 Seynge I xulde conseyye, and hym thought nay.

Sethe ffor his mystrost he hath be downe alway,
 And thus of my concepcion I have 3ow sum.

Maria. ffor this holy psalme I begyane here this day,
 Magnificat anima mea Dominum,

Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.

Elizabeth. Be the Holy Gost with joye Goddes son is in the cum,
 That thi spyryte so injonyd the belth of thi God souerayn.

Maria. Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ,
 Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Elizabeth. ffor he beheld the lownes of hese hand maydes,
 So ferforthe ffor that alle generacionys blyss 3ow in pes.

Maria. Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est,
 Et sanctum nomen ejus.

Elizabeth. ffor grett thynges he made and also myghtyest,
 And ryght holy is the name of hym in us.

Maria. Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies,
Timentibus eum.

Elizabeth. 3a, the mercy of hym fro that kynde into the kynde
of pes,

ffor alle that hym drede now is he cum.

Maria. Fecit potenciam in brachio suo,

Disspersit superbos mente cordis sui.

Elizabeth. The pore in his ryght arme he hath mad so,

The prowde to dyspeyre and the thought of here hertys only.

Maria. Deposuit potentes de sede,

Et exaltavit humiles.

Elizabeth. The prowde men fro hey setys put he,

And the lowly upon heyth in the sete of pes.

Maria. Esurientes implevit bonis,

Et divites dimisit inanes.

Elizabeth. Alle the pore and the nedy he fulfylllyth with
his goodyr,

And the ryche he fellyth to voydnes.

Maria. Suscepit Israel puerum suum,

Recordatus est misericordiae suae.

Elizabeth. Israel for his childe up toke he to cum,

On his mercy to thynk ffor hese that be.

Maria. Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,

Abraham et semini ejus in secula.

Elizabeth. As he spak here to oure forfaderys in clos,

Abraham and to alle hese sede of hym in this werd sa.

Maria. Gloria Patri et Filio

Et Spiritui Sancto.

Elizabeth. Presyng be to the Fadyr in hevyn lo!

The same to the Son here be so,

The Holy Gost also to ken!

Maria. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,

Et in secula seculorum! Amen.

Elizabeth. As it was in the begynnynge and now is and xal
be for evyr,

And in this werd in alle good werkys to abydyn then.

Maria. This psalme of proyhese ye sayd betwen us tweyn,
 In hefne it is wretyn with aungellys hond,
 Evyr to be songe and also to be seyn,
 Every day amonge us at oure evesong.

But, cosyn Elyzabeth, I xal 3ow here kepe,
 And this thre monethis abide here now,
 Tyl 3e han childe, to wasche, skore, and swepe,
 And in alle that I may to comforte 3ow.

Elizabeth. A ! 3e modyr of God, 3e shewe us here how
 We xulde be meke that wrecchis here be ;
 Alle hefne and herthe wurchepp 3ow now,
 That are trone and tabernakyl of the hy3 Trinité.

Joseph. A ! how do 3e, how do 3e, ffadyr 3acharye ?
 We ffalle ffast in age withowte othe ;
 Why shake 3e so 3our hed ? have 3e the palsye ?
 Why speke 3e not, sere ? I trowe 3e are not wroth.

Elizabeth. Nay, wys ffadyr Joseph, therto ha were ful loth,
 It is the vesityation of God he may not speke varyly ;
 Lete us thank God therffor bothe,
 He xal remedy it whan it plesyth his mercy.

Come and pray 3ow specialy ;
 I-wys 3e are welcome, Mary ;
 ffor this comfortabelest comynge, good God, gramercy !

Joseph. Of 3our disese thynkys no greff,
 Thank God of al adversyté,
 ffor he wyl chastyse and repreff
 Tho that he lovyth most hertylé.

Mary, I hold best that we go hens,
 We have fer hom withowt fayl.

Maria. Al redy husbond without defens,
 I wyl werke be 3our counsayl.

Cosyn, be 3our leve and 3our lycens,
 For homward now us must travayl.
 Of this refreschyng in 3our presens,
 God 3eld 3ow that most may avayl.

Elizabeth. Now, cosynes bothe, Gow 3ow spede,
 And wete 3ow wele withowtyn mo,
 3our presens comfortyth me indede ;
 And therfore now am I ryght wo,
 That 3e, my ffrendys and my kynrede,
 Thus sone now xul parte me fro :
 But I pray God he mote 3ow lede,
 In every place wher so 3e go.

*Here Mary and Elizabet partyn, and Elizabeth goth
 to Zakarie, and seyth,*

Good husbond, ryse up, I beseke 3ow,
 And go we to the temple now fast
 To wurchep God with that we mow,
 And thank hym bothe, this is my cast
 Of the tyme that is comynge now ;
 ffor now is cum mercy, and venjauns is past :
 God wyl be born for mannys prow,
 To brynge us to blysse, that ever xal last.

Contemplacio. Lystenyth, sovereynys, here is a conclusyon,
 How the Ave was mad here is lernyd us ;
 The aungel seyde “ Ave, gratia plena, Dominus tecum,
 Benedicta tu in mulieribus.”

Ely3abeth seyde, “ Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.”
 Thus the chirche addyd Maria and Jhesus her :
 Who seyth oure ladyes sawtere dayly for a 3er thus,
 He hath pardon ten thowsand and eyte hundryd 3er.

Than ferther to oure matere to procede,
 Mary with Elizabeth abod ther styлле
 iij. monthys fully, as we rede,
 Thankynge God with hertly wylle.
 A ! Lord God, what hous was this on ?
 That these childeryn and here moderes to,

As Mary and Elizabeth, Jhesus and John,
And Joseph and Zakarye also.

And evyr oure lady abod styлле thus,
Tyl John was of his modyr born,
And than zakarye spak doun, *that he had*
That had be down and his speche *down*
He and Elizabeth prophesied as *they*
They mad *Benedictus* them befor;
And so *Magnificat*, and *Benedictus*,
ffyrst in that place ther made worn.

When alle was don, *oure lady*
Toke here leve, *than after this*
At Elizabeth and at zakarye,
And kyssyd John and gan hym blys.

Now most mekely we thank you of your pacyens,
And beseeke you of your good supportacion,
If here hathe be seyde or don any inconvenyens,
We asygne it to your good deliberacion;
Besekynge to Crystes precious passyon,
Conserve and rewarde your hedyr comynge!
With Ave we begunne, and Ave is oure conclusyon,
Ave regina celorum to oure Lady we syng.

XIV. THE TRIAL OF JOSEPH AND MARY.

Den. Avoyd, seres, and lete my lorde the buschop come,
And syt in the courte the lawes ffor to doo ;
And I xal gon in this place them, for to somowne,
Tho that ben in my booke the court 3e must com too.
I warne 3ow here alle abowte,
That I somown 3ow alle the rowte,
Loke 3e fayl, for no dowte,

At the court to pere.

Bothe John Jurdon, and Geffrey Gyle,
Malkyn Mylkedoke, and fayr Mabyle,
Stevyn Sturdy, and Jak at the Style,
And Sawdyr Sadalere.

Thom Tynkere and Betrys Belle,
Peyrs Potter and Whatt at the Welle,
Symme Smalfeyth and Kate Kelle,
And Bertylmew the Bochere.

Kytt Cakelere and Colett Crane,
Gylle Fetyse and fayr Jane,
Powle Pewterere and Pernel Prane,
And Phelypp the good Flecchere.

Cok Crane and Davy Drydust,
Luce Lyere and Letyce Lytyltrust,
Miles the Myllere and Colle Crakecrust,
Bothe Bette the Bakere, and Robyn Rede.
And loke 3e ryngeweale in 3our purs,
ffor ellys 3our cawse may spede the wurs,

Thow that 3e slynge Goddys curs
 Evyn at myn hede, ffast com away.
 Bothe Boutyng the Browstere, and Sybyly Slynge,
 Megge Merywedyr and Sabyn Sprynge,
 Tyffany Twynkelere, ffayle ffor nothyng,
 The courte xal be this day.

*Hic intrabit pagentum de purgatione Mariæ et Joseph.
 Hic dicit primus detractor,*

A! A! serys, God save 3ow alle,
 Here is a fayr pepyl in good ffay;
 Good seres, telle me what men me calle,
 I trowe 3e kannot be this day;
 3itt I walke wide and many way,
 But 3et ther I come I do no good,
 To reyse slawdyr is al my lay,
 Bakbytere is my brother of blood.

Dede he ought come hedyr in al this day,
 Now wolde God that he were here!
 And he my trewthe, I dare wel say,
 That yf we tweyn togedyr apere,
 More slawndyr we to xal arere,
 Within an howre thorweouth this town,
 Than evyr ther was this thowsand 3ere,
 And ellys I shrewe 3ow bothe up and downe.

Now be my trewthe I have a syght
 Evyn of my brother, lo! where he is:
 Welcom, dere brother, my trowthe I plyght,
 3owre jentyll mowth let me now kys.
Secundus detractor. Gramercy, brother, so have I blys,
 I am ful glad we met this day.
Primus detractor. Ryght so am I, brothyr, i-wys,
 Meche gladder than I kan say.

But zitt, good brother, I zow pray,

Telle alle these pepyl what is zour name ;
ffor yf thei knew it, my lyf I lay,

They wole zow wurchep and speke gret fame.

Secundus detractor. I am Bakbytere, that spylllyth alle
game,

Bothe kyd and knowyn in many a place.

Primus detractor. Be my trowth I seyde the same,

And zet sum seyden thou xulde have evyl grace.

Secundus detractor. Herk, Reyse-sclaundyr, canst thou
owth telle

Of any newe thyng that wrought was late ?

Primus detractor. Within a shorte whyle a thyng befelle,

I trowe thou wylt lawh³ ryght wel therate,
ffor be trowth, ryght mekyl hate,

If it be wylt, therof wyl growe.

Secundus detractor. If I may reyse therwith debate,

I xal not spare the seyde to sowe.

Primus detractor. Syr, in the tempyl a mayde ther was,

Calde mayde Mary, the trewth to telle ;

Sche semyde so holy withinne that plas,

Men seyde sche was ffedde with holy aungelle.

Sche made a vow with man nevyr to melle,

But to leve chaste and clene virgine ;

How evyr it be her wombe doth swelle,

And is as gret as thynne or myne.

Secundus detractor. za ! that old shrewde Joseph, my
trowth I plyght,

Was so anameryde upon that mayde,

That of hyr bewtye, whan he had syght,

He sesyde nat tylle had here asayde.

Primus detractor. A ! nay, nay, wel wers she hath hym
payde,

Sum fresche zonge galaunt she lovyth wel more,

That his leggyes to here hath leyde,

And that doth greve the old man sore.

Secundus detractor. Be my trowthe, al may wel be,

ffor fresche and fayr she is to syght,

And suche a mersyl, as semyth me,

Wolde cause a songe man to have delyght.

Primus detractor. Suche a songe damesel of howte
bryght,

And of schap so comely also,

Of hire taylor oftetyme be lyght,

And rygh tekyl undyr the too,

Secundus detractor. That olde cokelde was evyl begyld,

To that fresche wenche whan he was wedde ;

Now muse he faderyn anothyr mannys chylde,

And with his swynke he xal be fedde.

Primus detractor. A songe man may do more chere in
bedde

To a songe wench, than may an olde ;

That is the cawse suche lawe is ledde,

That many a man is a kokewolde.

Hic sedet episcopus Abizachar inter duos legis doctores, et audientes hanc defamationem vocat ad se detractores, dicens,

Episcopus. Herke 3e, felaways, why speke 3e suche
schame

Of that good virgyn, ffayr mayd Mary ;

3e be acursyd so hire for to defame,

She that is of lyff so good and holy.

Of hire to speke suche velany,

3e make myn hert ful hevy of mood ;

I charge 3ow sese of 3oure fals cry,

ffor sche is sybbe of myn owyn blood.

Secundus detractor. Syb of thi kyn thow that she be,

Alle gret with chylde hire wombe doth swelle ;

Do calle here hedyr, thiself xal se

That it is trewthe that I the telle.

Primus detractor. Sere, ffor 3our sake I xal kepe cown-
celle.

3ow for to greve I am ryght loth ;
But lest, seres, lyst what seyth the belle,
Oure fayr mayd now gret with childe goth.

Primus doctor legis. Take good heed, seres, what 3e doth say,

Avyse 3ow wele what 3e present ;
3yf this be fownd fals, anothyr day
Ful sore 3e xal 3our tale repent.

Secundus detractor. Sere, the mayd forsothe is good
and gent,

Bothe comely and gay, and a fayr wenche ;
And feetly with help sche can consent
To set a cekewolde on the hye benche.

Secundus doctor legis. 3e be to besy of 3our langage,

I hope to God 3ow fals to preve ;
It were gret rewthe she xulde so outrage,
Or with suche synne to myscheve.

Episcopus. This evy talys my hert doth greve,

Of hire to here suche fowle dalyawnce ;
If she be fowndyn in suche repreve,
She xal sore rewe here governawns.

Sym Somnere, in hast wend thou thi way,—

Byd Joseph and his wyff be name
At the coorte to appere this day,
Here hem to pourge of her defame.

Sey that I here of hem grett schame,
And that doth me gret hevynes ;
If thei be clene withowtyn blame,

Byd hem come hedyr and shew wyttnes.

Den. Alle redy, sere ; I xal hem calle,

Here at 3our courte for to appere ;
And yf I may hem mete withalle,
I hope ryght sone thei xal ben here.

Away, seres, lete me com nere,

A man of wurchep here comyth to place,
Of curtesy me semyth 3e be to lere,

Do of 3our hodys with an evyl grace.

Do me sum wurchep befor my face,

Or be my trowthe I xal 3ow make,

If that I rolle 3ow up in my race,

ffor fere I xal do 3our ars qwake.

But 3it sum mede and 3e me take,

I wyl withdrawe my gret rough toth,

Gold or sylvyr I wyl not forsake,

But evyn as alle somnores doth.

A ! Joseph, good day, with thi ffayr spowse,

My lorde the buschop hath for 3ow sent ;

It is hym tolde that in thin house,

A cockoldeis bowe is eche nyght bent.

He that shett the bolt is lyke to be schent :—

ffayre mayde, that tale 3e kan best telle ;

Now be 3oure trowthe telle 3our entent,

Dede not the archere plese 3ow ryght welle ?

Maria. Of God in hevyn I take wyttnes,

That synful werk was nevyr my thought ;

I am a mayd 3it of pure clenness,

Lyke as I was into this werd brought.

Den. Othyr wyttnes xal non be sought,

Thou art with childe, eche man may se ;

I charge 3ow bothe 3e tary nought,

But to the buschop com forth with me.

Joseph. To the buschop with 3ow we wende,

Of oure purgacion have we no dowth.

Maria. Almyghty God xal be oure frende,

Whan the trewth is tryed owth.

Den. 3a no this wyse excusyth here every scowte,

Whan here owyn synne hem doth defame ;
But lowly than thei gyn to lowth,
Whan thei be gylty and fowndyn in blame.

Therefore com forthe, cokewolde be name,
The buschop xal 3our lyff appose ;
Com forth also, 3e goodly dame,
A clene huswyff, as I suppose.
I xal 3ow tellyn, withowtyn glose,
And 3e were myn withowtyn lak ;
I wolde eche day beschrewe 3our nose,
And 3e dede brynge me suche a pak.

My lord the buschop, here have I brought
This goodly cople, at 3our bydding ;
And as me semyth as be here fraught,
“ffayr chylde, lullay,” sone must she syng.
Primus detractor. To here a credyl and 3e wolde brynge,
3e myght save monye in here purse ;
Becawse she is 3our cosyn 3ynge,
I pray 3ow, sere, lete her nevyr fare the wers.
Episcopus. Alas ! Mary, what hast thou wrought ?
I am aschamyd evyn for thi sake ;
How hast thou chaungyd thin holy thought ?
Dude old Joseph with strenght the take ?
Or hast thou chosyn another make,
By whom thou art thus brought in schame ?
Telle me who hath wrought this wrake ;—
How hast thou lost thi holy name ?
Maria. My name, I hope, is saff and sownde,
God to wyttnes I am a mayd !
Of fleschly lust and gostly wownde,
In dede nere thought I nevyr asayd.
Primus doctor legis. How xulde thi wombe thus be arayd,
So grettly swollyn as that it is ?

But if sum man the had ovyr-layd,

Thi wombe xulde never be so gret i-ways.

Secundus doctor legis. Herke thou, Joseph, I am afrayd

That thou hast wrought this opyn synne ;

This woman thou hast thus betrayd,

With gret flaterynge or sum fals gynne.

Secundus detractor. Now be myn trowthe ye hytte the
pynne,

With that purpose in feyth I holde ;

Telle now how thou thus dudyst wynne,

Or knowlyche thiself ffor a cockewold.

Joseph. Sche is for me a trewe clene mayde,

And I for hire am clene also ;

Of flesschly synne I nevyr asayde,

Sythyn that sche was weddyd me to.

Episcopus. Thou xalt not schape from us zitt so ;

ffyrst thou xalte tellyn us another lay ;

Streyt to the awter thou xalt go,

The drynge of vengeawns ther to asay.

Here is the botel of Goddys vengeauns ;—

Thys drynk xal be now thi purgacion ;

This hath suche vertu by Goddys ordenauns,

That what man drynk of this potacion,

And gothe serteyn in processyon,

Here in this place this awtere abowth,

If he be gilty, sum maculacion

Pleyn in his face xal shewe it owth.

Iff thou be gylty, telle us, lete se,

Over Godys myght be not to bolde :

If thou presume and gylty be,

God thou dost greve many a folde.

Joseph. I am not gylty, as I fyrst tolde,

Allemychty God I take wytnes !

Episcopus. Than this drynke in hast thou holde,
And on processyon anon the dresse.

Hic Joseph bibit et septies circuivit altare dicens,

Joseph. This drynk I take with meke entent,
As I am gyltles, to God I pray,—
Lord ! as thou art omnypotente,
On me thou shewe the trowthe this day. (*Modo bibit.*)
About this awtere I take the way,
O gracyous God ! help thi servaunt,
As I am gyltles azen 3on may,
Thin hand of mercy this tyme me graunt !

Den. This olde shrewe may not wele gon,
Longe he taryeth to go abowth ;
Lyfte up thi feet, sett forthe thi ton,
Or be my trewthe thou getyst a clowte !

Secundus detractor. Now, sere evyl Thedom, com to thi
snowte !

What heylyght thi leggys now to be lame ?
Thou dedyst hem put ryght freschly owte,
Whan thou dedyst play with 3on 3onge dame.

Primus detractor. I pray to God gyf hym myschawns,
Hese leggys here do folde for age ;
But with this damysel whan he dede dawns,
The olde charle had ryght gret corage.

Den. The shrewe was than sett in a dotage,
And had good lust that tyme to pleyn ;
3aff sche not 3ow cowdel to potage,
Whan 3e had don, to comforte 3our brayn ?

Joseph. A ! gracyous God, help me this tyde,
Ageyn this pepyl that me doth fame ;
As I nevyr more dede toche where syde,
This day help me fro werdly schame !

Abowte this awtere to kepe my fame,
 Vij. tymes I have gon rownd abowte ;
 If I be wurthy to suffyr blame,
 O ryghtful God, my synne shewe owughte.

Episcopus. Joseph, with hert thank God thi Lorde,
 Whos hey3 mercy doth the excuse ;
 ffor thi purgacion we xal recorde,
 With hyre of synne thou dedyst never muse.
 But, Mary, thiself mayst not refuse ;
 Alle grett with chylde we se the stonde,
 What mystyr man dede the mysuse,
 Why hast thou synnyd ageyn thin husbonde ?

Maria. I trespacyd nevyr with erthely wyght ;
 Therof I hope, thorowe Goddys sonde,
 Here to be purgyd before 3our syght,
 ffrom alle synne clene, lyke as myn husbonde.
 Take me the botel out of 3our honde,
 Here xal I drynke beforn 3our face ;
 Abowth this awtere than xal I fonde,
 Vij. tymes to go, by Godys grace.

Primus doctor legis. Se this bolde bysmare wolde presume,
 Ageyn God to preve his myght !
 Thow Goddys vengeauns hyre xuld consume,
 Sche wyl not telle hyre fals delyght.
 Thou art with chylde, we se in syght,
 To us thi wombe the doth accuse,
 Ther was nevyr woman 3itt in suche plyght,
 That ffrom mankynde hyre kowde excuse.

Primus detractor. In ffeyth I suppose that this woman slepte
 Withowtyn alle coverte, whylle that it dede snowe,
 And a flake therof into hyre mowthe crepte,
 And therof the chylde in hyre wombe doth growe.

Secundus detractor. Than beware dame, for this is wel i-knowe
Whan it is born, yf that the sunne shyne,
It wyl turne to watyr ageyn, as I trowe,
ffor snow onto watyr dothe evyr more reelyne.

Secundus doctor legis. With Goddys hy3 myght, loke thou not
jape,
Of thi purgacion wel the avyse ;
Yf thou be gylty, thou mayst not schape,
Beware evyr of God, that ryghtful justyce.
If God with vengeauns set on the his syse,
Not only thou but alle thi kyn is schamyd ;
Bettyr it is to telle the trewth the devyse,
Than God for to greve and of him be gramyd.

Maria. I trostyn in his grace, I xal hym nevyr greve,
His servaunt I am in worde, dede, and thought ;
A mayd undefyled I hope he xal me preve,
I pray 3ow lett me nought.

Episcopus. Now be that good Lord, that alle this werd hath
wrought,
If God on the shewe ony manyr tokyn,
Purgacion I trowe was nevyr so dere bowth,
If I may on the in any wyse be wrokyn.

Holde here the botel and take a large draught,
And abowth the awtere go thi processyon.

Marya. To God in this case my cawse I have be-taught,
Lorde, thorwe thin helpe, I drynke of this potacyon.

*Hic beata virgo bibit de potacione, et postea circuivit altare,
dicens,*

God, as I nevyr knew of mannys maculacion,
But evyr have lyved in trew virginité,
Send me this day thin holy consolacion,
That alle this fayr peple my clenness may se.

O gracyous God, as thou hast chose me,
 ffor to be thi modyr, of me to be born !
 Save thi tabernacle that clene is kepte for the,
 Whiche now am put at repref and skorn.
 Gabryel me tolde with wordys he beforne,
 That ze of your goodnes wold become my chylde ;
 Help now of your hyzness, my wurchep be not lorn,
 A ! dere sone, I pray you, help your modyr mylda.

Episcopus. Almyghty God, what may this mene,
 ffor alle the drynke of Goddys potacyon,
 This woman with chylde is fayr and clene,
 Withowtyn fowle spotta, or maculacion.
 I cannat, be non ymagynacion,
 Preve hyre gylty and synful of lyff ;
 It shewit opynly, by here purgacion,
 Sche is clene mayde, bothe modyr and wyff !

Primus detractor. Be my fadyr sowe here is grat gyle,
 Because sche is syb of your kynreed ;
 The drynk is chaungyd by sum fals wyle,
 That sche no shame xulde have this steed.

Episcopus. Becawse thou demyst that we do falshede,
 And for thou dedyst hem fyrst defame ;
 Thou xalt ryght here, magré thin heed,
 Before alle this pepyl, drynk of the same.

Primus detractor. Syr, in good ffeyth no draught I pulle,
 If these to drynkeres have not alle spent.

Hic bibit et accensiens dolorem in capite egreditur, et dicit,

Out, out, alas ! what heylith my sculle,
 A ! myn heed with ffyre me thyukyht is brent !
 Mercy, good Mary, I do me repent,
 Of my cursyd and ffals langage.

Maria. Now, God, Lord in hevyn omnyotent,
Of his grett mercy 3our seknes assuage.

Episcopus. We alle on knes falle here on grownd;
Thou Goddys handmayd prayng for grace;
Alle cursyd langage and schame on sownd,
Good Mary, fforzeve us here in this place.

Maria. Now God forzeve 3ow alle 3owre trespace,
And also forzeve 3ow alle defamacion
That 3e have sayd, bothe more and lesse,
To myn hynderawnce and maculacion.

Episcopus. Now blyssyd virgyne, we thank 3ow alle
Of 3oure good hert and gret pacyens;
We wyl go with 3ow hom to 3our halle,
To do 3ow servys with hy3 reverens.

Maria. I thank 3ow hertyly of 3our benevolens,
Onto 3our owyn hous I pray 3ow 3e goo,
And take this pepyl hom with 3ow hens,
I am not dysposyd to passyn hens froo.

Episcopus. Than ffarewel, mayden and pure virgyne,
Farewel, trewe handmayd of God in blys!
We alle to 3ow lowly inclyne,
And take oure leve of 3ow, as wurthy is.

Maria. Allemyghty God, 3our weys wysse,
ffor that hy3 lord is most of myght,
He mote 3ow spede, that 3e not mys,
In hevyn of hym to have a syght.

Joseph. Honouryd in hevyn be that hy3 lorde,
Whos endles grace is so habundaunt,
That he doth shewe the trewe recorde
Of iche wyhgt that is his trewe servaunt.
That Lord to wurchepe with hert plesaunt,
We bothe be bownd ryght on this place,

Whiche oure purgacyon us dyde graunt,
And prevyd us pure by hiez grace.

Maria. fforsothe, good spowse, I thank hym hyzly,
Of his good grace ffor our purgacion !
Oure clennes is knowyn ful opynly,
Be vertu of his grett consolacion.

XV. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Joseph. Lord, what travayl to man is wrought !

Rest in this werd behovyth hym non ;
Octavyan oure emperor sadly hath besought
Oure trybutehym to bere, ffolk must forth ichon,
It is cryed in every bourgh and cety be name ;
I that am a pore tymbre wryth, horn of the blood of
Davyd,
The emperores comawndement I must holde with,
And ellys I were to blame.

Now, my wyff Mary, what sey 3e to this ?

For sekyr, nedys I must fforth wende
Onto the cyté of Bedleem, ffer hens i-wys ;—
Thus to labore I must my body bende.

Maria. Myn husbond and my spowse, with 3ow wyl I
wende,

A syght of that cyté ffayn wolde I se ;
If I myght of myn alye ony ther ffynde,
It wold be grett joye onto me.

Joseph. My spowse, 3e be with childe, I fere 3ow to kary,
ffor me semyth it were werkys wylde ;

But 3ow to plese ryght ffayn wold I,
3itt women benethe to greve whan thei be with childe.

Now latt us fforth wende as ffast as we may,
And almyghty God spede us in oure jurnay !

Maria. A ! my swete husbond, wolde 3e telle to me,
What tre is 3on standynge upon 3on hylle ?

COVENTRY MYSTERIES.

Joseph. Forsothe, Mary, it is clepyd a chery tre ;
 . In tyme of 3ere 3e myght ffele 3ow theron 3our ffylle.

Maria. Turne ageyn, husbond, and behold 3on tre,
 How that it blomygth now so swetly.

Joseph. Cum on, Mary, that we worn at 3on cyté ;
 Or ellys we may be blamyd, I telle 3ow lythly.

Maria. Now, my spowse, I pray 3ow to behold,
 How the cheryes growyn upon 3on tre ;
 ffor to have therof ryght ffayn I wold,

And it plesyd 3ow to labore so meche for me.

Joseph. 3our desyre to ffylle I xal assay sekryly,
 Ow to plucke 3ow of these cheries ; it is a werk wykde,

ffor the tre is so hy3 it wol not be lyghtly,

Therefore lete hym pluk 3ow cheryes begatt 3ow with childe ?
Maria. Now, good Lord, I pray the graunt me this boun,

To have of these cheries, and it be 3our wyllle : }
 Now, I thank it God, this tre bowyth to me downe !

I may now gaderyn anowe, and etyn my ffylle.

Joseph. Ow, I know weyl I have offendyd my God in
 Trinyté,

Spekyng to my spowse these unkynde wurdys ;
 ffor now I beleve wel it may non other be,

But that my spowse beryght the kyngys son of blys ;
 He help us now at oure nede !

Of the kynrede of Jesse worthely were 3e bore,
 Kynges and patryarkys 3ow beffore,

Alle these wurthy of 3our kynred wore,
 As clerkys in story rede.

Maria. Now, gramercy, husbond, for 3our report !
 In oure weys wysely late us forth wende ;

The fadyr allemygthly he be oure comfort !
 The Holy Gost glorious he be oure frende !

Joseph. Heyl, wurchepful sere, and good day !
 A ceteceyn of this cyté 3e seme to be ;

Of herborwe ffor spowse and me I 3ow pray,
ffor trewly this woman is fful weré,

And fayn at reste, sere, wold she be ;
We wolde ffulffylle the byddyng of oure emperoure,
ffor to pay trybute, as ryght is oure,
And to kepe oureselfe ffrom dolowre,

We are come to this cyté.

Cives. Sere, ostage in this towne know I non,
Thin wyff and thou in for to slepe ;
This ceté is besett with pepyl every won,
And 3ett thei ly withowte fful every strete.

Withinne no walle, man, comyst thou nowth,
Be thou onys withinne the cyté gate ;
On ethys in the strete a place may be sowth,
Theron to reste, withowte debate.

Joseph. Nay, sere, debate that wyl I nowth ;
Alle suche thyngys passyn my powere :
But 3itt my care and alle my thought
Is for Mary, my derlynge dere.

A ! swete wyff, what xal we do ?

Wher xal we logge this nyght ?
Onto the ffadyr of heffne pray we so,
Us to kepe ffrom every wykkyd whyt.

Cives. Good man, o word I wyl the sey,
If thou wylt do by the counsel of me ;
3ondyr is an hous of haras that stant be the wey,
Amonge the bestys herboryd may 3e be.

Maria. Now the fadyr of hefne he mut 3ow 3elde !
His sone in my wombe forsothe he is ;
He kepe the and thi good be fryth and ffelde !
Go we hens, husbond, for now tyme it is.
But herk now, good husbond, a newe relacyon,
Whiche in myself I know ryght welle ;

Cryst in me hath take incarnation,
Sone wele be borne, the trowthe I fele.

In this pore logge my chawmere I take,
Here for to abyde the blyssyd byrthe
Of hym that alle this werd dude make,—
Betwyn myn sydes I fele he styrthe.

Joseph. God be thin help, spowse, it swemyth me sore,
Thus febyly loggyd and in so pore degré,
Goddys sone amonge bestys ffor to be bore;
His woundyr werkys ffulfyllyd must be!
In an hous that is desolat, withowty any walle,
ffyer nor wood non here is.

Maria. Joseph, myn husbond, abydyn here I xal,
ffor here wyl be born the kynges sone of blys!

Joseph. Now, jentyll wyff, be of good myrthe,
And if 3e wyl owght have, telle me what 3e thynk;
I xal not spare for schep nor derthe,—
Now telle me 3our lust of mete and drynk.

Maria. ffor mete and drynk lust I ryght nowth,
Allemyghty God my fode xal be!

Now that I am in chawinere brought,
I hope ryght welle my chylde to se.

Therefore husbond, of 3our honesté,
Avoyd 3ow hens out of this place;
And I alone, with humylité,

Here xal abyde Goddys hy3 grace.

Joseph. Alleredy, wyff, 3ow for to plese

I wyl go hens out of 3our way;
And seke sum mydwyvys 3ow for to ese,
Whan that 3e travayle of childe this day.

ffarewelle, trewe wyff, and also clene may,
God be 3our comforte in Trinyté!

Maria. To God in hevyn for 3ow I pray,
He 3ow preserve wherso 3e be!

Hic dum Joseph est absens parit Maria filium unigenitum.

Joseph. Now God, of whom comythe alle releffe,
 And as alle grace in the is grownde,
 So save my wyff from hurt and greffe,
 Tyl I sum mydwyvys for here have fownde !
 Travylynge women in care be bownde,
 With grete throwys whan thei do grone ;
 God, helpe my wyff that sche not swownde !
 I am ful sory sche is alone.

It is not convenient a man to be
 Ther women gon in travalyng ;
 Wherefore sum mydwyff ffayn wold I se,
 My wyff to helpe that is so zenge.
zelomy. Why makyst thou man suche mornyng ?
 Telle me sumdele of 3our gret mone.

Joseph. My wyf is now in gret longynge,
 Travylyng of chylde, and is alone :
 ffor Godys love that sytt in trone,
 As 3e, mydwyvys, that kan 3our good,
 Help my 3onge spowse in hast anone,—
 I drede me sore of that fayr food.

Salome. Be of good chere and of glad mood,
 We ij. mydwyvys with the wylle go ;
 Ther was nevyr woman in suche plyght stood,
 But we were redy here help to do.

My name is Salomee, alle men me knowe
 ffor a mydwyff of wurthy fame ;
 Whan women travayl, grace doth growe,
 Ther as I come I had nevyr shame.

zelomye. And I am zelomye, men knowe my name ;
 We tweyn with the wyl go togedyr,

And help thi wyff fro hurt and grame ;

Come forthe, Joseph, go we streythe thedyr.

Joseph. I thank 3ow, damys, 3e comforte my lyff,

Streyte to my spowse walke we the way.

In this pore logge lyght Mary my wyff ;

Hyre for to comforte, gode frendys, asay.

Salome. We dare not entre this logge in fay,

Ther is therin so gret bryghtnes,—

Mone be nyght nor sunne be day

Shone nevyr so clere in ther lyghtnesses.

3elomye. Into this hous dare I not gon,

The woundyrffulle lyght doth me affray.

Joseph. Than wyl myself gon in alon,

And chere my wyff, if that I may ;

Alle heyl, maydon and wyff, I say !

How dost thou fare ? telle me thi chere !

The for to comforte in gesyne this day,

Tweyn gode mydwyvis I have brought here.

The for to helpe that art in harde bonde,

3elomye and Salomee be come with me,—

ffor dowte of drede withowte thei do stond,

And dare not come in for lyght that they se.

Hic Maria subridendo dicat, Maria.

Maria. The myght of the Godhede in his magesté

Wyl not be hyd now at this whyle ;

The chylde that is born wyl prove his modyr fre,

A very clene mayde, and therfore I smyle.

Joseph. Why do 3e lawghe, wyff ? 3e be to blame ;

I pray 3ow, spowse, do no more so ;

In happ the mydwyvys wyl take it to grame,

And at 3our nede helpe wele non do.

Iff 3e have nede of mydwyvys, lo !

Peraventure thei wyl gon hens :

Therfor be sad and 3e may so,

And wynnnyth alle the mydwyvis good diligens.

Maria. Husbond, I pray 3ow dysplese 3ow nowth,

Thow that I lawghe and gret joye have ;

Here is the chylde this werde hath wrought,

Born now of me, that alle thynges xal save.

Joseph. I aske 3ow grace, for I dyde rave !

O gracious childe, I aske mercy !

As thou art Lord and I but knave,

ffor3eve me now my gret foly !

Alas ! mydwyvis, what have I seyde ?

I pray 3ow come to us more nere ;

ffor here I fynde my wyff a mayd,

And in here arme a chylde hath here.

Bothe mayd and modyr sche is in ffere,

That God wole have may nevyr more fayle ;

Modyr on erthe was nevyr non cler,

Withowth sche had in byrthe travayle.

3elomy. In byrth travayle muste sche nedys have,

Or ellys no chylde of here is born.

Joseph. I pray 3ow, dame, and 3e vowchesave,

Com se the chylde my wyff befor.

Salome. Grete God be in this place !

Swete systyr, how fare 3e ?

Maria. I thank the fadyr of his hy3 grace,

His owyn son and my chylde here 3e may se.

3elomye. Alle heyl, Mary, and ryght good morn !

Who was mydwyfe of this ffayr chylde ?

Maria. He that nothynges wyl have forlorne

Sent me this babe, and I mayde mylde.

3elomye. With honde lete me now towche and fele,

Yf 3e have nede of medycyne ;

I xal 3ow comforte and helpe ryght wele,

As other women, yf 3e have pyne.

Maria. Of this fayr byrthe that here is myn,
 Pryer now guesyng I right am !
 I am cleane myde and pure virgyn,
 Test with your hand yourself alone.

*Her pulpit schynge bestow virginnes, digne,
 schynge.* O myghty God, have mercy on me !
 A merveyle that never was herd beforen !
 Here openly I se and se
 A fayr chyld of a maydon is borne,
 And nedyth no waschyng, as other don,—
 Full cleane and pure forsothe is he ;
 Withouthyn spott or any palacyon,
 His modyr nott hurte of virgynité !

Coom nere, gode systyr Salome,
 Beholde the brestys of this cleane mayd,
 Full of fayr mylke how that thei be,
 And hyre chyld cleane, as I fyrst sayd ;
 As other ben nowth fowle arayd,
 But cleane and pure, bothe modyr and chyld ;
 Of this matyr I am dymayd
 To se them bothe thus undefyled.
Salome. It is not trewe ; it may never be
 That both be cleane, I cannot beleve :
 A maydes milke never man dyde se,
 Ne woman bere chyld withowte grett greve.

I xal never trowe it, but I it preve,
 With hand towchyng but I assay ;
 In my conscience it may never cleve,
 The sche hath chyld and is a may.
Maria. Now for to putt cleane out of dowth,
 Towche with your hand and wale assay :
 Wysely ransake and trye the trewth
 Whethyr I be fowlyd, or a cleane may.

Hic tangit Salomee Mariæ, et cum arescerit manus ejus verando, et, quasi flendo, dicit,

Salomee. Alas ! alas ! and weleawaye !
 ffor my grett dowth and fals beleve,
 Myne hand is ded and drye as claye !
 My fals untrost hath wrought myscheve !

Alas ! the tyme that I was born,
 Thus to offende azens Goddys myght !
 Myn handys power is now alle lorn,
 Styff as a stykke and may nowth plyght.
 ffor I dede tempte this mayde so bryght,
 And helde azens here pure clennes,
 In grett myscheff now am I pyght :
 Alas ! alas ! ffor my lewdnes.

O lord of myght ! thou knowyst the trowthe,
 That I have evyr had dred of the ;
 On every power wryght evyr I have rowthe,
 And 3ove hem almes for love of the.
 Bothe wyff and wedowe that askyght for the,
 And frendles chylderyn that haddyn grett nede,
 I dude them cure and alle for the,
 And toke no rewarde of them nor mede.

Now as a wrecche ffor fals beleve,
 That I shewyd in temptynge this mayde,
 My hand is ded and doth me greve !
 Alas ! that evyr I here assyde.

Angelus. Woman, thi sorwe to have delayde,
 Wurchep that childe that ther is born :
 Towche the clothis ther he is layde,
 ffor he xal save alle that is lorn !

Salomee. O gloryous chylde, and kynge of blysse !
 I aske 3ow mercy for my trespase ;

I knowlege my synne, I demyd amys ;

O blyssyd babe, grawnt me sum grace !

Of ȝow, mayde, also here in this place,

I aske mercy, knelynge on kne ;

Moste holy mayde, grawnt me solace,

Sum wurde of comforte sey now to me.

Maria. As Goddys aungel to ȝow dede telle,

My chylde is medecyn ffor every sor ;

Towche his clothis be my councelle,—

ȝowre hand ful sone he wyl restor.

Hic Salomee tangit fimbriam Christi, dicens,

Salomee. A ! now blyssyd be this chylde evermore—

'The sone of God forsothe he is !

Hath helyd myn hand, that was forlore

'Thorwe ffals beleve and demynge amys.

In every place I xal telle this,

Of a clene mayde that God is born :

And in oure lyknes God now clad is,

Mankend to save that was forlorn.

His modyr a mayde as sche was beforne,

Natt fowle pollutyd, as other women be ;

But fayr and fresche, as rose on thorn,

Lely wyte clene with pure virginyté.

Of this blyssyd babe my leve now do I take,

And also of ȝow, hyȝ modyr of blysse !

Of this grett meracle more knowlege to make,

I xal go telle it in iche place i-wys.

Maria. ffarewel, good dame, and God ȝour wey wysse,

In all ȝour jurnay God be ȝourspede ;

And of his hyȝ mercy that Lord so ȝow blysse,

That ȝe nevyr offende more in word, thought, nor dede.

ȝelomy. And I also do take my leve here,

Of alle this blyssyd good company ;

Praynge your grace, bothe fere and nere ;

On us to spede your endles mercy.

Joseph. The blyssyng of that Lord that is most myghty,

Mote sprede on you in every place,

Of alle your enmyes to have the victory,

God that best may grawnt you his grace ! *Amen.*

XVI. THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Angelus ad pastores dicit, “Gloria in excelsis Deo.”

Joye to God that sytt in hevyn,
And pes to man on erthe grownde !
A chylde is born benethe the levyn,
Thurwe hym many ffolke xul be unbownde.
Sacramentys ther xul be vij.,
Wonnyn thorowe that childys wounde ;
Therefore I synge a joyful stevene,
The flowre of frenchep now is founde !

God that wonyght on hy3,
He is gloryed mannys gost to wynne,
He hath sent salve to mannys synne,
Pes is comyn to mannys kynne,
Thorwe Goddys hi3e wysdam I saye.

Primus Pastor. Maunfras, Maunfras, felawe myn,
I saw a grett lyght with bryght shyne,
3it saw I nevyr so mervely asyne,
Shapyn upon the skyes.

It is bryghtere than the sunne bem,
It comyth ryght over alle this rem,
Evyn above Bedleem,

I saw it brenne thryes !

Secundus Pastor. Thu art my brother Boosras,
I have beholdyn the same pas,
I trowe it is tokenynge of gras,
That shynynge shewyght beforn !

Balaam spak in prophesye,
A lyght xuld shyne upon the skye,
Whan a chylde of a mayd Marye
In Bedleem were i-born.

Tertius Pastor. Thow I make lytyl noyse of this,
I am an herde man that hattyht sayyng amyce,
I herde spekyng of a chylde of blyce,
Of Moyse in his lawe.

Of a mayd a child xuld be borne,
On a tre he xuld be torn,
Delyver folkys that arn forlorn,—
The chylde xulde be slawe.

Primus pastor. Balaam spake in prophecie,
Out of Jacob xuld shyne a skye,
Many ffolke he xulde bye
With his bryght blood.

Be that bryght blod that he xulde blede,
He xal us brynge fro the develys drede,
As a duke most dowty in dede,
Thorwe his dethe on rode.

Secundus Pastor. Amos spak with mylde methe,
A frute swettere than bawmys brethe,
His dethe xulde slen owre sowlys dethe,
And drawe us alle from helle.

Therefore suche lyght goth beforne,
In tokyn that the childe is born,
Whiche xal save that is forlorn,—
As prophetys gonne spelle.

Tertius pastor. Danyel the prophete thus gan speke,
Wyse God from woo us wreke,
Thi bryght hevyn thou to-breke,
And medele the with a mayde.

This prophecye is now spad,
Cryst in our kende is clad,
Therefore mankend may be glad,
As prophetes beforne han seyde.

"Gloria in excelsis deo," *Content.*

Primus Pastor. Ey, ey ! this was a wondrous note,
That was now songyn above the sky !
I have that voyz, ful wele I wote,
Thei songe *gle glo glory.*

Secundus Pastor. Nay, so mot y the, so was it nowth,
I have that songe ful wele I nam,
In my wytt weyl it is wrought : —
It was *gle glo glas glan.*

Tertius Pastor. The songe me thought it was glory ;
And afterwarde he seyde us to, —
Ther is a chyld born xal be a prynce myghty,
ffor to seke that chyld I rede we go.

Primus Pastor. The prophecye of Boedras is spedly sped ;
Now leyke we hens, as that lyght us lede :
Myght we se onys that bryght on bed,
Oure sorow it wolde unbynde.

We xulde shadyr for no shoure,
Buske us hens to Bedleem boure,
To se that fayr fresche flowre,
The mayde mylde in mynde.

Secundus Pastor. Lete us ffolwe with alle oure myght,
With songe and myrthe we xul us dyght,
And wurchep with joye that wurthy wyght,
That Lord is of mankynne.

Lete us go fforthe fast on hye,
And honowre that babe wurthylye,
With merthe, songe, and melodye ;
Have do ! this songe begynne !

Tunc pastores cantabunt "Stella cæli extirpavit."
Quo facto, ibunt ad querendum Christum.

Primus Pastor. Heyle floure of floures, fayrest i-fownde !
Heyle, perle peerles, prime rose of prise !
Heyl, blome on bedde ! we xul be unbownde
With thi bloddy woundys and werkys fulle wyse.

Heyl, God grettest, I grete the on grownde !

The gredy devyl xal grone grysly as a gryse,
Whan thou wynnyst this worlde with thi wyde wounde,
And puttyst man to paradys with plenty of prys ;
To love the is my delyte.

Heyl, floure and fre !

Lyght from the Trynyté !

Heyl, blyssyd mote thou be !

Heyl, mayden, fayrest in syght !

Secundus Pastor. Heyl, floure ovyr fflour fowndyn in fryght !

Heyl, Cryst, kynde in oure kyth !

Heyl, werker of wele to wonyn us wyth !

Heyl wyunner i-wys !

Heyl, fformere and ffrende !

Heyl, ffellere of the fende !

Heyl, clad in oure kende !

Heyl, prince of paradys !

Tertius pastor. Heyl, Lord over lordys, that lyggyst ful
lowe !

Heyl, kynge ovyr kynges thi kynrede to knowe !

Heyl, comely knyth the devyl to overthrowe !

Heyl, flowre of alle !

Heyl, werkere to wynne

Bodyes bowndyn in synne !

Heyl, in a bestys bynne,

Be-stad in a stalle !

Joseph. Herdys on hylle,

Bethe not style,

But seyth 3our wylle,

To many a man ;

How God is born,

This mery morn,

That is forlorn

Fyndyn he can.

Secundus Pastor. We xulle telle,

Be dale and hylle,

How harwere of helle

Was born this nyght,

Myrthis to melle,

And fendys to quelle,

That were so felle

A3ens his ryght.

Secundus Pastor. ffarewel, babe and barne of blys !

ffarewel, Lord that lovely is !

The to wurchep thi feet I kys ;

On knees to the I falle.

The to wurchepe I falle on kne,

Alle this werd may joye of the !

Now farewel, Lord of grett pousté !

3a, farewel, kynge of alle.

Tertius Pastor. Thow I be the last that take my leve,

3it fayre mullynge, take it nat at no greve ;

Now, fayre babe, wele mut thou cheve !

ffayr chylde, now have good day.

ffareweyl, myn owyn dere derlyng :

I-wys thou art a ryght fayr thyng !

ffarewel, my Lorde and my swetyng !

ffarewel, born in pore aray !

Maria. Now, 3e herdmen, wel mote 3e be,

ffor 3oure omage and 3our syngynge :

My sone xal aqwyte 3ow in hefne se,

And 3eve 3ow alle ryght good hendynge ! *Amen.*

XVII. ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Herode. As a lord in ryalté in non regyon so ryche,
And rulere of alle remys, I ryde in ryal aray ;
Ther is no lord of lond in lordchep to me lyche,
Non lofflyere, non lofsumere,—evyr lestyng is my lay :
Of bewté and of boldnes I bere evermore the belle ;
Of mayn and of myght I master every man ;
I dyng with my dowtynes the devyl down to helle,
ffor bothe of hevyn and of herthe I am kynge sertayn.

I am the comelyeste kynge clad in gleteringe golde,
3a, and the semelyeste syre that may bestryde a stede ;
I welde att my wylle alle wyghtes upon molde,—
3a, and wurthely I am wrappyd in a wurthy wede.
3e knyghtes so comely, bothe curteys and kene,
To my paleys wyl I passe, fulle prest I 3ow plyth ;
3e dukys so dowty, ffolwe me be-dene
Onto my ryal paleys, the wey lyth ful ryght.

Wyghtly fro my stede I skyppe down in hast,—
To myn hey3 hallys I haste me in my way ;
3e mynstrelle of myrthe, blowe up a good blast,
Whylle I go to chawmere and chaunge myn array.

Primus Rex. Heyl be the kynges twéyne,
fferre rydyng out of 3our regne !
Me thynkyth be 3our presentes seyne,
3e sekyn oure Savyour.

ffro Saba have I folwyd fferre
 The glemynge of jon gay sterre ;
 A chyl dys blood xal bye us dere,
 That ther is born in bestes boure.

My name is kynge Baltazare,
 Of prophetys speche I am ware,
 Therefore a fferre wey I fare,
 A maydenys childe to seche.
 ffor he made man of the moolde,
 And is kynge of hevyn holde,—
 I wyl hym offere the rede golde,
 As reson wyl me teche.

Secundus Rex. Melchizar that my name is kydde,
 In hote love myn herte is hydde,
 To the blosme upon his bedde
 Born by bestes bynne.
 In Tarys I am kynge with crowne,
 By bankys and brymmys browne,
 I have travaylid by many a towne,
 My Lordys love to wynde.

I seke hym with ensens sote,
 Of alle prestys he xal be rote,
 His bryght blood xal be oure bote,
 To brynge us out of bonde.
 The childe xal be chosyn a preste,
 In all vertuys fflownden meste ;
 Beforn his faderes fayr breste
 Ensens he xal up sende.

Tercius rex. In Ypotan and Archage
 I am kynge knowyn in kage,

To seke a childe of semlant age
 I have faryn ryght fferre.
 Jasper is my name knowyn,
 In many countres that are myn owyn,
 Thorwe byttyr blastys that gyn blowyn,
 I stryke aftere the sterre.

I brynge myrre to my present,
 A byttyr lycour verament,
 ffor he xal suffyr byttyr dent,
 In a maydonys flesche is clad.
 On byttyr tre he xal be bent,
 Man and God omnypotent,
 With byttyr betyng his fflesche be rent,
 Tyl alle his blood be bledde.

Herod. Now I regne lyk a kynge areyd ful ryche,
 Rollyd in ryngges and robys of array ;
 Dukys with dentys I dryve into the dyche,
 My dedys be ful dowty demyd be day.
 I xalle marryn tho men that belevyn amysse,
 And there in sette there sacramentes are I say ;
 Theris no lorde in this werde that lokygh me lykei-wysse
 ffor to lame herytykk of the lesse lay.
 I am jolyere than the jay,
 Stronge thevys to steke,
 That wele oure lawys breke,
 On the wrecchis I wylle be wreke,
 And hont hem undyr hay.

In kyrtyl of cammaka kynge am I cladde,
 Cruel and curryd in myn crowne knowe ;
 I sytt here ondyr Sesar in my sette sadde,
 Sorwyn to sottys suche sede wytt I sowe.

Boys now blaberyn bestyngs of a baren bad; 86
 In Bedlam is born be bestye, suchs boit is blowe;
 I xal prync that paddok and prync hym as a pad,
 Scheklys and sperys shalle I there stow;
 My knyghtes xalle rydyn on a rowe,
 Knave and chylderyn for to quowe,
 Be Mahound, dyng ne duke of helle,
 Sowre doth his lyff xalle selle,

Suche thretyn wolle me cruthrowe. 94

Steward bolde,
 Walke thou on mowke,
 And wysely beholde
 Alle aboute;
 Iff any thyng
 Shuld greve the kynge,
 Brynge me tydyge,
 If there be ony dowte.

Senescallus. Lord, kynge in crowne,
 I go fro towne,
 By bankys browne
 I wylle abyde;
 And with crys lyste,
 Est and west,
 If any geste
 On grownde gynnyth glyde.

Tunc ibit senescallus et obviabit tribus regibus et dicit eis

Kynges iij.,
 Undyr this tre,
 In this countré
 Why wylle ye abyde?
 Herowde is kynge
 this wonyngs,

Onto his dwellynge
Now xul 3e glyde.

Primus Rex. Nowe lede us alle
To the kynges halle,
How it befalle,
We pray to the.

Wyttys to wete
He may us pete,
In flesshe be glete,
Godys frute fre.

Senescallus. ffolwith in stownde
Upon this grownde,
To the castel rownde,
I xal 3ow teche
Were kyngge wonyt wyde,
Up in this tyde,
In pompe and pryde,
His myght gynnyth reche.

Sere kyng in trone,
Here comyth anone
By strete and stone
Kynges thre.

They bere present,—
What thei have ment,
Ne whedyr they arn bent,
I cannot se.

Herodes rex. I xal hem crave
What they have ;
Iff they rave,
Or waxyn wood,
I xal hem reve

Here wyttys deve,
 Here hedys cleve,
 And schedyn here blood.

Primus rex. Heyl be thou kynge in kage ful hye,
 Heyl, we nyghe thin halle ryght nye!
 Knowyst thou ought that chylde slye
 He is born here abowth?
 He is born of a mayd 3ynge,
 He xal be kynge over every kynge,
 We go to seke that lovely thyng,—
 To hym ffayn wolde I lowth.

Secundus rex. Balaam spake in prophecy,
 A sterre xulde ful lovelye
 Lythtyn upon mayd Marye,
 Comyn of Jacobys kynne.
 The childe is born, and lythe here by,
 Blomyd in a madenys body,
 A sterre hath strekyn upon the sky
 And ledde us fayr be fenne.

Tertius rex. The sterre hath ledde us out of the Est,
 To seke a baroun born best;
 He xal be kynge of myghtes mest,
 As prophecy gynnyth spelle.
 We be kynges in wey wery;
 Syr kynge, ffor thi curtesy,
 Telle us to that childe so lovely,
 In what towne gynnyth he dwelle.

Herodes rex. 3e thre kynges rekenyd be rowe, 177
 Ley now downe 3our wurdys lowe,
 Suche a carpyng is unknowe,
 Onrekenyd in my regne.

I am a kynge of hyȝ degré,
 Ther xal non ben above me,
 I have florens and fryhthis fre,
 Parkys and powndes pleyne.

But goth to fynde that ȝe seche,
 And yf ȝe knowe suche a leche,
 And ȝe hym fynde, I ȝow beseche,
 Comyth aȝen be me.
 And I xal be bothe blythe and do bowne,
 That alle worchep to hym be done,
 With reverens I xal seke hym sone,
 And honor hym on kne.

And, therfore, kynges, I ȝow pray,
 Whan ȝe have don ȝour jurnay;
 Come aȝen this same way,
 The trewthe to me to telle.
 Come and telle me as ȝe spede,
 And I xal qwyte ryght wel ȝour mede,
 With gold and tresour and ryche wede,
 With fures ryche and wurth pelle.

Primus Rex. Kynge have good day,
 I go my way,
 To seche
 Lord of myght,—
 He xal be ryght
 Oure leche.

Secundus Rex. Kynge fful sterne,
 Be felde and ferne,
 I goo
 To sekyn a kynge,—
 He takyth wonynge
 In woo.

Tertius Rex. If we hym finde,
 Oure kyng ful kynde,
 Be a may,
 ffrom kyng and qwen,
 We comyn aȝen,
 This day.

Transient.

Herodes Rex. A ! fy, fy, on talys that I have ben tolde,
 Here befor my cruel kne ;
 How xulde a barn wax so bolde,
 Be bestys yf he born be ?
 He is yong and I am olde,
 An hardy kyng of hye degré ;
 This daye tho kyngges xal be kold,
 If they cum ageyne be me.

 My goddes I xalle upreyse !
 A derke devylle with falsnese, I saye,
 Shalle cast a myst in the kyngges eye,
 Be bankes and be dalys drey,
 That be derk thei xalle cum this weyes.

Primus Rex. Go we to sek owr lorde and our lech,
 Yon stere wille us teche the weyis ful sone,
 To save us from myschyff God I here besech,
 Onto his joyn that we may rech,—
 I pray hem of this bone !

Tunc ibunt reges cum muneribus ad Jhesum et primus rex dicit,

Heyle be thou, kyng cold clade !
 Heylle, with maydynys mylk fade !
 Heylle, I cum to the with gold glade,
 As wese wrytyng bere it record.
 Golde is the rycheeste metalle,
 And to weryng most ryalle,

Gold I gyff the in this halle,
And know the for my Lorde.

Secundus rex. Lorde, I knele upon my kne ;
Sote encence I offere to the,
Thow xalte be the fyrst of hy3 degré,
None so mekelle of myght !
In Goddes howse, as men xalle se,
Thow xalt honor the Trynité,
Iij. personys in oon Gode free,
And alle oo lord of myght !

Tertius Rex. Lorde, I knele downe be thy bede,
In maydyns flesche thou arte hede,
Thy name xal be wyde rede,
And kyng over alle kynges.
Byttyr myre to the I brynge,
ffor byttyr dentes on the thei xalle dyng,
And byttyr deth xalle be thi endyng,
And therfor I make mornyng.

Maria. Kyngges kynde,
ffrome the fende
God 3ow defende !
Homwarde 3e wende,
And to your places 3e lende,
That 3e xulde tende.

Primus rex. Now have we the place fownde,
To Herode go we this stownde,
With owr wordes we were bownde,
That we xulde cum ageyne.
Go we a pace and sey owr speche,
ffor we have fownde our Lorde and leche ;
Alle the truth we wylle hem teche,
How the kyng is borne of a quene.

Secundus Rex. Myn hede is hevy as lympe of leede,
But yf I slepe, I am adrede

My witt xalle fare the worae ;
I wax hevy in lyme and flanke,
Downe I ley me upone this banke,
Under this bryght sterre i-wys.

Tertius Rex. Brother, I must lye the bye,
I will go never over this styte

Tylle I have a slepe.
The yong kyng and his mother Mary,
Save us alle from every velany !
Now Cryst us save and kepe !

Primus rex. Such hevynese have us cawght,
I must drynk with 3ow a drawght,

To slepe a lytyll whyle.
I am hevy heed and footte,
I xulde stumbylle at resche and root,
And I xulde goo a myle.

Hic dormiunt reges, et venit angelus, et dicit eis.

Angelus. 3e kyngges on this hille,
Werk 3e not aftyr Herodes wylle,
For yf 3e do, he wylle yow kille

This day or nyght.
My lorde 3ow sent this tydyng,
To rest yow knyngges in rych clothynge,
And whan 3e rysyn and goo to your dwellyng,
Tak home the wey fulle ryght.

Whether that 3e be wakyn or slepe,
My lorde God xalle yow kepe,
In goode tyme 3e dede downe drepe
To take 3owr rest.

Herowdys to the devyl he tryste,
To marre 3ow in a thyrke myste,

My lord God is ful of lyste,
To glathe 3ow for his geste.

And therefore, kynges, whan 3e ryse,
Wendyth forthe be weys wyse,
Ther 3our halle be sett in syse,
In dyverse londe.

The ffadyr of God in alle thyng
Hath 3ow grawntyd his swete blyssynge,
He xal 3ow save ffrom alle shendynge,
With his ryght honde.

Tunc surgant reges, et dicat

Primus Rex. A bryght sterre ledde us into Bedleem,—
A bryghter thyng I saw in drem,
Bryghtere than the sunne beeme,
An aungelle I saw ryght here.

The fayre floure that here gan falle,
ffrom Herowdys kynge he gan us kalle,
He taught us hom tylle our halle
A wey by another mere.

Secundus Rex. I sawghe a syght,
Myn hert is lyght
To wendyn home.

God, fful of myght
Hath us dyght
ffro develys dome.

Tertius Rex. Oure God I blysse,
He sent us, i-wys
His aungel bryght.

Now we be wake,
The wey to take
Home fulle ryght.

III. THE PURIFICATION.

Symeon Justus. I

And tawth G

Desyrynge in alle my m

That the

In whiche G

In erthe to tal

Or I deyde that

My Savyour

But that it is so lon

It is grett dyscomorte onto me.

in Jherusalem here,

fare,

here,

re,

re,

ev to se ;

ide,

for I waxe olde and wante my myght,
And begynne to fayle my syght,

The more I sorwe this tyde ;
Save only, as I telle 3ow ryght,

God of his grace hath me hyght,
That blysful byrth to byde ;

Wherefore now here besyde,
To Sancta Sanctorum wyl I go,

To pray God to be my gyde,
To comfort me after my wo.

Here Symeon knelyth and seyth,

A ! gode God in Trinité !

Whow longe xal I abyde the,

Tyl that thou son thou doth sende,

That I in erthe myght hym se ?

Good Lord, consydyr to me,
I drawe fast to an ende ;
That or my strenthis fro me wende,
Gode Lorde, send dow thi son,
That I with my ful mende,
Myght wurcheppe hym, if I con.

Bothe with my fete and hondys to,
To go to hym and handele also,
My eyn to se hym in certayn.
My tonge for to speke hym to,
And alle my lemys to werk and do,
In his servyse to be bayn.
Send forth thi son, my Lord sovereyn,
Hastely anon withowte teryenge ;
ffor fro this world I wolde be ffayn,—
It is contrary to my levyng.

Angelus. Symeon, leff thi careful stevene,
ffor thi prayer is herd in hevene ;
To Jherusalem ffast now wyne.
And ther xalt se ful evene,
He that is Goddys son ffor to nevene,
In the templ ther thou dwellyst inne.
The darknes of orygynal synne,
He xal make lyght and clarefye ;
And now the dede xal begynne,
Whiche hath be spokyn be prophecye.

Symeon. A ! I thank the, Lord of grace,
That hath grauntyd me tyme and space,
To lyve and byde thys !
And I wyl walk now to the place,
Where I may se thi sonys face,
Whiche is my joye and blys.



COVENTRY MYSTERIES.

nevyr lyghtere i-wys,
like nevyr here beforn ;
ery tyme now is,
God my lord is born.

Prophetessa. Al heyl, Symeon ! what tydynges with
3ow ?

Why make 3e al this 3ow ?
Telle me wh 3e fare.

Symeon. Anne prophe 3e wyst whou,
So xulde 3e, I make avow,
And alle n en that are.

ffor Goddys son, as
Is born to bye mankende
Oure Savyour is come to ses 1 oure care ;
Therefore have I grett merthe to wende.

And that is the cawse I hast me
Onto the temple hym to se ;
And therfor lett me not, good frende !

Anna. Now blyssyd be God in Trinyté,
Syn that tyme is come to be,
And with 3ow wyl I wende.

To se my Savyour ende,
And wurcheppe hym also,
With alle my wytt and my ful mende,
As I am bound, now wyl I do.

Et tunc ibunt ambo ad templum et prophetissa,

Symeon. In the temple of God who undyrstod,
This day xal be offeryd with mylde mood,
Whiche that is kynge of alle ;
That xal be skorgyd and shedde his blood,
And after dyen on the rood,
Withowtyn cawse to calle.

ffor whos passyon ther xal beffalle,
Swyche a sorwe bothe sharpe and smerte;
That a swerd perce it xalle,
3evene thorwe his moderys herte.

Anna. 3a, that xal be, as I wel fynde,
ffor redempcion of alle mankende,
That blysse ffor to restore.
Whiche hath be lost fro oute of mende,
As be oure fadyr of oure owyn kende,
Adam and Eve beffore.

Maria. Joseph my husbond withowtyn mys,
3e wote that ffourty days nere is,
Sythe my sonys byrth fful ryght;
Wherefore we must to the temple i-wys,
Therfor to offre oure sone of blys,
Up to his fadyr in hyght.
And I in Goddys syght,
Puryfied ffor to be;
In clene sowle with al my myght,
In presence of the Trinyté.

Joseph. To be purefyed have 3e no nede,
Ne thi son to be offryd, so God me spede;
ffor fyrst thou art ful clene,
Undefowlyd in thought and dede;
And anothyr, thi son withowtyn drede,
Is God and man to mene.
Wherefore it nedyd not to bene,
But to kepe the lawe on Moyses wyse;
Wherefore we xal take us betwene
Dowys and turtelys ffor sacrefyce.
Et ibunt ad templum.

Symeon. Alle heyl, my kyndely comfortour !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, mankyndys creditour !

Symeon. Alle heyl, thou God of myght !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, mankyndys sayvour !

Symeon. Alle heyl, bothe kyng and emperour !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, as it is ryght !

Symeon. Alle heyl, also, Mary bryght !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, salver of seknes !

Symeon. Alle heyl, lanterne of lyght !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, thou modyr of mekenes !

Maria. Symeon, I undyrstand and se,

That bothyn of my sone and me

3e have knowynge clere ;

And also in 3our compané

My sone desyryth for to be ;—

And therffore have hym here.

Et accipiet Jhesum.

Symeon. Welcome, prynce withowte pere !

Welcome, Goddys owyn sone !

Welcome, my Lord so dere !

Welcome, with me to wone !

Suscepimus, Deus, misericordiam tuam.

Lord God in magesté,

We have receyvyd this day of the,

In myddys of thi temple here,

Thy grett mercy, as we may se.

Therefore thi name of grett degré

Be wurchepyd in alle manere,

Over alle this werde, bothe fere and nere,

3evyn onto the untest ende !

ffor now is man owt of daungere,

And rest and pes to alle mankende.

“ Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, et cetera.”

The psalme song ther every vers, and ther quyle Symeon

*pleyeth with the child, and qwhan the psalme is endyd,
he seyth,*

Now lete me dye, Lord, and hens pace !
ffor I thi servaunt in this place

Have sen my Savyour dere ;
Whiche thou hast ordeyned befor the face
Of al mankynde, this tyme of grace,
Opynly to appere.

That lyth is shynand clere,
To alle mankyndys savacion ;
Mary, take 3our childe now here,
And kepe wel this manis savacion.

Anna prophetissa. Ne I rowth nere to dye also,
ffor more than ffowre skore 3ere and to
This tyme hath bede to se.

And sythe that it is come therto,
What Goddys wyl is with me to do,
Ryght 3even so mot it be.

Joseph. Take here these candelys thre,—
Mary, Symeon, and Anne ;
And I xal take the fowrte to me,
To offre oure childe up thanne.

Maria. Hyest ffadyr, God of powere !
3our owyn dere son I offre 3ow here,
As I to 3our lawe am sworn.

Receyve thi childe in glad manere,
For he is the fyrst, this childe so dere,
That of his modyr is born.

But 3ow I offre hym 3ow befor,
Good Lord, 3it 3yf me hym a3en !
ffor my comforte were fully lorn,
If we xulde longe a-sondyr ben.

Mari leyth the childe on the autere.

Joseph. Sere prest of the temple, now
Have he ffyffe pens unto 3ow,
Oure childe agen to take.

Capellanus. It is the lawe, as 3e woot how,
Joseph, 3e an do rygh a-now,
As for 3our childys sake.
But othere offerynge 3ett must 3e make ;
And therfore take 3our sone, Mary !
In meche joye 3e may awake,
Whylys he is in 3our company.

Maria. Therto I am ful glad and fayn,
ffor to receyve my childe agayn,
Ellys were I to blame.
And afterwarde ffor to be bayn,
To offre to God in ful certayn,
As in my sonys name,
With ffowlys bothe wylde and tame,—
ffor in Goddys servyse I xal nevyr irke.
Joseph. Lo ! Mary, have here tho same,
To do thi dewtys of holy kyrke.

And ther Mary offeryth ffowlys onto the autere, and seyth,

Maria. Allemyghtyfful fadyr, mercyful kynge !
Receyvyth now this lytyl offrynge,
ffor it is the fyrst in degré,
That 3our lytyl childe so 3ynge,
Presentyth to day be my shewyng,
To 3our hy3 magesté,
Of his sympyl poverté,
Be his devocion and my good wylle ;
Upon 3our awtere receyve of me,
3our sonys offrynge, as it is skylle !

For to I am ful glad & fayne
for to receyve my chyld & gayn
oþer way to blame

And after wards. for to be bryn
to offe to god in ful certayn
do in my sonys name

Let folow bothe wynde & tyme

for in goddys ^{hand} what nether ybe

to may. have he of the same

to do þe doctore. of holy byrde

Joseph

And I maye offeren folowen on to þe dunt & sooth

all myghty ful fadyr. merciful bynde

receyven the wold þe byrde offeryng

for it is þe first in the xpe

þe 30 byrde childe þe 3 bynde

þentyn to day be my sholynge

þe 30 byrde mageste

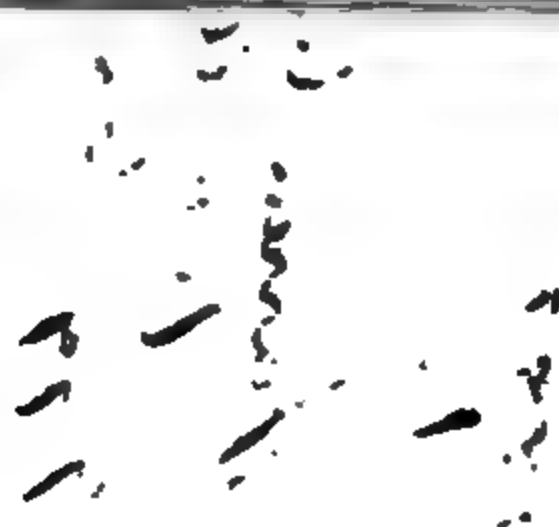
of his bynde l. p. d. o. r. t. o.

be his d. g. o. o. n. & my good byrde

up on 30 d. l. t. o. r. p. o. r. d. o. of me

þe 30 byrde offeryng do it is byrde

1268.



XIX: THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

Tunc respiciens senescallus vadit ad Herodem dicens,

Senescallus. Lord, I have walkyd be dale and hylle,
And wayted, as it is 3our wylle ;
The kynges iiij. stelyn away fulle style,
Thorwe Bedleem londe.

They wyl nevyr, so mot y the,
Come in the lond of Galylé,
ffor to se 3our fay ceté,
Ne dedys of 3our honde.

Herodes Rex. I ryde on my rowel ryche in my regne,
Rybbys fful reed with rape xal I sende ;
Popetys et paphawkes I xal puttyn in peyne,
With my spere prevyn, pychyn, and to-pende.
The gowys with gold crownys gete thei nevyr ageyn,
To seke tho sottys sondys xal I sende ;
Do howlott howtyn hoberd and heyn,
Whan here barnys blede undyr credyl bende ;
Sharply I xal hem shende !

The knave childeryn that be
In alle Israel countré,
Thei xul have bloody ble,
ffor on I calde unkende.

It is tolde in Grw,
His name xulde be Jhesu
I-fownde.

To have hym 3e gon,
 Hewe the flesche with the bon,
 And gyff hym wownde !
 Now kene knyghtes, kythe 3our craftys,
 And kyllyth knave chylderyn and castyth hem in
 clay ;
 Shewyth on 3our shulderes scheldys and schaftys,
 Shapyht amonge schel chowthys ashyrlyng shray ;
 Doth rowncys rennyn with rakyng raftys,
 Tyl rybbys be to rent with a reed ray ;
 Lete no barne beleve on bete baftys,
 Tyl a beggere blede be bestys baye
 Mahound that best may ;
 I warne 3ow my knyghtes,
 A barn is born I plyghtys,
 Wolde clymbyn kynge and kyknytes,
 And lett my lordly lay.

Knyghtys wyse,
 Chosyn ful chyse,
 Aryse ! aryse !
 And take 3our tolle !
 And every page
 Of ij. 3ere age,
 Or evyr 3e swage,
 Sleythe ilke a fool.

On of hem alle
 Was born in stalle,
 ffolys hym calle
 Kynge in crowne.
 With byttyr galle,
 He xalle down falle,—
 My myght in halle
 Xal nevyr go down.

Primus miles. I xall sle scharlys,
And qwenys with therlys,
Here knave gerlys,
I xal steke.

fforthe wyl I spede,
To don hem blede,
Thow gerlys grede,
We xul be wreke.

Secundus miles. ffor swerdys sharpe,
As an harpe,
Quenys xul karpe,
And of sorwe synge.

Barnys 3onge,
They xul be stunge,—
Thurwe levyr and lunge
We xal hem styngge.

Angelus. Awake, Joseph, and take thi wyff,
Thy childe also ryd be-lyff!
ffor kynge Herowde, with sharpe knyff
His knyghtes he doth sende.
The Fadyr of hevyn hath to the sent,
Into Egypte that thou be bent,
ffor cruel knyghtes thi childe have ment
With swerd to sle and shende.

Joseph. Awake, good wyff, out of 3our sleepe,
And of 3our childe takyght good kepe,
Whyl I 3our clothis ley on hepe,
And trus hem on the asse.
Kynge Herowde the chylde wyl scloo,
Therefore to Egypte muste we goo,
An aungel of God seyde me soo,
And therefore lete us passe.

Tunc ibunt milites ad pueros occidendos, et dicat prima fœmina,

Prima fœmina. Longe lullynge have I lorn !

Alas ! qwhy was my baron born ?

With swappyng swerde now is he shorn

The heed ryght fro the nekke !

Shanke and shulderyn is al to-torn,

Sorwyn I se behyndyn and befor,

Both mydnyth, mydday, and at morn,—

Of my lyff I ne recke.

Secunda fœmina. Serteynly I say the same,

Gon is alle my good game,

My lytylle childe lyth alle lame,

That lullyd on my pappys !

My ffourty wekys gronyng

Hath sent me sefne 3ere sorwyng,

Mykyl is my mornyng,

And ryght hard arne myn happys !

Primus miles. Lorde in trone

Makyght no mone,

Qwenys gyn grone

In world aboute.

Upon my spere

A gerle I bere,

I dare welle swere,

Lett moderes howte.

Secundus miles. Lord, we han spad,

As 3e bad ;

Barnis ben blad,

And lyne in dyche.

fflesche and veyn

Han tholyd peyn,
And 3e xul reyne
Evermore ryche.

Herodes Rex. 3e xul have stedys
To 3our medys,
Londys and ledys,
ffryth and ffe.
Wele have 3e wrought,
My ffo is sought,
To deth is he brought,—
Now come up to me.

In sete now am I sett, as kyng of myghtys most,
Alle this werd ffor ther love to me xul thei lowt ;
Bothe of hevyn, and of erthe, and of helle cost,
ffor dygne of my dygnyté thei have of me dowl.
Ther is no lord lyke on lyve to me wurthe a toost,
Nether kyng nor kayser in alle this world about ;
If any brybour do bragge or blowe azens my bost,
I xal rappe tho rebawdys and rake them on rought,
With my bryght bronde.
Ther xal be neyther kayser nere kyng,
But that I xal hem down dyng,
Lesse than he at my byddyng
Be buxum to myn honde.

Now, my jentylle and curteys knyghtes, herke to me this
stownde,
Good tyme sone me thynkyghe at dyner that we were ;
Smerly therefore sett a tabylle anon here fful sownde,
Coverid with a coryous clothe and with ryche wurthy fare ;
Servyse ffor the lovelyest lorde that levynge is on grownde,
Beste metes, and wurthyest wynes, loke that 3e non spare ;

Thow that a lytyl pynt xulde coste a mⁱ. pownde,
 Brynge alwey of the beste, for coste take 3e no care,—
 Anon that it be done.

Senescallus. My lorde, the tabyl is redy dyght;
 Here is watyr, now wasche forth ryght!
 Now blowe up mynstralle with alle 3our myght!
 The servyse comyth in sone.

Herodes. Now am I sett at mete,
 And wurthely servyd at my degré;
 Com forthe knyghtes, sytt down and ete,
 And be as mery as 3e kan be.

Primus Miles. Lord, at 3owre byddynge we take oure sete,
 With herty wyl obey we the;
 Ther is no lord of myght so grett,
 Thorwe alle this werde in no countré,
 In wurchep to abyde!

Herodes. I was nevyr meryer here beforne,
 Suthe that I was fyrst born,
 Than I am now ryght in this morn,—
 In joy I gynne to glyde.

Mors. Ow! I herde a page make preysyng of pride, ¹⁶³
 Alle prynces he passyth, he wenyth, of powsté;
 He wenyth to be the wurthyest of alle this werde wyde,—
 Kynge ovyr alle kynges that page wenyth to be.
 He sent into Bedlem, to seke on every syde,
 Cryst for to qwelle, yf thei myght hym se;
 But of his wykkyd wyl lurdeyn 3itt he lyede,
 Goddys sone doth lyve,—ther is no Lord but he!
 Over alle lordys he is kynge!
 I am Dethe, Goddys masangere!
 Allemyghty God hath sent me here,
 3on lordeyn to sle, withowtyn dwere,
 ffor his wykkyd workynge.

I am sent fro God, Deth is my name !

Alle thynges that is on grownd I welde at my wylle ;
 Bothe man and beste, and byrdys, wylde and tame,
 Whan that I come them to, with deth I do them kille.
 Erbe, gres, and tres stronge, take hem alle in same ;
 3a, the grete myghty okys with my dent I spyll ;
 What man that I wrastele with, he xal ryght sone have
 schame,—

I 3eve him suche a trepett, he xal evyr more ly styll,
 ffor deth kan no sporte.

Wher I smyte, ther is no grace,
 ffor aftere my strook man hath no space
 To make amendys ffor his trespase,
 But God hym graunt comforte.

Ow ! se how prowdeley 3on kaytyff sytt at mete !

Of deth hath he no dowte, he wenyth to leve evyrmore ;
 To hym wyl I go, and 3eve hym suche an hete,
 That alle the lechis of the londe his lyf xul nevyr restore :
 Azens my dredful dentys it vaylyth nevyr to plete,
 Or I hym part fro I xal hym make ful pore ;
 Alle the blood of his body I xal hym owt swete, 2
 ffor now I go to sle hym with strokys sad and sore,
 This tyde.

Bothe hym and his knyghtes alle,
 I xal hem make to me but thralle,
 With my spere sle him I xalle,
 And so cast down his pride.

Herodes Rex. Now, kende knyghtes, be mery and glad !

With alle good diligens shewe now sum myrthe !
 ffor, be gracyous Mahound, more myrthe never I had,
 Ne nevyr more joye was inne from tyme to tyme of
 my byrthe ;
 ffor now my fo is ded and prendyd as a padde,

Above me is no kyng on grownd nere on gerthe !
 Merthis therfore make 3e, and be ryght nothyng sadde ;
 Spare nether mete nor drynke, and spare for no dyrthe
 Of wyne nor of brede.

ffor now am I a kyng alone,
 So wurthy as I may ther be none,
 Therfore knyghtes be mery echone,
 ffor now my ffo is dede ! 211

Primus Miles. Whan the boys sprawlyd at my sperys
 hende,

By Sathanas, oure syre, it was a goodly syght !
 A good game it was the boy for to shende,
 That wolde a bene oure kyng and put 3ow from 3our
 ryght.

Secundus Miles. Now trowly, my lorde the kyng, we
 had ben unkende,

And nevyr non of us able for to be a knyght ;
 If that any of us to hem had ben a frende,
 And a sawyd any lyff a3en thi mekyl myght,—
 ffrom deth hem to flytt.

Herodes Rex. Amonges alle that grett rowthte
 He is ded, I have no dowte,
 Therfore, menstrelle, rownd abowte
 Blowe up a mery fytt.

*Hic dum buccinant mors interficiat Herodem et duos
 milites subito, et diabolus recipiat eos,*

Diabolus. Alle oure ! alle oure ! this catel is myn !

I xalle hem brynge onto my celle !

I xal hem teche plays fyn,

And shewe suche myrthe as is in helle !

It were more bettyr amonges swyne,

That evyr more stynkyn ther be to dwelle ;

ffor in oure logge is so gret peyn,
 That non erthely tonge can telle :
 With 3ow I go my way.
 I xal 3ow bere forthe with me,
 And shewe 3ow sportes of oure gle,
 Of oure myrthis now 3al 3e se,
 And evyr synge "welaway."

Mors. Off kynge Herowde alle men beware,
 That hath rejoycyd in pompe and pryde ;
 ffor alle his boste of blysse ful bare,
 He lythe now ded here on his syde !
 ffor whan I come, I cannot spare,
 Fro me no whyht may hym hyde ;
 Now is he ded and cast in care,
 In helle pytt evyr to abyde ;
 His lordchep is al lorn.
 Now is he as pore as I,
 Wormys mete is his body,
 His sowle in helle ful peynfully
 Of develis is al to-torn.

Alle men dwellyng upon the grownde,
 Beware of me, be myn councel ;
 ffor feynt felachep in me is fownde,—
 I kan no curtesy, as I 3ow tel ;
 ffor be a man nevyr so sownde,
 Of helthe in herte nevyr so wel,
 I come sodeynly within a stownde,—
 Me withstande may no castel,
 My jurnay wyl I spede.
 Of my comyng no man is ware,
 ffor whan men make most mery fare,
 Than sodeynly I cast hem in care,
 And sle them evyn indede.

Thow I be nakyd and pore of array,
And wurmys knawe me all abowte,
3it loke 3e drede me nyth and day,
ffor whan deth comyth, 3e stande in dowte ;
Evyn lyke to me, as I 3ow say,
Shulle alle 3e be here in this rowte ;
Whan I 3ow chalange at my day,
I xal 3ow make ryght lowe to lowth,
And nakyd for to be.
Amonges wormys, as I 3ow telle,
Undyr the erthe xul 3e dwelle,
And thei xul etyn bothe flesche and felle,
As thei have don me.

XX. CHRIST DISPUTING IN THE TEMPLE.

Modo de doctoribus disputantibus cum Jhesu in templo.

Primus doctor. Scripturæ sacræ esse dinoscimur doctos,
We to bere the belle of alle maner clergyse.

Secundus doctor. Velud rosa omnium florum flos,
Lyke onto us was nevyr clerke so wyse.

Primus doctor. Loke what scyens 3e kan devyse,
Of redynge, wrytynge, and trewe ortografye;
Amonges alle clerkys we bere the prysse,
Of gramer, cadens, and of prosodye.

Secundus doctor. No clerke abyl to bere oure book
Of versyfyeng, nor of other scyens ;
Of swete musyke who so wylle look,
Seke no ferther but to oure presens.
Of dyaletyk we have the hy3 excellence,
Of sophestrye, logyk, and phylosophye;
Ageyn oure argemente is no recystence,
In metaphesyk ne astronomye.

Primus doctor. Of calculacion and negremauncye,
Also of augrym and of asmatryk ;
O[f] lynyacion that longyth to jematrye,
Of dyetis and domys that longyth to phesyk ;
In alle this scyens is non us lyke,
In Caton, Gryscysme, nor Doctrynal ;
And for endytynge with retoryke,
The hiest degré is oure over alle.

Secundus doctor. In grett canon and in cevyle lawe,
Also in scyena of polycye,
Is non to us wurthe an hawe,—

Of alle cunnyng we bere the maystrye;
Therefore in this temple we sytt on hye,
And of most wurchep kepe the sovereynté;
Ther is on erthe no man so wurthe;
The hy; stat to holdyn, as we tweyn be.

Jesus. Omnis sciencia a Domino Deo est;
Al wytt and wysdam of God it is lent;
Of alle your lernynge withinne your brest,
Thank hyghly that Lord that hath you sent;
Thorwe best and pryde your soulys may be shent,
Of wytt and wysdome ye have not so much;
But God may make, at hese entente,
Of alle your connyng many man you leche.

Primus doctor. Goo hom, lytyl babe, and sytt on thi moderis
lappe,
And put a mokador afor thy brest;
And pray thi modyr to fede the with the pappe,
Of the for to lerne we desyre not to lest.
Secundus doctor. Go to thi dyner, for that behovyth the best,
Whan thou art a threste than take the a sowke;
Aftyr go to cradyl therin to take thi rest,
ffor that canst do bettyr than for to loke on book.

Jesus. Stondynge that ye be so wytty and wyse,
Can ye owth tellyn how this werde was wrought?
How longe xal it laste can ye devyse,
With alle the cunnyng that ye han sought?

Primus doctor. Nay alle erthely clerkys that telle can nought,
It passyth oure wytt that for to contryve;
It is not possyble abought to be brought,—
The worldys endyng no man kan dyscryve.

Jhesus. How it was wrought, and how longe it xal endure,
That I can telle be good delyberacion ;
Not only therof, but of every creature,
How it is wrought, I knowe the phasmacion.

Secundus doctor. Of thi wurdys I have skorne and derysone ;
How schulde a chylde, that nevyr lettyr dyde lere,
Com to the wytt of so hy3 cognysion
Of tho grete werkys that so wundyrfoille were ?

Jhesus. Alle thynges is brought to informacion,
Be thre personys, oo God in Trynité !
And on of tho thre hath take incarnation,
Bothe flesche and blood of a mayd ffre ;
And be that myght of tho personys thre,
Hevyn and erthe and alle thynges is wrought ;
And as it plesyth that hy3 magesté,
Alle thynges xal leste and lenger nowght.

Primus doctor. I grawnt weyl alle thynges that God dyde make,
And withowtyn hym nothynges may be ;
But o thynges thou seydst, and that I forsake,
That oo God alone was personys thre ;
Ryght onpossyble that is to me,
That on is thre I kannot thynke :
If thou canst preve it, anon lett se,
ffor in oure hertys it may nevyr synke.

Jhesus. In the sunne consydyr 3e thynges thre,
The splendure, the hete, and the lyght ;
As tho thre partys but oo sunne be,
Ryght so thre personys be oo God of myght.

Secundus doctor. In very feyth this reson is ryght ;
But 3itt, fayr babe, oo thynges we pray 3ow :—
What do alle tho thre personys hyght
Us to enforme ? 3e sey to me now.

Jhesus. The fyrst is calde the fadyr of myght,
 The secunde the sone of wysdam and wytt;
 The holy gost the iiijth. of grace he is lyght,
 And in oo substauns alle these iiij. be knyht.

Primus doctor. Another questyon I aske 3ow 3itt,
 3e seyde on of these iiij. toke flesche and blood;
 And sche a clene mayde, I kannot beleve it,
 Clene mayde and modyr never 3it in oo persone stood.

Jhesus. Lyke as the sunne doth pers the glas,
 The glas not hurte of his nature;
 Ryght so the Godhede entryd has
 The virgynes wombe, and sche mayde pure;
 That maydonys childe xal do grett cure,
 Convicte the devyl in the opyn felds;
 And with his bolde berst fecche hom his creature,
 Mankende to save his brest xal be the scheld.

Secundus doctor. This childys doctryne dothe palle our wytt,
 Sum aungel of hevyn I trowe that he be;
 But, blyssyd babe, of oo dowte 3itt,
 We pray 3ow enforme us for charyté—
 Whiche toke flesche of the personys thre,
 Ageyn the fende to holde suche batayle?

Jhesus. The secunde persone forsothe is he,
 Xal fray the fende withowte fayle.

Primus doctor. Why rather he than any of that tother,
 The fyrst or the thyrde, why come they nowth?

Jhesus. This is the cawse why, sertys, and non other,
 Ageyn the secunde the trespas was wrought;
 Whan the serpent Adam to synne browth,
 He temptyd hym nowght be the faderes myght;
 Of the gostys goodnes spak he ryght nowght,
 But in connyng he temptyd hym ryght.

Myght is the Faderys owyn propyrté ;
 To the Gost apperyd is goodnes ;
 In none of these tweyn temptyd he
 Mankende to synne, whan he dede dresse :
 To the Sone connyng doth longe expres,
 Therwith the serpent dyd Adam asay,—
 “ Ete of this appyl,” he seyde no lesse,
 “ And thou shalt have connyng as God verray.”

Thus the secunde person attrIBUTE,
 Was only towchyd by temptacion ;
 Wherefore hymself wyl holde the sewte,
 And kepe his propyrté fro maculacion.
Secundus doctor. This is an hevynly declaracion,
 Oure naturalle wytt it doth excede ;
 So longe a childe of suche informacion
 In al this world nevyr er non zede.

Primus doctor. We be not worthy to kepe this sete,
 Whylle that oure mayster is in presens ;
 The maystry of us this childe doth gete,—
 We must hym wurchep with hy3 reverens !
 Come forthe, swete babe of grett excellens,
 The whysest clerke that evyr zett was born ;
 To zow we zeve the hy3 resydens,
 Us more to teche, as ze have done befor.

*Hic adducunt Jhesum inter ipsos et in scanno altiori ipsum
 sedere faciunt, ipsis in inferioribus scannis sedentibus, et ait*

Secundus doctor. So longe a chylde suche clergye to reche,
 And so sadly to say it, we woundyr sore.
 Who was zoure mayster ? who dede zow teche ?
 Of what man had ze this wurthy lore ?
Jhesus. My wytt and my lernynge is no longe store ;
 Or this worde was wrought alle thinge dede I knowe ;

ffyrst or ȝe wore borne ȝeres many score,
 Thorwe the myght of my fadyr, my wytt in me dede flowe.

Primus doctor. Or that we weryn born, nay that may nat be;

The ȝongest of us tweyn is iij. score ȝere of age,
 And thiselfe art but a chylde, al men may wel se,
 Late camst out of cradyl, as it semyth be thi vesage.

Jhesus. I am of dobyl byrthe and of dobyl lenage;
 ffyrst, be my Fadyr I am without gynnynge,
 And lyke as he is hendeles in his hyȝ stage,
 So xal I also nevyr mor have endynge.

ffor be my ffadyr, kynge celestyalle,
 Without begynnyng I am endles;
 But be my modyr that is carnalle,
 I am but xij. ȝere of age, that is expres;
 My body of ȝoughe doth shewe wyttnes,
 Whiche of my modyr here I dude take;
 But myn hyȝ godhede, this is no lesse,
 Alle thinge in this worlde forsothe dude I make.

Secundus doctor. Be ȝour fadyr that endles is:
 Who is ȝour modyr? telle us we pray.

Jhesus. Be my fadyr, the hyȝ kynge of blys,
 A modyrles chylde I am veray.

Primus doctor. Who was ȝour fadyr to us than say?
 Be ȝour modyr a woman that was.

Jhesus. I am ffadyrles; as for that may,
 Of fleschly luste she dude nevyr trespas.

Secundus doctor. Telle us, I pray ȝow, what is ȝour name?
 What hyght ȝoure modyr? telle us also.

Jhesu. Jhesu of Nazareth, I am the same,
 Born of a clene mayd, prophetys seyde so;
 Ysaye seyde thus,—“ Ecce virgo !”
 A mayd xal conceyve in clenness a chylde:

3itt ageyn nature and alkende, loo !
ffrom alle wenn of synne pure and undefylde.

Mary, the chylde of Joachym and Anne,
Ys that clene mayd, and here childe am I ;
The frute of here wombe xal save every manne
ffrom the grett dowte of the ffyndys tormentry.

Primus doctor. Alle the clerkys of this worlde trewly
Cannot brynge this to declaracion ;
Lesse than thei have of God Almyghty
Sum influens of informacion.

Secundus doctor. No, jentyl Jhesu, we 3ow pray,
Whyl that we stodye a whyle to dwelle ;
In cas mo dowyts that we fynde may,
The trewthe of hem 3e may us telle.

Jhesu. Goo, take 3our stodye and avyse 3ow welle,
And alle 3our leysere I xal abyde ;
If any dowyts to me 3e melle,
The trewthe therof I xalle unhyde.

Maria. Alas ! alas ! myn hert is wo,
My blyssyd babe away is went ;
I wott nevyr whedyr that he is go :
Alas ! for sorwe myn hert is rent !
Jentyl hysbond, have yow hym sent
Out on herrande to any place ?
But yf 3e knowe were he is bent,
Myn hert for woo asondyr wyl race.

Joseph. On my massage I hym not sent,
Forsothe, good wyff, in no degré ;
How longe is it that he hens went ?

What tyme dude 3e 3our childe last se ?

Maria. Trewly, gode spowse, not these days thre ;
Therefore myn herte is cast in care :

Hym for to seke, wher so he be ;
In hast, good husbonde, lete us forthe fare.

Joseph. Than to Hierusalem lete us streyte wende,
ffor kynred gladly togedyr wole gon ;
I hope he is ther with sum good ffrende ;
Ther he hath cosynys ryght many on.

Maria. I am aferde that he hath fon,
ffor his grett wyttes and werkys good ;
Lyke hym of wytt fforsythe is non,—
Every childe with hym is wrothe and wood.

Alas, my babe ! my blys ! my blood !
Whedyr art thou thus gon fro me ?
My sowle ! my swetyng ! my frate ! myn food !
Send me sum wurd where that thou be !
Telle me, good seres, ffor charyté,
Jhesu, my childe, that babe of blysse,
Among this compayné dude 3e hym se ?
ffor Godys love, telle where he is !

Primus doctor. Of oo qwestyone I am bethought,
Alle of 3our modyr, that blyssyd may ;
In what governauns is she brought ?
How is sche rewlyd be nyght and day ?
Jhesu. An old man, Joseph, as I 3ow say,
Here weddyd be meracle onto his wyff ;
Here for to fede and kepe alway,
And bothyn in clenness be maydenys olyff.

Secundus doctor. What nede was it here to be wedde
Onto a man of so grett age ?
Lesse than thei myght bothe a go to bedde,
And kept the lawe of maryage.
Jhesu. To blynde the devyl of his knowlache,
And my byrthe from hym to hyde,—

That holy wedlok was grett stopage,
The devyl in dowte to do abyde.

Also, whan sche xulde to Egypte gon,
And fle from Herowde, for dowte of me ;
Becawse she xulde nat go alon,
Joseph was ordeyned here make to be,
My ffadyr, of his hy3 magesté,
Here for to comforte in the way :
These be the cawsys, as 3e may se,
Why Joseph weddyd that holy may.

Maria. A ! dere childe ! dere chylde ! why hast thou
thus done ?

ffor the we have had grett sorwe and care ;
Thy ffadyr and I thre days have gone,
Wyde the to seke of blysse ful bare.

Jhesus. Why have 3e sought me with hevy fare ?
Wete 3e not wele that I muste bene
Amonge hem that is my faderes ware,
His gostly catel for to ovyrse ?

Maria. 3our ffaderes wyl must nedys be wrought,
It is most wurthy that it so be ;
3itt on 3our modyr have 3e sum thought,
And be nevyr more so longe fro me.
As to my thynkyng, these days thre,
That 3e absente have ben away,
Be more lengere in ther degré
Than alle the space of xij. 3ere day.

Jhesus. Now, ffor to plesse my modyr mylde,
I xal 3ow folwe with obedyence ;
I am 3our sone and subjecte childe,
And owe to do 3ow hy3 reverence.



Home with 3ow I wyl go hene :—
Of 3ow, clerkys, my love I take.
Every childe xulde, with good dyligens ;
His modyr to place, his own wyl to serve.

Primus doctor. O blyssyd Jhesu ! with 3ow we wende,
Of 3ow to have more information ;
fful blyssyd is 3our modyr hende,
Of whom 3e toke 3our incarnation !
We pray 3ow, Jhesu, of consolation,
At oure most nede of 3ow to have,
All that hath herd this consummacion
Of this pagent, 3our grace thanke we have !

XXI. THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

Johannes. Ecce vox clamantis in deserto !

I am the voyce of wyldernese,
That her spekyth and prechyth yow to ;
Loke 3e forsake alle wrecchidnesse !
fforsake alle synne that werkyth woo,
And turne to vertu and holynese !
Beth clene of levyng in your sowle also ;
Than xalle he be savyd from peynfulnese
Of fyere brynnyng in helle !
If that 3e forsak synne,
Hevyn blysse xalle 3e wyne,
Drede 3e not the devylles gynne,
With angells xalle 3ow dwelle !

Penitenciam nunc agite !

Appropinquabit regnum cœlorum !
ffor your trespas penaunce do 3e,
And 3e xalle wyne hevyn Dei deorum !
In hevyn blyse ye xalle wyn to be,
Among the blyssyd company omnium supernorum ;
Ther as is alle merth, joye, and glee,
Inter agmina angelorum,
In blyse to abyde !

Baptyme I cowncelle yow for to take,
And do penaunce for ys synnys sake,
And for your offens amendys 3e make,
Your synnys for to hyde.

I gyff baptyme in water puere,
 That is callyd ffrom Jordon;
 My baptyme is but sygnysure
 Of his baptyme that his lyke hath non!
 He is a lord of gret valour,
 I am not worthy to onbokylle his schon;
 ffor he xalle baptize, as seyth Scryptour,
 That comyth of hem alle everychone
 In the Holy Goost!
 He may dampne and he may save,
 Alle goodnesse of hem we have,
 Ther may no man his werkes deprave,
 ffor he is Lorde of myglites most?

*Hic accedit Jhesus ad Johannem, quem intuenti Jo-
 hannes dicat, digito demonstrans Jhesum, "Ecce agnus
 Dei qui tollit peccata mundi!"*

Beholde! the lombe of God is this,
 That comyth now here beforne;
 The wich xalle wasche the worlds mys,
 And save alle that that was forlorne:
 This same lombe forsothe it is,
 That of a mayd fulle clene was borne;
 Shamfulle deth this lambe i-wys
 Xalle suffer for us and be alle to-torne,
 And rent on a roode!
 He xalle suffer for mannys sake
 Lytylle rest, and moche gret sorow and wrake;
 Hys bake xalle be bowndyn to a stake,
 And betyn owt alle his bloode!

Jhesus. John Baptyste, myn owyn good ffrende,
 That ffeythffully dothe preche my wylle;
 I the thanke with alle my mende,
 ffor that good servyse thou dost me tylle.

Thy desyre is synne to shende,
 Alle synful lyff thou woldyst spylle ;
 Thyn entente hath a good hende,
 The lawe of God thou dost ffulffylle
 This tyde.

Baptym to take I come to the,
 And conferme that sacrement that newe xal be,
 In flom Jordon thou baptyze me,
 In watyr that is wyde.

Johannes. My lorde God, this behovyth me nought,
 With myn hondys to baptyze the ;
 I xulde rather of the have sought
 Holy baptym, than thou of me.

Jhesus. Suffyr now, John, my wyl were wrought,
 Alle ryghtffulenes thus ffulfyll we ;
 Me to baptyze take thou no dowthe,
 The vertu of mekenes here tawthe xal be,
 Every man to lere.

And take ensawmple here by me,
 How mekely that I come to the,
 Baptym confermyd now xal be,
 Me to baptyze take thou no dwere.

Johannes. Alle men may take example, lo !
 Of lowly mekenes evyn ryght here,
 Be oure Lorde God, that comyth me to,
 Hese pore servaunt and his sutere.
 Every man lere to werke ryght so,
 Bothe kynge and caysere, and grett empere ;
 Be meke and lowe the pore man to,
 And put out pryde in alle manere—
 God dothe here the same !
 To thi byddyng, my Lord so dere,
 I me obey with gladsum chere,

And baptyze the with watyr clere,
Ever halwyd be thi name !

*Spiritus Sanctus hic descendat super ipsum, et Deus,
Pater Celestis, dicet in cælo,*

This is my welbelovyd chylde,
Over whome my spryte doth oversprede !
Clene, and pure, and undefyld,
Of body, of sowle, ffor thought, for dede !
That he is buxhum, meke, and mylde,
I am wel plesyd withowtyn drede ;
Wysly to wysse 3ow ffrom weys wylde,
To lysten his lore alle men I rede,
And 3oure erys to herke.

Take good heed what he dothe preche,
And ffolwyth the lawys that he doth teche,
ffor he xal be 3our altheris leche,
To save 3ow from develys derke.

Johannes Baptyst. Here I se with opyn syght,
The Sone of God that thou erte !
The Holy Goost over the doth lyght,
Thi faderes voys I here fful smerte.
The childe of God, as I the plyght,
That thou be, whilys I am qwerte,
I xalle wyttnes to every whyght,
And teche it trewly with alle myn hert ;
To sese it were grett synne.
ffor Goddys sone I wurchypp the,
ffrom hevyn, thin hy3 magesté,
Thu comyst hedyr ffrom dygnité,
Mannys sowle to wynne.

Jhesus. John Baptyste, thou be wyttnes,
The trewthe loke that thou nat hyde ;

ffor now I passe forthe into wyldernes,
The Holy Gost xal be my gyde.

Hic Jhesus transit in desertum, dicens, etc.

In whylsum place of desertnes,
Xl.th days, a terme ful wyde,
And ffourty nyghtes, bothe more and lesse,
Withowtyn bodyly ffode ther to abyde ;
ffor man thus do I swynke.

Into deserte I passe my way,
ffor mannys sake, as I 3ow say,
Xl.th nyghtes and xl.th day,
I xal nowther ete nor drynke.

Johan Baptist. In place where I passe wyttnes I bere,
The trewthe xal I telle wheresoevyr I go,
That Cryst, the Sone of God, is become oure fere,
Clad in oure clothyng to sofer for us wo !
I bapty3id with myn owyn handys Cryst Jhesu ryght here,
And now he is to wyldyrnes penawns ther to do,
Informyng so alle us that Lord that hath no pere,
To do for oure trespasce penawnce here also ;
Of penawnce do I preche.

In wyttnes ryght be this,
That what man for his mys,
Doth penawns here, i-wys,
His sowle he dothe wel leche.

Alle men on ground that be 3itt on lyve,
ffor 3our grett offens loke 3e be repentaunt ;
Of alle 3our venym synne I rede that 3e 3ow shryve,
ffor God is ful redy mercy for to graunt.
Be contryte for 3our trespas, and penauns do belyve,
Reconsyle 3ourself and be to God plesaunt ;
With contryscion, schryffte, and penauns, the devil may
3e dryve,

ffor fro 3our felachep he xal not be erraunt,
3ow for to meve.

To penauns and synne forsake,
Shryfte of mowthe loke that 3e make,
And than the fende in helle so blake,
He xal 3ow nevyr more greve.

A tre that is bareyn and wyl bere no frute,
The ownere wyl hewe it downe and cast it on the fyre;
Ryght so it be man that folwyth the fowle sute
Of the devyl of helle, and werkyth his desyre.
God wyl be vengyd on man that is bothe dum and mute,
That wyl nevyr be shrevyn, but evyr more doth delyre;
Clothe the in clennes, with vertu be indute,
And God with his grace he wyl the sone inspyre
To amendynge of thi mys.
Schryfte of mowthe may best the save,
Penauns for synne what man wyl have,
Whan that his body is leyd in grave,
His sowle xal go to blys.

Corne that is good, men kepe it ful clene;
Chaff that is sympyl is sett wul nere at nought.
So good men of levyng to God chosyn bene,
Whan synful men be lyke chaff and to helle xul be
brought.

Good penauns 3ow to preche ful hertyly do I mene,
Shryfft and satysfaccion evyrmore to have in thought;
What man in good penauns and schryfte of mowthe be sene,
Of God he is welbelovyd, that alle this worlde hath
wrought,
And alle thinge of nowth dede make.

Now have I tawght 3ow good penauns,
God graunt 3ow grace, at his plesauns
To have of synne delyverauns,
ffor now my leve I take!

XXII. THE TEMPTATION.

Sathan. Now Belyard and Belzabub, 3e der wurthy
devele of helle,

And wysest of councel amonges alle the rowte !
Herke now what I sey, a tale I xalle 3ow telle,
That trobelyth sore my stomak : therof I have grett dowte.

Belyalle. Syr Sathanas, owre sovereyn, syre, with the
wol we dwelle,

Alle redy at thi byddyng to the do we lowte ;
If thou have any nede of oure wyse counselle,
Telle us now thi qwestyon alle out and oute ;
Sey al thi dowt be-dene.

Belsabub. 3a, sere, telle us thi dowte by and by,
And we xul telle the so sekyrly,
That thou xalt knowe verryly
What thi dowte dothe mene.

Sathan. The dowte that I have it is of Cryst i-wys ;
Born he was in Bedleem, as it is seyde,
And many a man wenyth that Goddes sone he is,
Born of a woman and she a clene mayd.
And alle that evyr he prechyth, it is of hevyn blys,
He wyl lese oure lawe, I am ryght sore afrayd ;
ffayn wolde I knowe who were ffadyr his,
ffor of this grett dowte I am sore dysmayd
Indede.

If that he be Goddys childe,
And born of a mayd mylde,

'Than be we rygh sore begylde,
And short xal ben oure spede.

Therefore, serea, sumwhat that 3e shewe,
In this grett dowth what is best to do ;
If he be Goddys sone he wyl brede a shrewe,
And werke us meche wrake, bothe wreche and wooo :
Sorwe and care he wyl sone strewe,
Alle oure gode days than xulde sone be goo ;
And alle oure lore and alle oure lawe he wyl downe hewe,
And than be we alle lorn, if that it be soo,
He wylle don us alle tene.
He wylle be Lorde over hevyn and helle,
And ffeche away alle oure catelle,
Therfor shewe now sum good counselle,
What comfort may best bene.

Belyalle. The best wytt that I kan say,
Hym to tempte forsothe it is ;
With sotyl whylys, if that thou may,
Asay to make hym to don amys.
If that he synne, this is no nay,
He may nat be kyng of blys :
Hym to tempte, go walke thi way,
ffor best counselle I trowe be this ;
Go forthe now and assay !
Belshabub. The best wytt I hold it be,
Hym to tempte in synnys thre,
The whiche mankende is frelté
Doth ffalle sonest alway.

Sathan. So afftyr 3our wytt now wylle I werke,
I wylle no lengere now here abyde ;
Be he nevyr so wyse a clerke,
I xal apposyn hym withinne a tyde.

Belsabub. Now, lovely Lucyfer, in helle so derke,
 Kynge and Lorde of synne and pryde ;
 With sum myst his wittys to merke,
 He send the grace to be thi gyde,
 And evyr more be thi spede !

Behyalle. Alle the develys, that ben in helle,
 Shul pray to Mahound, as I the telle,
 That thou mayst spede this jurney welle,
 And comforte the in this dede.

Jhesus. Xl.th days and xl.th nyght
 Now have I fastyd for mannys sake ;
 A more grett hungyr had nevyr no wyght,
 Than I myself begynne to take ;
 ffor hungyr in peyn stronge am I pyght,
 And bred have I non myn hungyr for to slake,
 A lytel of a loof relese myn hungyr myght,
 But mursele have I non my comforte for to make ;
 This suffyr I, man, for the.
 ffor thi glotenye and metys wronge,
 I suffyr for the this hungyr stronge,
 I am afferde it wyl be longe
 Or thou do thus for me.

Sathan. The Sone of God if that thou be,
 Be the grett myght of thi godhede,
 Turne these flyntes, anon lett se,
 ffrom arde stonys to tendyr brede.
 More bettyr it is, as I telle the,
 Wysely to werke aftyr my reed,
 And shewe thi myght of grett majesté,
 Than thorw grett hungyr ffor to be dede.
 These stonys now bred thou make,
 Goddys Sone if that thou be,
 Make these stonys bred, lett se,

COVENTRY MYSTERIES.

Than mayste thou ete ryght good plenté,
Thyn hungyr for to slake.

Jhesus. Nott only be bred mannys lyff 3itt stood,
But in the wurde of God, as I the say,
To mannys sowle is nevyr mete so good,
As is the wurd of God that prechid is alway.
Bred materyal dothe norche blood,
But to mannys sowle, this is no nay,
Nevyr more may be a betyr food,
Than the wurd of God, that lestyth ay.
To here Goddys wurde therfore man love.
Thi body doth love materal brede,
Withoute the wurde of God thi soula is but dede,
To love prechyng therfore I rede,
If thou wylt duellyn in blysse above.

Sathan. ffor no grett hungyr that I kan se,
In glotony thou wylt not synne ;
Now to the temple come forthe with me,
And ther xal I shewe the a praty gynne.
Up to this pynacle now go we,
I xal the sett on the hyzest pynne,
Ther I preve what that thou be,
Or that we tweyn part a twynne,
I xal knowe what myght thou have.

*Hic ascendit Deus pinnaculum templi, dum diabolus
dicit quoque sequitur,*

Whan thou art sett upon the pynacle,
Thou xalt ther pleyn a qweynt steracle,
Or ellys shewe a grett meracle,
Thysself ffrom hurte thou save.

Hic Satanas ponit Jhesum super pinnaculum, dicens,
Now if thou be Goddys ssone of myght,
Ryght down to the erthe anon thou ffalle,

And save thisylf in every plyght
 ffrom harm and hurte, and scappys alle ;
 ffor it is wretyn with aungelys bryght
 That ben in hevyn, thi faderes halle,
 The to kepe bothe day and nyght,
 Xul be ful redy as thi tharalle,
 Hurt that thou non have.
 That thou stomele not ageyn the ston,
 And hurt thi fote as thou dost gon,
 Aungelle be redy alle everychon,
 In weys the to save.

Jhesus. It is wretyn in holy book,
 Thi Lorde God thou xalt not tempte ;
 Alle thynges must obeye to Goddys look,
 Out of his myght is non exempt ;
 Out of thi cursydnes and cruel crook,
 By Godys grace man xal be redempt :—
 Whan thou to helle, thi brennyng brook,
 To endles peyne xal evyr be dempt,
 Therin alwey to abyde.
 Thi Lorde God thou tempt no more,
 It is nott syttenge to thi lore,
 I bydde the sese anon therfore,
 And tempte God in no tyde.

Sathan. Ow ! in gloteny nor in veynglory it dothe ryght
 nott avayl
 Cryst for to tempt, it profyteth me ryght nought ;
 I must now begynne to have a newe travayl,—
 In covetyse to tempt hym it comyth now in my thought.
 ffor if I went thus away and shrynkyd as a snayle,
 Lorn were the labore alle that I have wrought ;
 Therefore in covetyse oure syre I xal asayle,

And assay into that synne yf he may be brought,
 Anon forthe ryght.

Syr, ȝitt onys I pray to the,
 To this hyȝ hyl com forthe with me,
 I xal the shewe many a ceté,
 And many a wurthy syght.

*Tunc Ihesus transit cum diabolo super montem et dia-
 bolus dicit,*

Into the northe loke fforthe evyn pleyn,
 The towre of Babylony ther mayst thou se ;
 The ceté of Jerusalem stondyth ther ageyn,
 And evyn ffast therby stondyth Galylé.
 Nazareth, Naverne, and the kyngdom of Spayn,
 ȝabulon, and Neptalym, that is a ryche countré,
 Both ȝebee and Salmana, thou mayst se serteyn,
 Itayl and Archage that wurthy remys be,
 Bothe Jannense and Jurye.
 Rome doth stonde before the ryght,
 The temple of Salamon as sylver bryght,
 And here mayst thou se opynly with syght
 Bothe ffraunce and Normandye.

Turne the now on this syde and se here Lumbardye,
 Of spycery ther growyth many an c. balys ;
 Archas and Aragon, and grett Almonye,
 Parys and Portyngale, and the towne of Galys :
 Pownteys and Poperynge, and also Pycardye,
 Erlonde, Scottlonde, and the londe of Walys.
 Grete pylis and castellys thou mayst se with eye,
 ȝa, and alle the wyd werde without mo talys,
 Alle this longygh to me.
 If thou wylt knele down to the grownde,
 And wurchep me now in this stownde,

Alle this world, that is so rownd,
I xal it gyve to the !

Jhesus. Go a bak, thou fowle Sathanas !
In holy Scripture wretyn it is,
Thi Lorde God to wurchipp in every plas,
As for his thralle and thou servaunt his.

Sathan. Out, out, harrow ! alas ! alas !
I woundyr sore what is he this ?
I cannot brynge hym to no trespas,
Nere be no synne to don amys,
He byddyth me gon abakke !
What that he is I kannot se,
Whethyr God or man, what that he be
I kannot telle in no degré :
ffor sorwe I lete a crakke.

Hic venient angeli cantantes et ministrantes ei:—
“ *Gloria tibi, Domine !* ” *Dicens.*

Jhesus. Now, alle mankende, exaample take
By these grete werkys that thou dost se,
How that the devylle of helle so blake
In synne was besy to tempte me ;
ffor alle hise maystryes that he dyd make,
He is overcom and now doth ffele ;
Alle this I suffyr ffor mannys sake,
To teche the how thou xalt rewle the,
Whan the devylle dothe the assayle.
Loke thou concente nevyr to synne,
For no sleytys, ne for no gynne,
And than the victory xalt thou wyne,
The devyl xal lesyn alle his travayl.

To suffyr temptacion it is grett peyn,
If thou withstonde it thou wynnyst grett mede,

Of God the more grace thou hast serteyn,
If thou with-sett the devyl in his dede.
Thow that the fende tempt the ageyn,
Of his power take thou no drede ;
ffor God hath the 3ovyn bothe myght and mayn,
Hym for to with-sytt evyr at nede,
Thou hast more myght than he.
Whan the devyl doth tempte the thoo,
Shewe thi myght agens thi ffoo,
Whan thi sowle partyth the froo,
In blysse than xal it be. *Amen!*

XXIII. THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

Hic de muliere in adulterio deprehensa.

Jhesus. Nolo mortem peccatoris !

Man for thi synne take repentaunce,
If thou amende that is amys,

Than hevyn xal be thin herytaunce ;
Thow thou have don azens God grevauns,
3ett mercy to haske loke thou be bolde,
His mercy doth passe in trewe balauns,
Alle cruel jugement be many folde.

Thow that 3our synnys be nevyr so grett,
ffor hem be sad and aske mercy ;
Sone of my ffadyr grace 3e may gett,
With the leste teer wepynge owte of 3our ey.
My ffadyr me sent the, man, to bye,
Alle thi raunsom mysylfe must pay ;
ffor love of the mysylfe wyl dye,
Iff thou aske mercy, I sey nevyr nay.

Into the erthe ffrom hevyn above,
Thi sorwe to sese and joy to restore,
Man, I cam down, alle ffor thi love,—
Love me ageyn, I aske no more !
Thow thou myshappe and synne ful sore,
3it turne a3en and mercy crave ;

It is thi fawte and thou be lore,
Haske thou mercy and thou xalt have.

Uppon thi neybore be not vengabyl,
Ageyn the lawe if he offende ;
Lyke as he is, thou art unstabyl,
Thyn owyn frelté evyr thou attende.
Evermore thi neybore helpe to amende,
Evyn as thou woldyst he xulde the ;
Ageyn hym wrathe if thou accende,
The same in happ wylle falle on the.

Eche man to othyr be mercyable,
And mercy he xal have at nede ;
What man of mercy is not trefable,
Whan he askythe mercy he xal not spede.
Mercy to graunt I com indede ;
Whoso aske mercy he xal have grace ;
Lett no man dowte for his mysdede,
But evyr aske mercy, whyl he hath space.

Scriba. Alas ! Alas ! oure lawe is lorn !
A ! fals ypocryte, Jhesu be name,
That of a sheppherdis dowtyr was born,
Wyl breke oure lawe and make it lame.
He wyl us werke ryght mekyl shame,
His fals purpos if he upholde ;
Alle oure lawys he dothe defame,
That stynkyng beggere is woundyr bolde.

Phariseus. Sere scribe, in feyth that ypocryte
Wyl turue this londe al to his lore ;
Therefore I councele hym to indyte,
And chastyse hym ryght wel therfore.

Scriba. On hym beleve many a score,
In his prechyng he is so gay ;
Eche man hym ffolwygh ever more and more,
Azens that he seyth no man seyth nay.

Phariseus. A ffals qwarel if we cowde feyne,
That ypocrite to puttyn in blame ;
Alle his prechyng xulde sone disteyne,
And than his wurchepp xuld turne to shame.
With sum falshede to spyllyn his name
Lett us assay, his lore to spylle ;
The pepyl with hym yff we cowde grame,
Than xulde we sone have al oure wylle.

Accusator. Herke, sere pharysew, and sere scribe,
A ryght good sporte I kan 3ow telle,
I undyrtake that ryght a good brybe
We alle xul have to kepe councele.
A fayre 3onge qwene here by doth dwelle,
Bothe ffresche and gay upon to loke,
And a talle man with her dothe melle,—
The wey into hyr chawmere ryght evyn he toke.

Lett us thre now go streyte thedyr,
The wey fful evyn I xalle 3ow lede ;
And we xul take them bothe togedyr,
Whylle that thei do that synful dede.

Scriba. Art thou sekыр that we xal spede ?
Shalle we hym fynde whan we cum there ?

Accusator. Be my trowthe I have no drede,
The hare fro the fforme we xal arere.

Phariseus. We xal have game and this be trewe !
Lete us thre werke by on assent,
We wyl here brynge evyn beforн Jhesu,
And of here lyff the truthe present ;

How in advowtrye hyre lyff is lent ;
 Than hym beforu whan she is browth,
 We xul hym aske the trew jugement,
 What lawful deth to here is wrouthe ?

Of grace and mercy hevyr he dothe preche,
 And that no man xulde be vengeable ;
 Ageyn the woman if he sey wreche,
 Than of his prechyng he is unstabyl ;
 And if we fynde hym varyable
 Of his prechyng that he hath tawth,
 Than have we cawse, bothe juste and able,
 ffor a fals man that he be cawth.

Scriba. Now, be grete God, 3e sey fful welle :
 If we hym fyndyn in varyaunce,
 We have good reson, as 3e do telle,
 Hym for to brynge to foule myschauns.
 If he holde styлле his dalyauns,
 And preche of mercy hire for to save ;
 Than have we mater of gret substauns,
 Hym for to kille and putt in grave.

Grett reson why I xal 3ow telle ;
 ffor Moyse dothe bydde in oure lawe,
 That every advowterere we xuld qwelle,
 And 3itt with stony thei xulde be slawe ;
 Ageyn Moyse if that he drawe,
 That synful woman with grace to helpe,
 He xal nevyr skape out of oure awe,
 But he xal dye lyke a dogge whelpe.

Accusator. 3e tary ovyr longe, seres, I sey 3ow,
 They wyl sone parte, as that I gesse ;
 Therfore if 3e wyl have 3our pray now,
 Lete us go take them in here whantownnesse.

Phariseus. Goo thou befor the wey to dresse,
We xal the ffolwe within short whyle;
Iff that we may that quene dystresse,
I hope we xal Jhesu begyle.

Scriba. Breke up the dore, and go we inne,
Sett to the shuldyr with alle thi myght;
We xal hem take evyn in here synne,
Here owyn trespas shal them indite.

*Hic juvenis quidam extra currit indeploydo, calligis non
ligatis, et braccas in manu tenens, et dicit accusator,*

Accusator. Stow that harlot sum erthely wyght,
That in advowtrye here is ffownde.

Juvenis. Jiff any man stow me this nyth,
I xal hym 3eve a dedly wownde.
If any man my wey doth stoppe
Or we departe, ded xal I be;
I xal this daggare putt in his croppe,
I xal hem kille or he xal me.

Phariseus. Grett Goddys curse mut go with the,
With suche a shrewe wylle I not melle.

Juvenis. That same blyssynge I 3yff 3ow thre,
And qwhethe 3ow alle to the devyl of helle;
In feyth I was so sore affrayd
Of 3one thre shrewys, the sothe to say,
My breche be nott 3ett welle up teyd,
I had such hast to renne away:
Thei xal nevyr cacche me in suche affray,—
I am fulle glad that I am gon.
Adewe! adewe! a xx^u. devyl way,
And Goddys curse have 3e everychon.

Scriba. Come forthe, thou stotte! com forthe, thou scowte!
Come forthe, thou bysmare and brothel bolde!

Come fforthe, thou hore, and stynkyng byche clowte !
How longe hast thou suche harlotry holde ?

Phariseus. Come forth, thou quene ! come fforthe, thou sco!
Com forth, thou sloveyn ! com fforthe, thou slutte !
We xal the teche with carys colde,
A lytyl bettyr to kepe thi kutte.

Mulyer. A ! mercy, mercy, seres, I 3ow pray,
ffor Goddys love have mercy on me !
Of my myslevyng me not bewray,
Have mercy on me, for charyté !
Accusator. Aske us no mercy, it xal not be ;
We xul so ordeyn ffor thi lot,
That thou xalt dye ffor thin advowtrye ;
Therefore come fforthe, thou stynkyng stott !

Mulier. Seres, my wurchep if 3e wyl save,
And helpe I have non opyn shame ;
Bothe gold and sylvyr 3e xul have,
So that in clenness 3e kepe my name.
Scriba. Mede ffor to take, we were to blame,
To save suche stottys, it xal not be ;
We xal bryng the to such a game,
That alle advowtereres xul lern be the.

Mulier. Stondynge 3e wyl not graunt me grace,
But for my synne that I xal dye ;
I pray 3ow kille me here in this place,
And lete not the pepyl upon me crye.
If I be sclaudryd opynly,
To alle my frendys it xal be shame :
I pray 3ow kille me prevyly,
Let not the pepyl knowe my defame !

Phariseus. ffy on the, scowte ! the devyl the qwelle !
Ageyn the lawe xul we the kille ?

ffyrst xal hange the the devyl of helle,
Or we suche folyes xulde ffulfyllle ;
Thow it lyke the nevyr so ille,
Befforn the prophete thou xalt have lawe,
Lyke as Moyses doth charge us tylle,
With grett stonys thou xalt be slawe.

Accusator. Com forthe apase, thou stynkyng scowte !
Before the prophete thou were this day ;
Or I xal 3eve the suche a clowte,
That thou xalt falle downe evyn in the way.
Scriba. Now, be grett God ! and I the pay,
Suche a buffett I xal the take,
That alle the tethe, I dare wel say,
Withinne thin heed ffor who xul shake.

Phariseus. Herke, sere prophete, we alle 3ow pray
To gyff trewe dome and just sentence
Upon this woman, whiche this same day
In synfulle advowtery hath don offense.

*Hic Jhesus, dum isti accusant mulierem, continue debet
digito suo scribere in terra,*

Accusator. Se, we have brought here to 3our presens,
Becawse 3e ben a wys prophete,
That 3e xal telle be consyens,
What dethe to hyre 3e thynke most mete.

Scriba. In Moyses lawe ryght thus we fynde,
That suche fals lovers xul be slayn,
Streyte to a stake we xul hem bynde,
And with grett stonys brest out ther brayn.
Of 3our concyens telle us the playn,
With this woman what xal be wrought ;
Shalle we letc here go qwyte agayn,
Or to hire dethe xal she be brought ?

Jhesu nichil respondit, sed semper scribyt in terra,

Mulier. Now, holy prophete, be mercyable !

Upon me, wrecche, take no vengeaunce !
ffor my synnys abhomynable,

In hert I have grett repentaunce.
I am wel wurthy to have myschaunce,
Bothe bodyly dethe and werdly shame ;
But gracyous prophete of socurraunce,
This tyme pray 3ow for Goddys name.

Phariseus. Ageyn the lawe thou dedyst offens,

Therfore of grace speke thou no more ;
As Moyses gevyth in law sentens,
Thou xalt be stonyd to deth therfore.
Accusator. Ha don, eere prophete, telle us 3oure lore ;
Xul we this woman with stonys kylle ?
Or to hire hous hire home restore ?
In this mater telle us 3our wyll.

Scriba. In a colde stodye me thynkyth 3e sytt ;

Good sere, awake, telle us 3our thought :
Xal she be stonyd ? telle us 3our wytt,—
Or in what rewle xal sche be brought ?
Jhesus. Loke whiche of 3ow that nevyr synne wrought,
But is of lyff clenner than she,
Cast at here stonys, and spare here nowght,
Clene out of synne if that 3e be.

*Hic Jhesus iterum se inclinans scribet in terra, et omnes
accusatores quasi confusi separatim in tribus locis se dis-
jungent.*

Phariseus. Alas ! alas ! I am ashamyd !

I am afferde that I xal deye ;
Alle myn synnys evyn propyrly namyd
3ou prophete dede wryte befor myn eye.

Iff that my felawys that dude aspye,
They wylle telle it bothe ffer and wyde ;
My sunfulle levyng if thei out crye,
I wot nevyr wher myn heed to hyde.

Accusator. Alas ! for sorwe myn herte doth blede,
Alle myn synnys 3on man dude wryte ;
If that my felawys to them toke hede,
I kannot me ffrom deth acquyte.
I wold I wore hyd sumwhere out of syght,
That men xuld me no where se ne knowe ;
Iff I be take I am afflyght
In mekyl shame I xal be throwe.

Scriba. Alas ! the tyme that this betyd,
Ryght byttyr care doth me embrace !
Alle my synnys be now unhyd,
3on man befor me hem alle doth trace.
If I were onys out of this place,
To suffyr deth gret and vengeauns able ;
I wyl nevyr come befor his face,
Thow I xulde dye in a stable.

Mulier. Thow I be wurthy ffor my trespas
To suffyr dethe abhomynable,
3itt, holy prophete, of 3our hy3 grace
In 3our jugement be mercyable.
I wyl nevyr more be so unstable,
O, holy prophete ! graunt me mercy !
Of my synnys unresonable,
With alle myn hert I am sorry.

Jhesus. Where be thi fomen that dude the accuse ?
Why have thei lefte us to alone ?

Mulier. Bycawse they cowde nat hemself excuse,
With shame they fled hens everychone ;

But, gracyous prophete, lyst to my mone !

Of my sorwe take compassyon !

Now alle myn enmyes hens be gone,

Sey me sum wurde of consolacion.

Jhesus. ffor tho synnys that thou hast wrought,

Hath any man condempnyd the ?

Mulier. Nay forsothe that hathe ther nought,

Butt in 3our grace I putt me.

Jhesus. ffor me thou xalt nat condempnyd be ;

Go hom ageyn and walke at large :

Loke that thou leve in honesté,

And wyl no more to synne, I the charge.

Mulier. I thanke 3ow hy3ly, holy prophete,

Of this grett grace 3e have me graunt ;

Alle my lewde lyff I xal doun lets,

And ffonde to be Goddys trewe servaunt.

Jhesus. What man of synne be repentaunt,

Of God if he wyl mercy crave,

God of mercy is so habundawnt,

That what man haske it he xal it have.

Whan man is contrite, and hath wonne grace,

God wele not kepe olde wrethe in mynde,

But bettyr love to hem he has,

Very contryte whan he them fynde.

Now God, that dyed ffor alle mankende,

Save alle these pepyl, both nyght and day !

And of oure synnys he us unbynde,

Hy3e Lorde of hevyn, that best may ! *Amen.*

XXIV. LAZARUS.

Hic incipit de suscitatione Lazari.

Lazarus. God, that alle thynges dede make of nowth,
And puttyst eche creature to his fenaunce,
Save thyn handwerke that thou hast wrought,
As thou art lord of his substauns !
O, gracyous God ! att thi plesauns,
Of my dysese now comforte me,
Whiche thorowe syknes hath suche penawnce,
On ethys ffor heed-ache may I now se.

Systyr Martha and Mawdelyn eke,
What hast helpe me in bedde to dresse ;
ffor trewly I am so woundyrly seke,
I may nevyr schape this grett seknes.
My deth is com now I gesse,
Help into chawmere that I be led,
My grett desesse I hope xal lesse,
If I were leyd upon a bed.

Martha. Lazarus, brother, be of good cher,
I hope 3our syknes ryght wel xal slake ;
Upon this bed rest 3ow rygh here,
And a good slep assay to take.

Magdalyn. Now, jentyll brothyr, ffor Goddys sake
Lyfte up 3owre herte and be not feynt ;
An hevy householde with us 3e make,
If dedly syknes have 3ow ateynt.

Lazarus. fforsothe, dere systeryn, I may not slepe,

My syknes so sore dothe evyr encrese ;
Of me I pray 3ow take ryght good kepe,
Tyll that my peyne begynne relese.

Martha. God graunt grace that it may sese,
Of syknes God make 3ow sownde ;
Or ellys oure joy wylle sone dyscres,
In so grett paynes if 3e ly bownde.

Magdalyn. A ! brothir, brothir, lyfte up 3oure herte,
3our hevvy cher doth us grevaunce ;
If deth from us 3ow xulde departe,
Than were we brought in comberaunce.
3e be oure brothyr syb of alyaunce,
If 3e wore deed, than had we none ;
3e do us brynge in distemperaunce,
Whan 3e us telle 3e xal hens gone.

Primus consolator. Dame Martha and Magdalyne,
How faryth 3our brothir ? lete us hym se.

Martha. He is ryght seke and hath grett pyne,
I am aferde deed he xal be.

Magdalyn. A man may have ryght grett peté,
The fervent hete of hym to fele.

Secundus consolator. Take 3e no thought in no degré,
I hope that he xal ffare ffyl wele.

Martha. He may nat leve, his colowre doth chaunge,
Come to his bed, 3e xal hym se.

Magdalyn. Iff he longe leve, it wyl be straunge,
But as God wole, so mut it be ;

Chere hym, gode frendys, ffor charyté,
Comforte of hym we kan non gete.

Alas ! alas ! what eylyght me,
Myne herte for wo is wundyr grete.

Tertius consolator. Ah, heyl ! syr Lazarus, how do 3e fare ?

How do 3e ffele 3ow in 3our herte ?

Lazarus. I am with syknes alle woundyn in care,

And loke whan deth me xulde departe.

Quartus consolator et nuncius. 3e xal have hele and leve
in qwart,

If 3e wol take to 3ow good chere.

Lazarus. Whan deth on me hath shet his dart,

I xal have hele and ly on bere.

Primus consolator. Be of good comforte and thynke not so,

Put out of herte that idyl thought ;

3oure owyn mysdemynge may werke 3ow wo,

And cause 3ow sonere to dethe be brought.

Secundus consolator. With gret syknes thow 3e be sought,

Upon 3ouresylf have no mystruste ;

If that 3e have, I wundyr ryght nought,

Thow 3e be deed and cast in duste.

Tertius consolator. Many on hathe had ryght grett
syknesse,

And aftyr hath had his hele ageyn ;

And many a man, this is no lesse,

With his wantruste hymself hathe slayn.

3e be a man of ryght sad brayn,

Thow that 3our syknes greve 3ow ryght ille,—

Pluk up 3our herte with myght and mayn,

And chere 3oursylf with alle 3our wylle.

Lazarus. Ageyn my syknes ther is non ese,

But Jhesu Cryst, my maystyr dere,

If that he wyst of my dysse,

Ryght sone I trust he wolde ben here.

Quartus consolator. I xal go to hym withoutyn dwere,

And of 3our syknes telle hym serteyne ;

Loke that 3e be of ryght good chere,
 Whylle that I go and com ageyn.

Martha. Now, jentyl ffrend, telle hym ryght thus,
 He that he lovyth hath grett syknes,
 Hedyr to come and comforte us,
 Say that we prayd hym of his goodnes.

Magdalyn. Recomende us onto his hyznes,
 And telle hym alle oure hertys wo;
 But he comforte oure hevynes,
 Oure werdly joy away wyl go.

Quartus consolator et nuncius. The trewthe fforsothe alle
 every dele,

As 3e have told, so xal I say;
 Go to 3our broythyр and cheryse hym wele,
 ffor I walke fforthe streyte in my way.

Martha. What chere, good brothyр? telle me I pray;
 What wele 3e ete? what wele 3e drynk?
 Loke what is plesynge to 3our pay;—
 3e xal have what 3e wole thynke.

Lazarus. My wynde is stoppyd, gon is my brethe,—
 And dethe is come to make myn ende;
 To God in hevyn my sowle I qwethe,—
 ffurwelle, systeryn, for hens I wende.

Hic Lazarus moritur, etc.

Magdalyn. Alas! ffor wo myn here I rende,
 Myn owyn dere brothyр lyth here now ded;
 Now have we lost a trusty ffrende,—
 The sybbest blood of oure kynreed!

Martha. Alas! alas! and weleway!
 Now be we tweyn bothe brothyрles!

ffor who my hert is colde as clay ;
 A ! hoo xal comforte oure carefulnes ?
 Ther had nevyr woman more doolfulnes ;
 A ! systyr Magdalyn, what is 3our reed ?
 What whith may helpe oure hevynes,
 Now that oure brother is gon and deed ?

Magdalyn. Alas ! dere systyr, I cannot telle ;
 The best comforte that I can sey,
 But sum man do us sle and qwelle,
 Lete us ly down by hym and dey.
 Alas ! why went he alone away ?
 If we had deyd with hym also,
 Than had oure care alle turnyd to pley,
 Ther now alle joye is turnyd to woo.

Primus consolator. Be of good comforte and thank God
 of al,

ffor dethe is dew to every man ;
 What tyme that deth on us xal ffal,
 Non erthely wyght the oure telle can.

Martha. We alle xul dye, that is sertan,
 But 3it the blood of kynde nature,
 When dethe the brothyr away hath tan,
 Must nedys murne that sepulture.

Secundus consolator. Good ffrendys, I pray 3ow holde
 3our pes,

Alle 3our wepynge moy not amende itt ;
 Of 3our sorwinge therfore now ses,
 And helpe he were buryed in a cley pitt.

Magdalyn. Alas ! that wurde myn herte doth slytt,
 That he must now in cley be grave ;
 I wolde sum man my throte wulde kytt,
 That I with hym myght lyne in cave.

Tertius consolator. Bothe heed and foot now he is wounde,
 In a schete bothe fayr and clene,
 Lete us here hym streyte to that grounde,
 Where that ye thynke his grave xal bene.
Martha. We be falsche lothe that pytt to sen;
 But standynge it may no bettyr be,
 The coars take up yow thre betwen,
 With carefulte herte yow solwe xal we.

Hic portavit corpus ad sepeliendum.

Magdalena. Alas ! comforte I se non othyr,
 But alle of sorwe, and care, and woo;
 We daisfalle women must burry oure brothir,
 Alas ! that deth me wyl not slo.
 If I to pytt with hym myght go,
 Therin evynmore with hym to abyde,
 Than were my care alle went me fro,
 Ther now grett sorwe doth wounde me wyde.

Primus consolator. This coars we burry here in this pytte,
 Alkemyghty God the soule mut have;
 And with this ston this grave we shytt,
 ffrō ravenous bestes the body to save.
Magdalena. He is now brought into his cave,
 My hert ffor woo this syght doth kille;
 Lete us sytt down here by the grave,
 Or we go hens wepe alle oure fflyle.

Martha. Us for to wepe no man may lett,
 Before oure face to se this syght.
 Alas ! qwhy doth deth us not fett,
 Us for to brynge to this same plyght ?

Secundus consolator. Arys, for shame, ye do not ryght,
 Streyth from this grave he xul go hens.
 For to grugge ageyns Godys myght,
 Offens hy; God ye do offens.

Magdalen. Syth I must nedys with 3ow hens gon,
My brotheres grave lete me fyrst kys ;
Alas ! no whith may helpe my mon,
ffarewel, my brother ! farewel, my blys !

Tertius consolator. Hom to 3our place we xal 3ow wysse,
ffor Goddys love be of good chere ;
Indede 3e do ryght sore amys,
So sore to wepe, as 3e do here.

Martha. Lete us go hom than to oure place,
We pray 3ow alle with us to abyde ;
Us to comforte with sum solace,
Tyl that oure sorwe doth slake and sclyde.

Primus consolator. 3ow for to comforte at every tyde,
We xalle dwelle here bothe nyght and day,
And God that made this werd so wyde,
Be 3owre comforte, that best may.

Hic quartus consolator et nuncius loquitur Jhesu dicens,

Quartus consolator. Heyl, holy prophete, Jhesu by name !
Martha and Mawdelyn, tho systeryn too,
Recommende hem to 3our hy3 fame,
And bad me sey to 3ow thus, loo !
How that Lazarus, qwhiche that 3e lovyd so,
With grett syknes is sore dyssesyd ;
To hym they prayd 3ow that 3e wolde goo,
If that 3our hy3nes therwith were plesyd.

Jhesus. Dedly syknes Lazarus hath non,
But for to shewe Goddys grete glorye ;
ffor that syknes is ordeynyed alon,
The sone of God to gloryfie.

Nuncius. They be in dowte that he xal deye,
Grett syknes hym sore doth holde ;

ffor verrent hete his blood dothe dreye,
His colore chaungyth, as they me tolde.

Jhesus. Goo hom ageyn, and telle hem thus,
I xal come to hem whan that I may.

Nunciu. At your comaundement, O propbete Jhesus!
I xal hem telle, as 3e do say.

Jhesus. Com forthe, bretheryn, walke we oure way,
Into Jurye go we anon;
I cam not there ful many a day,
Therefore thedyr now wyl I gon.

Omnes discipuli. The Jewys agsyn the were grym and
grylle,

Whan thou were there wolde the a slayn;
With stonys they sowte the ffor to kyll,
And wylt thou now go thedyr ageyn.

Jhesus. Xij. owrys the day hathe in certeyn,
In them to walke bothe clere and bryght;
He xal not stomble ageyn hylle nor pleyn,
That goth the wey whyl it is day lyght.

But if men walke whan it is nyght,
Sone they offende in that dyrknes,
Becawse they may have no cler syght,
They hurte there ffete ofte in suche myrkenes.
But as ffor this, 3itt nevyrthelesse,
The cawse therfore I thedyr wyl wende,
Is ffor to reyse, ffrom bedde expresse,
Lazarus that slepyth, oure althere ffrende.

Omnes discipuli. Of his syknes he xal be save,
If that he slepe, good sygne it is.

Jhesus. Lazarus is deed and leyd in grave,
Of his slepynge 3e deme amys;

I was not there, 3e knew weyl this,
To strengthe 3oure feyth I am ful glad.
Therefore I telle 3ow the trewthe i-wys,
Oure ffrende is deed and undyr erthe clad.

Thomas. Than goo we alle ryght evyn streyth thedyr,
There as oure ffrende Lazarus is deed ;
And lete us deye with hym togedyr,
Ther as he lyth in the same stede.

Jhesus. The ffor to deye have thou no drede,
The wey streyth thedyr in hast we take ;
Be the grett myght of myn Godhede,
Oute of his slepe he xal awake.

Nuncius. Alle heyl ! Martha and Mawdelyn eke,
To Jhesu I have 3our massage seyd,
I tolde hym how that 3our brothyr was seke,
And with grett peyn in his bed leyd.
He bad 3e xulde not be dysmayde,
Alle his syknes he xal askape ;
He wylle byn here within a brayde,
As he me tolde, he comyth in rape.

Mawdelyn. That holy prophete doth come to late,
Oure brothyr is beryed iij. days or this ;
A grett stone stoppyth the pyttys gate,
There as oure brothere beryde is.

Nuncius. Is Lazarus deed ? now God his sowle blys !
3it loke 3e take non hevynes,
So longe to wepe 3e don amys,
It may not helpe 3our sorynes.

Martha. Oute of myn herte alle care to lete,
Alle sorwe and wo to caste away,

I xal go forth in the strete

To mete with Jhesu, if that I may.

Secundus consolator. God be your spede bothe evyr and ay,
ffor with your sustyr we wyl abyde;

Here to comforte we xal assay,

And alle here care to caste asyde.

Tertius consolator. Mary Mawdelyn, be of good herte,

And wel bethynke you in your mynde,

Ecche creature hens must depart,

Ther is no man but hens must wende !

Deth to no wyht can be a frende,

Alle thinge to erthe he wyl downe cast ;

Whan that God wol alle thyng hath ende,

Longere than hym lyst nothyng may last.

Magdalen. I thanke you, frendys, ffor your good chere,

Myn hed doth ake, as it xulde brest ;

I pray you, therefore, while ye ben here,

A lytil whyle that I may rest.

Quartus consolator nuncius. That Lord that made bothe
est and west,

Graunt you good grace suche rest to take,

That onto hym xulde please most best,

As he this worlde of nought dyd make !

Martha. A ! gracyous Lord, had ye ben here,

My brother Lazarus this tyme had lyvyd ;

But iiij. days gon upon a bere

We dede hym berye whan he was ded.

3itt now I knowe withowtyn drede,

What thyng of God that thou do crave,

Thou xalt spede of the hy3 Godheede,

What so thou aske thou xalt it have.

Jhesus. Thy brothyr Lazarus azen xal ryse,
A levyngge man azen to be.

Martha. I woot wel that at the grett last syse,
He xal aryse and also we.

Jhesus. Resurreccion thou mast me se,
And hendeles lyff I am also ;
What man that deyth and levyth in me,
ffrom deth to lyve he xal ageyn go.

Eche man in me that feytheful is,
And ledyth his lyff aftere my lore,
Of hendeles lyff may he nevyr mys,
Evere he xal leve and deye nevyr more.
The body and sowle I xal restore
To endeles joye, dost thou trowe this ?

Martha. I hope in the, O Cryst ! ful sore,
Thou art the Sone of God in blys !

Thy ffadyr is God of lyff endeles,
Thiself is Sone of lyff and gras ;
To sese these wordlys wrecchydnes,
ffrom hefne to erth ethou toke the pas.

Jhesus. Of hevynly myght ryght grett solas,
To alle this world me xul sone se ;
Go, calle thi systyr into this plas,
Byd Mary Mawdelyn come hedyr to me.

Martha. At thi byddyng I xalle here calle,
In hast we were here 3ow befor.

Mawdelyn. Alas ! my mowthe is byttyr as galle,
Grett sorwyn my herte on tweyn hath scorne ;
Now that my brothyr from syth is lorn,
Ther may no myrthe my care releve.
Alas, the tyme that I was borne !
The swerde of sorwe myn hert doth cleve.

Primus consolator. For his dere love that alle that
wrought,

Ses sumtyme of your wepyng,
And putt alle thyng out of thought,
Into this care that you doth bryng.

Secundus consolator. Je do yourself ryght grett hyndryng,
And short youre lyf or je beware ;
For Goddys love, ses of your sorwyng,
And with good wysdam refreyn your care.

Martha. Sustyr Magdalen, come out of halle,
Our maystyr is com, as I you say ;
He sent me hedyr you for to calle,
Come forthe in hast, as I you pray.

Magdalen. Ha ! where hath he ben many a longe day ?
Alas ! why cam he no sonere hedyr ?
In hast I folwe you anon the way,
Me thynkyth longe or I come thedyr.

Tertius consolator. Herke, gode frendys, I you pray,
Aftyr this woman in hast we wende ;
I am aferde ryght in good fay,
Hereself for sorwe that she wyl shende.

Nuncius. Here brothyr so sore is in hire mende,
She may not ete, drynke, nor slepe ;
Streyste to his grave she goth on ende,
As a mad woman, ther for to wepe.

Magdalen. A ! sovereyn Lord, and mayster dere !
Had je with us ben in presens,
Than had my brother on lyve ben here,
Nat ded but qwyk, that now is hens.
Ageyn deth is no resystens,
Alas ! myn hert is woundyrly wo,

Whan that I thynke of his absens,
That 3e 3ourself in herte lovyd so.

Primus consolator. Whan we have mynd of his sore dethe,
He was to us so gentyl and good,
That mend of hym oure hertes sleth,
The losse of hym doth marre oure mood.

Secundus consolator. Be bettyr neybore nevyr man stood,
To every man he was ryght hende ;
Us he dede refresche with drynk and food,
Now he is gon, gon is oure frende !

Jhesus. 3owre grett wepynge doth me constreyne
ffor my good ffrend to wepe also ;
I cannot me for wo restreyn,
But I must wepe lyke as 3e do.

Hic Jhesus fingit se lacrimari.

Tertius consolator. Beholde this prophete, how he doth
wepe lo !

He lovyd Lazarus ryght woundyrly sore,
He wolde not ellys for hym thus wepe so,
But if that his love on hym were the more.

Nuncius. A straw for thi tale, what nedyth hym to wepe ?
A man born blynde dyde he nat 3eve syght ?
Myght he not thanne his frende on lyve kepe,
Be the vertu of that same hy3 myght ?

Jhesus. Where is he put ? telle me anon ryght ;
Brynge me the weye streyth to his grave.

Martha. Lord ! at 3our wylle we xal brynge 3ow tyght,
Evyn to that place ther he doth lyve in cave.

Magdalyn. Whan that we had the massangere sent,
Or he had fullyche half a myle gon,

Deyd my brother, and up we hym hent,
Here in this grave we beryed hym anon.

Jhesus. The myght of the Godhed xal gladd 3ow everychon,
Suche syght xal he se hens or 3e wende ;
Sett to 3our handys, take of the ston,
A syght lete me have of Lazarus my ffrende.

Martha. He stynkygh ryght fowle longe tyme or this,
Iii. days gon forsothe he was dede.
Lete hym ly styлле ryght evyn as he is,
The stynke of his careyn myght hurte us I drede.
Jhesus. As I have the tolde, syght of the Godhede
Thyself xuldyst have, feythful if thou be ;
Take of the ston, do aftyr my rede,
The glorye of the Godhede anon 3e xal se.

Primus consolator. 3oure byddynges xal be done a ful
swyfte,

Sett to 3our handys and helpe echone ;
I pray 3ow, seres, help me to lyfte,
I may not reyse it myself alon.

Secundus consolator. In feyth it is an holy ston,
Ryth sad of weyth and hevy of peys.

Tertius consolator. Thow it were twyes so hevy as on,
Undyr us foure we xal it reyse.

Nuncius. Now is the ston take ffrom the cave,
Here may men se a rewly sygth
Of this ded body that lyth here in grave,
Wrappyd in a petefful plyght.

Jhesus elevatis ad cælum oculis, dicit,

I thanke the, Fadyr, of thin hy3 myght,
That thou hast herd my prayour this day ;

I know ful wel, bothe day and nyght,
Ever thou dost graunt that I do say.

But for this pepyl that stondyth about,
And beleve not the power of the and me;
Them for to brynge clene out of dowl,
This day oure myght they alle xul se.

Hic Jhesus clamat voce magna, dicens,

Lazarus! Lazarus! my frende so fre!
ffrom that depe pitt come out anon!
Be the grett myght of the hy3 magesté,
Alyve thou xalt on erthe ageyn gon.

Lazarus. At 3oure comaundement I ryse up ful ryght,
Heyn, helle, and erthe 3oure byddyng must obeye;
ffor 3e be God and man, and Lord of most myght,
Of lyff and of deth 3e have bothe lok and keye.

Hic resurget Lazarus ligatis manibus et pedibus ad modum sepulturi, et dicit Jhesus,

Jhesus. Goo forthe, bretheryn, and Lazarus 3e untey,
And alle his bondys losyth hym asundyr:
Late hym walke hom with 3ow in the wey,
Ageyn Godes myght this meracle is now undyr.

Petrus. At 3our byddynghe his bondys we unbynde,
Alle thynghe muste lowte unto 3our magesté!
Be this grett meracle opynly we fynde,
Very God and man in trewthe that 3e be.

Johannes. That thou art very God every man may se,
Be this meracle so grett and so mervaylle;
Alle thynghe undyr hevyn must nedys obeye the,—
Whan azens the thowh deth be, he may not prevaylle.

Omnes Consolatores. We allewith o voys ffor God do the
knowe,

And for oure Savyour we do the reverens;
Alle oure hool love now in the doth growe,
O sovereyn Lord of most excellens!
Helpe us of 3our grace whan that we go hens,
ffor azens deth us helpyht not to stryve,
But a3en 3our myght is no resistens,
Oure dethe 3e may aslake and kepe us styлле on lyve.

Jhesus. Now I have shewyd in opyn syght,
Of my Godhed the gret glorie;
To-ward my passyon I wyl me dyght,
The tyme is nere that I must deye.

ffor alle mankynde his sowle to bye,

A crown of thorn xal perchyn myn brayn,
And on the mont of Calvarye,
Upon a cros I xal be slayn.

XXV. THE COUNCIL OF THE JEWS.

Demon. I am your lord Lucifer, that out of helle cam,
Prince of this werd, and gret duke of helle.
Wherefore my name is clepyd Sere Satan,
Wheche aperyth among you a matere to spelle.

I am norssher of synne to the confusyon of man,
To bryng hym to my dongeon ther in fyre to dwelle.
Ho so evyr serve me, so reward hym I kan,
That he xal syng weleaway ever in peynes ffelle.

Lo! thus bountevous a lord than now am I,
To reward so synners, as my kend is ;
Whoso wole folwe my lore and serve me dayly,
Of sorwe and peyne anow he xal nevyr mys.

ffor I began in hefne synne for to sowe,
Amonge alle the angellys that weryn there so bryth ;
And therefore was I cast out into helle ful lowe,
Notwythstandyng I was the fayrest and berere of lyth.

yet in drowe in my tayle of tho angelys bryth ;
With me into helle takyth good hed what I say ;
I leste but tweyn azens on to abyde there in lyth,
But the iiij.^{de} part come with me, this may not be
seyd nay.

Takyth hed to your prince than, my pepyl everychon,
And seyth what maystryes in hefne I gan ther do play ;

To gete a thowsand sowlys in an houre me thynkyth it
 but skorn,
 Syth I wan Adam and Eve on the fyrst day.

But now mervelous mendys rennyn in myn rememberawns,
 Of on Cryst wiche is clepyd Joseph and Maryes sone ;
 Thryes I tempte hym be ryth sotylle instawnce,
 Aftyr he fast fourty days ageyns sensual myth or reson.

ffor of the stonys to a mad bred, but sone I had conclusyon,
 Than upon a pynacle, but angelys were to hym as-
 systent ;

His answerys were mervelous, I knew not his intencion ;
 And at the last to veyn glory, but nevyr I had myn intent.

And now hath he xij. dyscypulys to his attendauns,
 To eche towne and cety he sendyth hem as bedellys ;
 In dyverce place to make ffor hym purvyauns,
 The pepyl of hese werkys fful grettly merveyllys.
 To the crokyd, blynd, and dowme, his werkys prevaylys,
 Lazarus that foure days lay ded his lyff recuryd ;
 And where I purpose me to tempt, anon he me asaylys ;
 Mawdelyn playn remyssyon also he hath ensuryd.

Goddys son he pretendyth and to be born of a mayde,
 And seyth he xal dey for mannys salvacion,
 Than xal the trewth be tryed and no fordere be delayd,
 Whan the soule from the body xal make separacion ;
 And as for hem that be undre my grett domynacion,
 He xal fayle of hese intent and purpose also,
 Be this tyxt of holde remembryd to myn intencion,
 Quia in inferno nulla est redemptio !

But whan the tyme xal neyth of his persecucion,
 I xal arere new engynes of malycious conspiracy,

Plenté of reprevys I xal provide to his confusyon,
Thus xal I false the wordys that his pepyl doth testefy ;
His discipulis xal forsake hym, and here mayster denye,
Innnumberabyt xal hese woundys be of woful grevauns.
A tretowre xal countyrfe his deth to fortyfye ;
The rebukys that he gyf me xal turne to his displeauns.

Some of hese dyscypulys xal be chef of this ordenawns,
That xal fortefye this terme that in trost is treson ;
Thus xal I venge be sotylté al my malycious grevauns ;
ffor nothyng may excede my prudens and dyscrecion.

Gyff me 3our love, grawnt me myn affeccion,
And I wyl uncloze the tresor of lovys alyawns,
And gyff 3ow 3oure desyrys afftere 3oure intencion ;
No poverté xal aproche 3ow, fro plentevous abundauns.

Byholde the dyvercyté of my dysgysyd varyauns,
Eche thyng sett of dewe nateralle dysposycion,
And eche parte acordynge to his resembelauns,
ffro the sool of the ffoot to the hyst asencion.

Off ffyne cordewan a goodly peyre of long pekyd schon ;
Hosyn enclosyd of the most costyous cloth of crenseyn ;
Thus a bey to a jentylman to make comperycion,
With two doseyn poyntys of cheverelle, the aglottes of sylver feyn.

A shert of feyn Holond, but care not for the payment ;
A stomachere of clere reynes the best may be bowth ;
Thow poverté be chef, lete pride ther be present,
And alle tho that repreff pride, thou sette hem at nowth.

Cadace wolle or flokkys, where it may be sowth,
To stuffe withal thi dobbelet, and make the of proporecyon ;

Two smale legges and a gret body, thow it ryme nowth,
3et loke that thou desyre to an the newe faccion.

A gowne of thre 3erdys, loke thou make comparison,
Unto alle degrees dayly that passe thin astat;
A purse withoutyn mony, a daggere for devoscyon;
And there repref is of synne, loke thou make debat.

With syde lokkys I schrewe thin here to thi colere hangyng downe,
To herborwe qweke bestys that tekele men onyth;
An hey smal bonet for curyng of the crowne,
And alle beggeres and pore pepyll have hem in dyspyte.
Onto the grete othys and lycherye gyf thi delyte;
To maynteyn thin astate lete brybory be present;
And yf the lawe repreve the, say thou wylt ffyth,
And gadere the a felachep after thin entent,

Loke thou sett not be precept nor be comawndement,
Both sevyile and canon sett thou at nowth;
Lette no membre of God but with othys be rent;
Lo! thus this werd at this tyme to myn entent is browth.
I, Sathan, with my felawus this werd hath sowth,
And now we han it at houre plesawns;
ffor synne is not shamfast, but boldnes hath bowth,
That xal cause hem in helle to have inerytawns.

A beggerys dowtere to make gret purvyauns,
To cownterfete a jentylwoman, dysgeysed as she can,
And yf mony lakke, this is the newe chevesauns,
With here prevy plesawns to gett it of sum man.
Here colere splayed, and furryd with ermyn, calabere, or satan;
A seyn to selle lechery to hem that wyl bey;
And thei that wyl not by it, yet i-now xal thei han.
And telle hem it is for love, she may it not deney.

I have browth 3ow newe namys, and wyl 3e se why
 ffor synne is so plesaunt to eche mannys intent,
 3e xal kalle pride oneste, and nateralle kend lechory,
 And covetyse wysdam there tresure is present.

Wreth manhod, and envye callyd chastement ;
 Seyse nere sessyon, lete perjery be chef ;
 Gloteny rest, let abstynawnce beyn absent ;
 And he that wole exorte the to vertu, put hem to repreff.

To rehers al my servauntes my matere is to breff,
 But alle these xal everyth the dyvicion eternal ;
 Thow Cryst by his sotylté many materys meef,
 In evyrlastyng peyne with me dwellyn thei xal.

Remembre, oure servauntes, whoys sowlys ben mortalle,
 ffor I must remeffe for more materys to provyde ;
 I am with 3ow at alle tymes whan 3e to councel me calle,
 But for a short tyme myself I devoyde.

Johannes Baptist. I, John Baptyst, to 3ow thus prophesye,
 That on xal come after me and not tary longe,
 In many folde more strengere than I,
 Of whose shon I am not worthy to lose the thonge.
 Wherefore I councel the 3e reforme alle wronge,
 In 3our concyens of the mortalle dedys sevyn,
 And for to do penawns loke that 3e ffrage,
 ffor now xal come the kyngdham of hevyn.

The weys of oure lord cast 3ow to aray,
 And therin to walk loke 3e be applyande ;
 And make his pathys as ryth as 3e may,
 Kepyng ryth forth, and be not declinande.
 Neyther to fele on ryth nor on lefte hande,
 But in the myddys purpose 3ow to holde,

ffor that in alle wyse is most plesande,
As 3e xal here, whan I have tolde.

Of this way for to make moralysacyon,
Be the ryth syde 3e xal undyrstonde mercy,
And on the lefte syde lykkenyd dysperacion,
And the patthe betwyn bothyn, that may not wry,
Schal be hope and drede to walk in perfectly,
Declynyng not to fele, for no maner nede ;
Grete cawsys I xal sheve 3ow why,
'That 3e xal sowe the patthe of hope and drede.

On the mercy of God to meche 3e xal not holde,
As in this wyse behold what I mene ;
ffor to do synne be thou no more bolde,
In trost that God wole merciful bene.
And yf be sensualityté, as it is ofte sene,
Synnyst dedly, thou xalt not therfore dyspeyre ;
But therfore do penawns and confesse the clene,
And of hevyn thou mayst trost to ben eyre.

The pathe that lyth to this blyssyd enherytawns,
Is hope and drede copelyd be conjuncceyon ;
Betwyx these tweyn may be no dysseverawns,
ffor hope withowtyn drede is maner of presumption.
And drede withowtyn hope is maner of dysperacion,
So these tweyn must be knyt be on acorde.
How 3e xal aray the wey. I have made declaracion,
Also the ryth patthis, ajens the comyng of oure Lord.

*Here xal Annas shewyn hymself in his stage, be seyn after a
bussshop of the hoolde lawe, in a skarlet gowne, and over that a
blew tabbard furreyd with whyte, and a mylere on his hed, after
the hoolde lawe ; ij. doctorys stondyng by hym in furreyd hodyx,
and on beforn hem with his staff of estat, and eche of hem on*

here hedys a furryd cappe, with a gret knop in the crowne, and on stondyng befor as a Sarazyn, the wiche xal be his masan-gere. Annas thus seying,

As a prelat am I properyd to provyde pes,
 And of Jewys jewge the lawe to fortifye,
 I, Annas, be my powere xal comawnde dowteles,
 The lawys of Moyses no man xal denye.
 Hoo excede my comawndement anon 3e certefye,
 If any eretyk here reyn to me 3e compleyn,
 For in me lyth the powere, alle trewthys to trye,
 And pryncypaly oure lawys tho must I susteyn.

3ef I may aspey the contrary, no wheyle xal thei reyn,
 But anon to me be browth and stonde present
 Before her jewge, wiche xal not feyn,
 But aftere here trespace to gef hem judgement.
 Now, serys, for a prose herythe myn intent,
 There is on Jhesus of Nazareth that oure lawys doth excede,
 Yf he procede thus we xal us alle repent,
 For oure lawys he dystroyt dayly with his dede.

Therefore be 3our cowncel we must take hede,
 What is be to provyde or do in this case ;
 ffor yf we let hym thus go and ferdere prosede,
 Ageyn Sesare and oure lawe we do trespace.
Primus Doctor. Sere, this is myn avyse that 3e xal do,
 Send to Cayphas for cowncel, knowe his intent ;
 ffor yf Jhesu procé and thus forth go,
 Oure lawys xal be dystroyed, thes so we present.

Secundus doctor. Sere, remembre the gret charge that on 3ow
 is leyd,
 The lawe to ke[pe] whiche may not ffayle ;
 Yf any defawth prevyd of 3ow be seyde,
 The Jewys with trewth wyl 3ow asayl.

Tak hed whath cownsayl may best prevayl,
 After Rewfyn and Leyon I rede that 3e sende,
 They arn temperal jewgys that knowyth the parayl,
 With 3oure cosyn Cayphas this matere to amende.

Annas. Now surely this cowncel revyfe myn berte.
 3oure cowncel is best, as I can se,—
Arfexe, in hast loke that thou styrte,
 And pray Cayphas my cosyn come speke with me.

To Rewfyn and Leon thu go also,
 And pray hem thei speke with me in hast ;
 ffor a pryncipal matere that have to do,
 Wiche must be knowe, or this day be past.

Arfexe. My sovereyn at 3our intent I xal gon,
 In al the hast that I kan hy ;
 Onto Cayphas, Rewfyn, and Lyon,
 And charge 3oure intent that thei xal ply.

Here goth the masangere forth, and in the mene tyme Cayphas shewyth himself in his skafhald arayd lyche to Annas, savyng his tabbard xal be red furreyd with white : ij. doctorys with him arayd with pellys aftyr the old gyse, and furreyd cappys on here hedys. Cayphas thus seyng,

As a primat most prendent I present here sensyble
 Buschopys of the lawe with al the cyrcumstawns ;
 I, Cayphas, am jewge, with powerys possyble,
 To distroye alle erroris that in owre lawys make varyawns.
 Alle thynges I convey be reson and temperawnce,
 And alle materis possyble to me ben palpable ;
 Of the lawe of Moyses I have a chef governawns,
 To severe ryth and wrong in me is termynable.

But ther is on Cryst that oure lawys is varyable,
 He pervertethe pepyl with his prechyng ille ;

We must seke amene onto hym reprevable,
ffor yf he procede, owre lawys he wyl spylle.
We must take good cowncel in this case,
Of the wisest of the lawe that kan the trewth telle ;
Of the jewgys of pharasy and of my cosyn Annas,
For yf he procede be prossesse oure lawys he wyl felle.

Primus doctor. Myn lord, plesyt 3ow to pardon me for
to say,

The blame in 3ow is, as we fynde ;
To lete Cryst contene thus day be day,
With his fals wichecraft the pepyl to blynde.
He werkyth fals meracelis ageyns alle kende,
And makyth oure pepyl to leve hem in ;
It is 3our part to take hym and do hym bynde,
And gyf hym judgement for his gret syn.

Secundus doctor. fforsothe, sere, of trewth this is the case,
Onto oure lawe 3e don oppressyon,
That 3e let Cryst from 3ou pace,
And wyl not don on hym correxion.
Let Annas knowe 3our intencion,
With prestys and jewges of the lawe,
And do Cryst fforsake his fals oppynyon,
Or into a prison lete hem be thrawe.

Cayphas. Wel, seres, 3e xal se withinne short whyle,
I xal correcte hym for his trespas,
He xal no lenger oure pepyl begyle,
Out of myn dawngere he xal not pas.

*Here comyth the masangere to Cayphas, and in the
mene tyme Rewfyn and Lyon schewyn hem in the place,
in ray tabardys furreyd and ray hodys about, here neckys
furreyd, the masangere seyng,*

Myn reverent sovereyn, and it do 3ow plese,
 Sere Annas, my lord hath to 3ou sent,
 He prayt 3ou that 3e xal not sese,
 Tyl that 3e ben with hym present.

Cayphas. Sere, telle myn cosyn I xal not fayl,
 It was my purpose hym for to se,
 ·serteyn materes that wyl prevayle,
 Thow he had notwth a sent to me.

Masangere. I recomende me to 3our hey degré,
 On more massagys I must wende.

Cayphas. ffarewel, sere, and wel 3e be,
 Gret wel my cosene and my ffrende.

Here the masager metyth with the jewges, sayng,

Heyl! jewgys of Jewry, of reson most prudent,
 Of my massage to 3ou I make relacion,
 My lord, sere Annas, hath for 3ou sent,
 To se his presens withowth delacion.

Rewfyn. Sere, we are redy at his comawndement,
 To se sere Annas in his place ;
 It was oure purpose and oure intent,
 To a be with hym withinne short space.

Leyon. We are ful glad his presence to se ;
 Sere, telle him we xal come in hast ;
 No delacion therin xal be,
 But to his presens hye us fast.

Masager. I xal telle my lord this, as 3e say,
 3e wyl fulfyll al his plesawns.

Rewfyn. Sere, telle hym we xal make no delay,
 But come in hast at his instawns.

Here the masangere comyth to Annas, thus seyng,

My lord and it plese 3ou to have intellygens,
 Ser Cayphas comyth to 3ou in hast :

Rewfyn and Lyon wyl se 3our presens,
 And se 3ow here or this day be past.
Annas. Sere, I kan the thank of thi dyligens,
 Now ageyn my cosyn I wole walk ;
 Serys, folwyth me onto his presens,
 ffor of thes materys we must talk.

Here Annas goth down to mete with Cayphas, and in the mene tyme thus seyng,

Cayphas. Now onto Annas let us wende,
 Eche of us to knowe otheres intent :
 Many materes I have in mende,
 The wiche to hym I xal present.

Primus doctor. Sere, of alle othere thyng remembre this
 case,

Loke that Jhesus be put to schame.

Secundus doctor. Whan we come present beforn Annas,
 Whe xal rehers alle his gret blame.

Here the buschopys with here clerkes and the Phariseus mett, and the myd place, and ther xal be a lytil oratory with stolys and cusschonys clenly be-seyn, lyche as it were a counsel-hous ; Annas thus seyng,

We come, ser Cayphas, and 3e, jewgys alle,
 Now xal 3e knowe alle myn entent ;
 A wondyr case, serys, here is befalle,
 On wiche we must gyf jewgement.
 Lyst that we aftere the case repent,
 Of on Cryst that Goddys sone som doth hym calle ;
 He shewyth meraclys and sythe present
 That he is prynce of prynces alle.

The pepyl so fast to hym doth falle,
 Be prevy menys, as we aspye ;
 3yf he procede, son sen 3e xalle,
 That oure lawys he wyl dystrye ;

It is oure part thus to deny :
 What is your cowncelle in this cas ?

Cayphas. Be reson the trewth here may we try,
 I cannot dem hym withouth trespase ;
 Because he seyth in every a place,
 That he kyng of Jewys in every degré.
 Therfor he is fals, knowe wel the case,
 Sesar is kyng and non but he.

Rewfyn. He is an eretyk and a tretour bolde,
 To Sesare and to oure lawe sertayn ;
 Bothe in word, and in werke, and 3e beholde
 He is worthy to dey with mekyl peyn.

Leon. The cawse that we been here present,
 To fortefye the lawe, and, trewth to say,
 Jhesus ful nere oure lawys hath shent,
 Therefore he is worthy for to day.

Primus doctor Annas. Seres, 3e that ben rewelerys of the
 lawe,

On Jhesu 3e must gyf jugement,
 Let hym fyrst ben hangyn and drawe,
 And thanne his body in fyre be brent.

Secundus doctor Annas. Now xal 3e here the intent of me,
 Take Jhesu that worke us alle gret schame ;
 Put hym to deth, let hym not fle,
 For than the comownys thei wyl 3ow blame.

Primus doctor Cayphas. He werke with wehecrafte in
 eche place,

And drawyth the pepyl to hese intent ;
 Bewhare, 3e jewgys, let hym not passe,
 Than be my trowthe ze xal repent.

Secundus doctor Cayphas. Serys, takyth hede onto this
 case,

And in your judgement be not slawe ;
Ther was nevyr man dyd so gret trespase,
As Jhesu hath don ageyn oure lawe.

Annas. Now, bretheryn, than wyl ye here myn entent,
These ix. days let us abyde ;
We may not gyf so hasty judgement,
But eche man inquire on his syde.
Send spyes about the countré wyde,
To se and recorde and testymonye,
And than hese werkys he xal not hyde,
Nor have no power hem to denye.

Cayphas. This cownecelle acordyth to my reson.

Annas. And we alle to the same.



XXVI. THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Jherus. ffrendys, beholde the tyme of mercy,
The whiche is come now withowt dowth ;
Mannys sowle in blys now xal edyfy,
And the prynce of the werd is cast owth.

Go to 3on castel that standyth 3ow ageyn,
Sum of myn dyscyplis go forthe 3e to ;
There xul 3e ffyndyn bestys tweyn,
An asse tyed and here fole also.
Unlosne that asse, and brynge it to me pleyn ;
Iff any man aske why that 3e do so,
Sey that I have nede to this best serteyn,
And he xal not lett 3ow 3our weys for to go :
That best brynge 3e to me.

Primus Apostolus. Holy prophete, we gon oure way,
We wyl not 3oure wourd delay,
Also sone as that we may,
We xal it brynge to the.

Here thei ffecche the asse with the ffole, and the bur-geys seyth,

Burgensis. Herke 3e, men, who 3aff 3ow leve,
Thus this best ffor to take away ?

But only ffor pore men to releve,

This asse is ordeyned, as I 3ow say.

Philippus. Good sere, take this at no greff,

Oure mayster us sent hedyr this day,

He hath grett nede withowte repreff,

Therfore not lett us, I the pray,

This best for to lede.

Burgensis. Sethyn that it is so that he hath 3ow sent,

Werkyth his wylle and his intent,

Take the beste, as 3e be bent,

And evyr wel mote 3e spede.

Jacobus minor. This best is brought ryght now here lo !

Holy prophete at thin owyn wylle,

And with this clothe, anon, also,

This bestys bak we xal sone hylle.

Philippus. Now mayst thou ryde whedyr thou wylt go,

Thyn holy purpos to ffulfyll,

Thy best fful redy is dyth the to,

Bothe meke and tame the best is styлле.

And we be redy also,

Iff it be plesynge to thi ssyght,

The to helpe anon forthe ryght,

Upon this best that thou were dyght,

Thi journey ffor to do.

*Here Cryst rydyth out of the place and he wyl, and
Petyr and John abydyn styлле, and at the last, whan
thei have done ther prechyng, thei mete with Jhesu,*

Petrus. O, 3e pepyl dyspeyryng, be glad !

A grett cawse 3e have, and 3e kan se,

The Lord that alle thyng of nought mad,

Is comynge 3our comfort to be.

Alle your langoris salvyn xal he,

3our helthe is more than 3e kan wete,

He xal cawse the blynde that thei xal se,
The def to here, the dome for to speke !

Thei that be crokyd, he xal cause hem to goo
In the wey that John Baptyst of prophecyed ;
Sweche a leche kam 3ow nevyr non too,
Wherefore what he comawndyth loke 3e applyed.
That som of 3ow be blynd, it may not be denyid ;
ffor hym that is 3our makere with 3our gostly ey 3e
xal not knowe ;
Of his comaundementes in 3ow gret neclygens is aspyed,
Wherefore def fro gostly heryng clepe 3ow I howe.

And som of 3ow may not go, 3e be so crokyd ;
ffor of good werkyng in 3ow is lytyl habundawns,
Tweyn fete hevery man xuld have and it were lokyd,
Wyche xuld bere the body gostly most of substawns ;
ffyrst is to love God above alle other plesawns ;
The secunde is to love thi neybore as thin owyn persone ;
And yf these tweyn be kepte in perseverawns ;
Into the celestyal habytacion 3e arn habyl to gone.

Many of 3ow be dome ; why ? for 3e wole not redresse,
Be mowthe 3our dedys mortal but therin don perdure ;
Of the wyche but 3e have contrycyon and 3ow confesse,
3e may not inheryte hevyn, this I 3ow ensure.
And of alle these maladyes 3e may have gostly cure,
ffor the heavenly leche is comyng 3ow for to vicyte ;
And as for payment he wole shewe 3ow no redrure,
ffor with the love of 3oure hertys he wole be aqwhyte.

Johannes Apostolus. Onto my brotherys forseyd rehersalle,
That 3e xuld 3eve the more veray confydens,
I come with hym as testimonyalle,
ffor to conferme I fortefye his sentens.

This lord xal come without resystens,
 Onto the cety-ward he is now comyng,
 Wherefore dresse 3ow with alle dew dylygens,
 To honowre hym as 3our makere and kyng.

And to fulfyll the prophetys prophesé,
 Upon an asse he wole hedyr ryde,
 Shewing 3ow exawmple of humylyté,
 Devoydyng the abhomynable synne of pryde.
 Wheche hath ny conqweryd alle the werd wyde,
 Grettest cause of all 3our trybulacyon,
 Use it ho so wole, for it is the best gyde,
 That 3e may have to the place of dampnacyon.

Now, brothyr in God, syth we have intellygens,
 That oure Lord is ny come to this ceté,
 To attend upon hys precyous presens,
 It syttyth to us, as semyth me.
 Wherefore to mete with hym now go we,
 I wold fere no thyng we where to late ;
 To the ceté-ward fast drawyth he,
 Me semyth he is ny at the gate.

Here spekyth the iiij. ceteseyngs, the fyrst thus seying,
Primus cives de Jherusalem. Neyborys, gret joye in oure
 herte we may make,
 That this hefly kyng wole vycyte this cyté.
Secundus cives. Yf oure eerly kyng sweche a jorné xuld
 take,
 To don hym honor and worchepe, besy xuld we be.
Tertius cives. Meche more than to the hevynly kyng
 bownd are we,
 ffor to do that xuld be to his persone reverens.
Quartus cives. Late us than welcome hym with flowres
 and brawnchis of the tre,
 ffor he wole take that to plesawns becawse of redolens.

COVENTRY MYSTERIES.

Here the iiij. ceteseynys makyn hem redy for to mete with oure Lord, goyng barfot and barelegged, and in here shyrtes, so yng thei xal have here gownys cast abouth them ; ana qwan thei seen oure Lord, thei xal sprede ther clothis befor hym, and he xal lyth and go ther upon, and i xal falle downe upon ther kneis alle at onys, the fyrst thus seying,

<i>mus cives.</i> Now bl;	that in oure Lordys
name,	
To us in any wyse	
And we beleve veryly	t the same,
For be thi mercy xal	.nys comforte.

Here Cryst passyth forth, styth with hym a ser- teyn of chylderyn with flowres, u cast befor hym, and they synggyn " Gloria Laus," and befor on seyth,

Thow sone of Davyd, thou be oure supporte,
At oure last day whan we xal dye,
Wherefore we alle at onys to the exorte,
Cryeng mercy ! mercy ! merceye !

Jhesu. ffriendys, beholde the tyme of mercy ;
The wiche is come now, withowtyn dowth ;
Mannys sowle in blysse now xal edyfy,
And the prynce of the werd is cast owth.
As I have prechyd in placys abowth,
And shewyd experyence to man and wyf,
Into this werd Goddys sone hath sowth
ffor veray love man to revyfe.

The trewthe of trew this xal now be tryede,
And a perfith of corde betwyx God and man,
Wiche trewthe xal nevyr be dyvide,
Confusyon onto the fynd Sathan !

Primus pauper homo. Thou sone of Davyd ! on us have
mercy,

As we must stedfast belevyn in the ;
Thi goodnesse, Lord, lete us be nye,
Wheche lyth blynd here and may not se !

Secundus pauper homo. Lord, lete thi mercy to us be sewre,
And restore to us oure bodyly syth !

We know thou may us wel recure,
With the lest poynt of thi gret myth.

Jhesu. 3owre beleve hath made thou for to se,
And delyveryd 3ow fro alle mortal peyne ;
Blyssyd be alle tho that beleve on me,
And se me not with here bodyly eyn.

*Here Cryst blyssyth here eyn and thei may se, the fyrst
seyng,*

Primus pauper homo. Gramercy, Lord ! of thi gret grace,
I that was blynd, now may se.

Secundus pauper homo. Here I forsake al my trespace,
And stedfastly wyl belevyn on the.

*Here Cryst procedyth on fote, with his dyscipulys
after hym, Cryst wepyng upon the cyté, saying thus,*

Jhesu. O Jherusalem ! woful is the ordenawnce
Of the day of thi gret persecucion ;

Thou xalt be dystroy with woful grevans,
And thi ryalté browth to trew confusyon.

3e that in the ceté han habytacyon,
Thei xal course the tyme that thei were borne,
So gret advercyté and trybulacion,
Xal falle on hem bothe evyn and morwyn.

Thei that han most chylderyn sonest xal wayle,
And seyn, alas ! what may this meen ?

Both mete and drynk sodeynly xal fayle,—

The vengeance of God ther xal be seen.

The tyme is comyng hes woo xal hen,

The day of trobyl and gret grevauns ;

Bothe templys and towrys they xal down cleen,

O ceté ! fful woful is thin ordenawns !

XXVII. THE LAST SUPPER.

Petrus. Lord ! where wolte thou kepe thi maundé ?

I pray the now lete us have knowyng :
That we may make redy for the,
The to serve withowte latyng.

Johannes. To provyde, Lord, for thi comyng,
With alle the obedeyns we kan atende,
And make redy for the in al thyng,
Into what place thou wyth us send.

Jhesu. Serys, goth to Syon, and 3e xal mete
A pore man in sympyl aray,
Beryng watyr in the strete,
Telle hym I xal come that way.

Onto hym mekely loke that 3e say,
That hese hous I wole come tylle ;
He wele not onys to 3ow sey nay,
But sofre to have alle 3our wylle.

Petrus. At thi wyl, Lord, it xal be don,
To seke that place we xal us hye.

Johannes. In alle the hast that we may go,
Thin comawdement nevyr to denye.

Here Petyr and John gon forth metyng with Symon leprows beryng a kan with watyr, Petyr thus seyng,

Petrus. Good man, the prophete,oure Lord Jhesus,
This nyth wyl reste wythin thin halle ;
On massage to the he hath sent us,
That ffor his sopere ordeyn thou xalle.

Johannes. 3a! for hym and his dyscipulys alle,
Ordeyn thu for his maundé,
A paschalle lomb what so befalle,
ffor he wyl kepe his pasche with the.

Symon. What, wyl my Lord vesyte my plase?
Blyessyd be the tyme of his comyng!

I xal ordeyn withinne short space
ffor my good lordys welcomyng.

Serys, walkyth in at the begynnyng,
And se what vetaylys that I xal take,
I am so glad of this tydyng,
I wot nevyr what joye that I may make.

Here the dyscypulys gon in with Symon to se the ordenawns, and Cryst comyng thedyr-ward, thus seyng,

Jhesus. This pathe is cal Sydon be goostly ordenawns,
Weche xal convey us, wher we xal be,
I knowe ful redy is the purvyaunce,
Of my frendys that lovyn me.
Contewnyng in pees now procede we,
ffor mannys love this wey I take,
With gostly ey I veryly se,
That man ffor man an hende must make.

Here the dysciples come ageyn to Cryst, Petyr thus seyng,

Petrus. Alleredy lord is oure ordenawns,
As I hope to 3ow plesyng xal be,
Seymon hath don, at 3oure instawns,
He is ful glad 3our presens to se.

Johannes. Alle thyng we have, Lorde, at oure plesyng,
That longyth to 3oure mawndé with ful glad chere;
Whan he herd telle of 3our comyng,
ret joye in hym than dyd appere.

Here comyth Symon owl of his hous to welcome Cryst,

Symon. Gracyous Lord, welcome thu be,
 Reverens be to the, both God and man !
 My poer hous that thou wylt se,
 Weche am thi servaunt, as I kan.

Jhesu. There joye of alle joyis to the is sewre !
 Symon, I knowe thi trewe intent,
 The blysse of hefne thou xalt recure,
 This rewarde I xal the grawnt present.

*Here Cryst enteryth into the hous with his disciplis
 and ete the Paschal lomb ; and in the mene tyme the
 counsel-hous befor-seyd xal sodeynly onclose, schewyng
 the buschopys, prestys, and jewgys syltting in here astat,
 lyche as it were a convocacyon ; Annas seyng thus,*

Annas. Beheld it is nowth al that we do,
 In alle houre materys we prophete nowth ;
 Wole 3e se weche peusawns of pepyl drawyth hym to,
 ffor the mervaylys that he hath wrowth.

Some othyr sotylté must be sowth,
 ffor in no wyse we may not thus hym leve ;
 Than to a schrewde conclusyoun we xal be browth,
 ffor the Romaines than wyl us myscheve,
 And take oure astat and put us to repreve,
 And convey alle the pepyl at here owyn request,
 And thus alle the pepyl in hym xal beleve,
 Therefore I pray 3ow, cosyn, say what is the best ?
Cayphas. Attende now, serys, to that I xal seye,
 Onto us alle it is most expedyent ;
 That o man ffor the pepyl xuld deye,
 Than alle the pepyl xuld perysch and be shent.

Therfor late us werk wysely that we us not repent,
 We must nedys put on hym som fals dede ;

I sey for me I had levyr he were brant,
Than he xuld us alle thus ovyr-lede ;
Therefore every man on his party help at this nede,
And cowntyrfete alle the sotyltés that 3e kan,
Now late se he kan 3eve best rede,
To ordeyn sum dystruccion ffor this man.

Gamalyel. Late us no lenger make delacion,
But do Jhesu be takyn in hondys fast ;
And alle here ffolweres to here confusyon,
And into a preson do hem be cast.
Ley on hem yron that wol last,
ffor he hath wrouth a3ens the ryth ;
And sythyn aftyr we xal in hast
Jewge hym to deth with gret dyspyth.

Rewfyn. ffor he hath trespacyd a3ens oure lawe,
Me semyth this were best jewgement ;
With wyld hors lete hym be drawe,
And afftyr in fyre he xal be brent.
Leyon. Serys, o thyng myself herd hym sey,
That he was kyng of Jewys alle.
That is anow to do hym dey,
ffor treson to Se3ar we must it calle.

He seyde also to personys that I know,
That he xuld and myth serteyn
The gret tempyl mythyly ovyrthrow,
And the thrydde day reysynt ageyn.

Seche materys the pepyl doth conseyye,
To 3eve credens to his werkys alle,
In hefne, he seyth, xal be his reyn,
Bothe God and man he doth hym calle.

Rewfyn. And alle this day we xuld contrÿve,
What shameful deth Jhesu xuld have ;
We may not do hym to meche myscheve,
The worchep of oure lawe to save.

Leyon. Upon a jebet lête hym hongyn be,
This jugement me semyth it is reson ;
That alle the countré may hym se,
And be ware behis gret treson.

Rewfyn. 3et o thyng, serys, 3e must aspye,
And make a ryth sotyl ordenawns ;
Be what menys 3e may come hym bye,
ffor he hath many folwerys at his instawns.

Annas. Serys, therof we must have avysement,
And ben acordyd or than we go ;
How we xal han hym at oure entent,
Som wey we xal fynd therto.

Here Judas Caryoth comyth into the place.

Maria Magdalene. As a cursyd creature closyd alle in care,
And as a wyckyd wrecche alle wrappyd in wo,
Of blysse was nevyr no berde so bare,
As I mysylf that here now go.

Alas ! alas ! I xal forfare,
ffor tho grete synnys that I have do ;
Lesse that my lord God sumdel spare,
And his grett mercy receyve me to.

Mary Maudelyn is my name.

Now wyl I go to Cryst Jhesu,
ffor he is Lord of alle vertu,
And for sum grace I thynke to sew,
ffor of myself I have grett shame.

A ! mercy ! Lord ! and salve my synne,
Maydenys ffloure thou wasche me fre,

Ther was nevyr woman of mannys kynne,
 So ful of synne in no countré.
 I have beffowlyd be fryth and ffenne,
 And sowght synne in many a ceté;
 But thou me borwe, Lord, I xal brenne,
 With blake ffendys ay bowne to be.
 Wherefore, kynge of grace,
 With this oynement that is so sote,
 Lete me anoynte thin holy fote
 And for my balys thus wyn sum bote,
 And mercy, Lord, for my trespase.

Jhesus Woman, ffir thi wepynge wylle,
 Sum socowre God xal the sende;
 The to save I have grett skylle,
 ffir sorwefful hert may synne amende.
 Alle thi prayour I xal fulfyllle,
 To thi good hert I wul attende,
 And save the fro thi synne so hylle,
 And fro vij. develys I xal the ffende,—
 ffendys, flethe þour weye!
 Wyckyd spyritys I þow conjowre,
 fflethe out of hire bodyly bowre,
 In my grace she xal evyr fflowre,
 Tyl dethe doth here to deye.

Maria Magdalene. I thanke the, Lorde, of this grett
 grace;
 Now these vij. ffendys be fro me ffitt.
 I xal nevyr fforffett nor do trespase,
 In wurd nor dede, ne wyl, nor wytt.

Now I am brought ffrom the fendys brace,
 In thi grett mercy cloeyd and shytt;

I xal nevyr returne to synful trace,
That xulde me dampne to helle pytt.
I wurchep the on knes bare,
Blyssyd be the tyme that I hedyr sowth,
And this oynement that I hedyr brought,
ffor now myn hert is clensyd from thought,
That ffyrst was combryd with care.

Judas. Lord ! me thynkyth thou dost ryght ille,
To lete this oynement so spyllle,
To selle it yt were more skylle,
And bye mete to poer men.
The box was worthe of good moné,
iij.c. pens, fayr and fre,
This myght a bowht mete plenté.
To ffede oure power kene.

Jhesus. Pore men xul abyde ;
Ageyn the woman thou spekyst wronge.
And I passe forthe in a tyde,
Off mercy is here mornyng songe.

*Here Cryst restyth and etyth a lytyl, and seyth, syt-
tyng to his disciplis, and Mary Mawdelyn,*

Jhesus. Myn herte is ryght sory and no wondyr is,
Thoo dethe I xal go and nevyr dyd trespas ;
But 3itt most grevyth myn hert evyr of this,
On of my bretheryn xal werke this manas.
On of 3ow here syttynge my treson xal tras,
On of 3ow is besy my dethe here to dyth,
And 3itt was I nevyr in no synful plas,
Wherefore my dethe xuld so shamfully be pyght.

Petrus. My dere Lord, I pray the the trewthe for to telle,
Whiche of us ys he that treson xal do ?

Whatt traytor is he that his lord that wold selle?

Expresse his name, Lord, that xal werke this woo.

Johannes. If that ther be on that wolde selle so,

Good mayster, telle us now opynly his name.

What traytour is hym that from the that wolde go?

And with ffals treson ffulfylls his grett shame?

Andreas. It is ryght dredfull suche tresson to thynke,

And wel more dredfful to werk that bad dede;

ffor that ffals treson to helle he xal synke,

In endles peynes grett myscheff to lede.

Jacobus major. It is not I, Lord, ffor dowte I have drede,

This synne to fulfylls cam nevyr in my mende.

Iff that I solde the thy blood ffor to blede,

In doying that treson my sowle xulde I shende.

Matheus. Alas! my dere Lord, what man is so wood,

ffor gold or for sylver hymself so to spylle?

He that the doth selle ffor gold and for other good,

With his grett covetyse hymself he doth kylle.

Bartholomeus. What man so evyr he be of so wyckyd
wylle,

Dere Lord, among us telle us his name alle owt;

He that to hym tendyth this dede to fulfille,

ffor his grett treson his sowle stondyth in dowl.

Philippus. Golde, sylver, and tresour sone dothe passe away,

But withowtyn ende evyr dothe laste thi grace.

A! Lord! who is that wylle chaffare the for monay?

ffor he that sellyth his lord to grett is the trespace.

Jacobus minor. That traytour that doth this orryble manace,

Bothe body and sowle I holde he be lorn;

Dampnyd to helle-pytt, fer from thi face,

Amonge alle ffowle fyndys to be rent and torn.

Symon. To bad a marchawnt that traytour he is,
And ffor that monye he may mornyng make ;
Alas ! what cawsyth hym to selle the kyng of blys ?
ffor his fals wynnynge the devyl hym xal take.

Thomas. ffor his ffals treson the fendys so blake
Xal bere his sowle depe down into helle pytt ;
Resste xal he non have, but evyr more wake,
Brennyng in hoot fyre, in preson evyr shytt.

Thadeus. I woundyr ryght sore who that he xuld be,
Amonges us alle bretheryn, that xuld do this synne ?
Alas, he is lorn ! ther may no grace be,
In depe helle donjeon his sowle he doth pynne.

Jhesus. In my dysche he etyht this treson xal begynne,
Wo xal betydyn hym for his werke of dred ;
He may be ryght sory swyche ryches to wyne,
Ad whysshe hymself unborn ffor that synful ded.

Judas. The trewth wolde I knowe as leff as 3e,
And therfore, good ssere, the trewthe thou me telle ;
Whiche of us alle here that traytour may be,
Am I that person that the now xal selle.

Jhesus. So seyst thiselff, take hed att thi spelle,
Thou askyst me now here if thou xalt do that treson ;
Remembyr thiself, avyse the ryght welle,
Thou art of grett age, and wotysst what is reson.

Here Judas rysyth prevely and goth in the place and seyt,

Judas. Now cowntyrfeted I have a prevy treson,
My masterys power for to felle,
I, Judas, xal asay be some encheson,
Onto the Jewys hym for to selle.
Som mony for hym 3et wold I telle,
Be prevy menys I xal asay,

Myn intent I xal fulfyllen,
No lenger I wole make delay.

The princys of prestys now be present,
Unto hem now my way I take,
I wyl go tellyn hem myn entent,
I trow ful mery I xal hem make.
Mony I wyl non forsake,
And thei profyr to my plesyng,
For covetyse I wyl with hem wake,
And onto my maystyr I xal hem bryng.

Heyl prynsesse and prestys that ben present,
New tydynges to 3ow I come to telle,
3yf 3e wole folwe myn intent,
My mayster, Jhesu, I wole 3ow selle,
Hese intent and purpose for to felle ;
ffor I wole no lenger folwyn his lawe ;—
Late sen what mony that I xal telle,
And late Jhesu my maystyr ben hangyn and drawe.

Gamalyel. Now welcome, Judas, oure owyn frende !
Take hym in, serys, be the honde :
We xal the bothe geve and lende,
And in every qwarel by the stonde.
Rewfyn. Judas, what xal we for thi mayster pay ?
Thi sylver is redy, and we acorde,
The payment xal have no delay,
But be leyde down here at a worde.

Judas. Late the mony here down be layde,
And I xal telle 3ow, as I kan ;
In old termys I have herd seyde,
That mony makyth schapman.

Rewfyn. Here is thretty platys of sylver bryth,
Fast knyth withinne this glove ;
And we may have thi mayster this nyth,
This xalt thou have, and alle oure love.

Judas. 3e are resonable chapman to bye and selle,
This bargany with 3ow now xal I make ;
Smyth up, 3e xal have al 3our wylle,
ffor mony wyl I non forsake.

Leyon. Now this bargany is mad ful and fast,
Noyther part may it forsake ;
But Judas thou must telle us in hast,
Be what menys we xal hym take.

Rewfyn. 3a ther be many that hym nevyr sowe,
Weche we wyl sende to hym in fere ;
Therfor be a tokyn we must hym knowe,
That must be prevy betwyx us here.

Leyon. 3a beware of that for ony thyng,
For o dyscypil is lyche thi mayster in al parayl ;
And 3e go lyche in alle clothyng,
So myth we of oure purpose fayl.

Judas. As for that, serys, have 3e no dowth.
I xal ordeyn, so 3e xal not mysse ;
Whan that 3e cum hym alle abowth,
Take the man that I xal kysse.

I must go to my maystyr ageyn,
Dowth not, serys, this matere is sure i-now.

Gamalyel. Farewel, Judas, oure frend serteyn,
Thi labour we xal ryth wel alow.

Judas. Now wyl I sotely go seke my mayster ageyn,
And make good face, as I nowth knew ;

I have hym solde to wo and payn,
I trowe ful sore he xal it rew.

Here Judas goth in sotylly wher as he cam fro.

Annas. Lo, serys, a part we have of oure entent,
For to take Jhesu now we must provyde;
A sotyl meny to be present,
That dare fyth and wele abyde.

Gamalyel. Ordeyn eche man on his party,
Cressetys, lanternys, and torchys lyth;
And this nyth to be ther redy,
With exys, gleyvis, and swerdys bryth.

Cayphas. No lenger than make we teryeng,
But eche man to his place hym dyth,
And ordeyn prively for this thyng,
That it be don this same nyth.

Here the buschopys partyn in the place, and eche of hem takyn here leve, be contenawns, resortyng eche man to his place with here meny to make redy to take Cryst; and than xal the place ther Cryst is in xal sodeynly uncloose rownd about, shewyng Cryst syttyng at the table and hese dyscypules eche in ere degré, Cryst thus seyng,

Jhesu. Breder Reyn, this lambe that was set us befor,
That we alle have etyn in this nyth,
It was comawndyd be my fadyr to Moyses and Aaron,
Whan thei weryn with the chylderyn of Israel in Egyth.
And as we with swete bredys have it ete,
And also with the byttyr sokelyng,
And as we take the hed with the fete,
So dede thei in alle maner thyng.

And as we stodyn so dede thei stond,
And here reynes thei gyrdyn veryly,

With schon on here fete and stavys in here hond,
 And as we ete it, so dede thei hastyly.
 This fygure xal sesse, anothyr xal folwe therby;
 Weche xal be of my body that am 3our hed,
 Weche xal be shewyd to 3ow be a mystery,
 Of my flesche and blood in forme of bred.

And with fervent desyre of hertys affeccion,
 I have enterly desyryd to kepe my mawndé,
 Among 3ow er than I suffre my passyon,
 ffor of this no more togedyr suppe xal we.
 And as the Paschal lomb etyn have we,
 In the eld lawe was usyd for a sacryfyce,
 So the newe lomb that xal be sacryd be me,
 Xal be usyd for a sacryfyce most of price.

*Here xal Jhesus take a noble in his hand, lokyng
 upward into hefne, to the fadyr thus seying,*

Wherefore to the, Fadyr of hefne, that art eternalle,
 Thankyng and honor I 3eld onto the,
 To whom be the Godhed I am eqwalle,
 But be my manhod I am of lesse degré.
 Wherefore I, as man, worchep the deyté,
 Thankyng the, fadyr, that thou wylt shew this mystery,
 And thus thurwe thi myth, Fadyr, and blyssyng of me.
 Of this that was bred is mad my body.

Here xal he spekyn ageyn to his dysciples, thus seying,
 Bretheryn, be the vertu of these wordys that rehercyd be,
 This that shewyth as bred to 3our apparens,
 Is mad the very flesche and blod of me,
 To the weche thei that wole be savyd must 3eve credens.
 And as in the olde lawe it was comawndyd and precepte,
 To ete this lomb to the dystruccyon of Pharao unkende,

So to dystroy your gostly enemye this xal be kepte,
ffor your paschal lombe into the werdys ende.

ffor this is the very lombe, withowte spot of synne,
Of weche John the Baptyst dede prophesy,
Than this prophesye he dede begynne,
Seyng " Ecce agnus Dey !"
And how 3e xal ete this lombe I xal 3eve infformacion,
In the same forme as the eld lawe doth specyfye,
As I shewe be gostly interpretacyon ;
Therefore to that I xal sey your wyttes loke 3e repleye.

With no byttyr bred this bred ete xal be,
That is to say, with no byttrynesse of hate and envye,
But with the suete bred of love and charyté,
Weche ffortefyet the soule gretlye.
And it schuld ben etyn with the byttyr sokelyng,
That is to mene, 3yf a man be of synful dysposycion,
Hathe led his lyff here with myslevyng,
Therefore in his hert he xal have byttyr contrycion.

Also the hed with the feet ete xal 3e,
Be the hed 3e xal undyrstand my Godhed,
And be the feet 3e xal take myn humanyté,
These tweyn 3e xal receyve togedyr in dede.
This immaculat lombe that I xal 3ow 3eve,
Is not only the Godhed alone,
But bothe God and man, thus must 3e beleve ;
Thus the hed with the feet 3e xal receyve eche on.

Of this lombe un-ete yf owth belevyth i-wys,
Yt xuld be cast in the clere fyre and brent ;
Weche is to mene, yf thou undyrstande nowth al this,
Put thi feyth in God, and than thou xalt not be shent.

The gyrdyl that was comawndyd here reynes to sprede,
 Xal be the gyrdyl of clenness and chastyté ;
 That is to sayn, to be contynent in word, thought, and
 dede,
 And alle leccherous levyng cast 3ow for to fle.

And the schon that xal be 3our feet upon,
 Is not ellys but exawnpyl of vertuis levyng ;
 Of 3our form fadeysr 3ou beforne,
 With these schon my steppys 3e xal be sewyng.

And the staf that in 3our handys 3e xal holde,
 Is not ellys but the exawmplys to other men teche ;
 Hold fast 3our stavys in 3our handys, and beth bolde
 To every creature myn preceptys for to preche.

Also 3e must ete this paschalle lombe hastyly,
 Of weche sentens this is the very entent ;
 At every oure and tyme 3e xal be redy,
 ffor to fulfyll my cormawndement.

ffor thow 3e leve this day, 3e are not sure
 Whedyr 3e xal leve to morwe or nowth ;
 Therfor hastyly every oure do 3oure besy cure,
 To kepe my preceptys, and than thar 3e not dowth.

Now have I lerned 3ow how 3e xal ete
 3our paschal lombe, that is my precyous body ;
 Now I wyl fede 3ow alle with awngellys mete,
 Wherfore to reseyyve it come fforth seryattly.

Petrus. Lord, ffor to receyyve this gostly sustenawns
 In dewe forme, it excedyth myn intellygens ;
 ffor no man of hymself may have substawns
 To receyyve it with to meche reverens.

ffor with more delycyous mete, Lord, thou may us not
fede,

Than with thin owyn precyous body ;
Wherfore what I have trespacyd in word, thought, or dede,—
With byttyr contrycion, Lord, I haske the mercy.

*Whan oure Lorde 3yvyth his body to his dyscypulys,
he xal sey to eche of hem, except to Judas,*

This is my body, ffiesch, and blode,
That for the xal dey upon the rode.

*And whan Judas comyth last, oure Lord xal sey to
hym,*

Judas, art thou avysyd what thou xalt take ?
Judas. Lord, thi body I wyl not forsake !

And sythyn oure Lord xal sey onto Judas,

Jhesu. Myn body to the I wole not denye,
Sythyn thou wylt presume therupon ;
Yt xal be thi dampnacyon verylye,—
I 3eve the warnyng now befor.

*And aftyr that Judas hath resevyd, he xal syt ther he
was, Cryst seyng,*

On of 3ow hath betrayd me,
That at my borde with me hath ete ;
Bettyr it hadde hym for to a be
Bothe unborn and unbecete.

*Than eche dyscypyl xal loke on other, and Petyr xal
sey,*

Petrus. Lord, it is not I.

*And so alle xul seyn, tyl thei comyn at Judas, weche
xal sey,*

Judas. Is it owth I, Lord ?

Than Jhesus xal sey,

Jhesus. Judas, thou seyst that word !
Me thou ast solde, that was thi ffrend,
That thiou hast begonne brenge to an ende.

*Than Judas xal gon ageyn to the Jewys, and, yf men
wolne, xal mete with hym and sey this speche folwyng, or
levynt, whether thei wyl, the devyl thus seyng,*

Demon. A ! a ! Judas, derlyng myn !
Thou art the best to me that evyr was bore !
Thou xalt be crownyd in helle peyn !
And therof thou xalt be sekyr for evyrmore !

Thow hast solde thi maystyr and etyn hym also,
I wolde thou kowdyst bryngyn hym to helle every del ;
But 3et I fere he xuld do ther sum sorwe and wo,
That alle helle xal crye out on me that sel.

Sped up thi matere that thou hast begonne,
I xal to helle for the to mak redy ;
Anon thou xalt com wher thou xalt wonne,
In fyre and stynk thou xalt sytt me by.

Jhesu. Now the sone of God claryfyed is,
And God in hym is claryfyed also ;
I am sory that Judas hath lost his blysse,
Weche xal turne hym to sorwe and wo.

But now in the memory of my passyon,
To ben partabyl with me in my reyn above,
3e xal drynk myn blood with gret devocyon,
Wheche xal be xad ffor mannys love.

Takyth these chalys of the newe testament,
 And kepyth this evyr in your mende ;
 As often as ye do this with trewe intent,
 It xal defende you from ye ffende.

*Than xal the dysciplis com and take the blod. Jherus
 seying,*

This is my blood that for mannys synne,
 Outh of myn herte it xal renne.

*And the dysciplis xal sett them azen ther thei were,
 and Jherus xal seyn,*

Takyth hed now, bretheryn, what I have do ;
 With my flesh and blood I have you fed ;
 ffor mannys love I may do no mo
 Than for love of man to be ded.

Werfore, Petyr, and ye everychon,
 yf ye love me, fede my schep ;
 That, for fawth of techyng, thei go not wrong,
 But evyr to hem takyth good kep.

yevyth hem my body, as I have to you,
 Qweche xal be sacryd be my worde ;
 And evyr I xal thus abyde with you,
 Into the ende of the werde.

Ho so etyth my body and drynkyth my blood,
 Hol God and man he xal me take ;
 It xal hym defende from the devyl wood,
 And at his deth I xal hym nowth forsake.

And ho so not ete my body nor drynke my blood,
 Lyfe in hym is nevyr a dele ;
 Kepe wel this in mende for your good,
 And every man save hymself wele.

Here Jhesus takyth a basyn with watyr and towaly gyrt aboutyn hym, and fallyth befor Petyr on his o kne.

Jhesus. Another exawmpyl I xal 3ow shewe,
How 3e xal leve in charyté;
Syt here down at wordys fewe,
And quat I do 3e, sofre me.

Here he takyth the basyn and the towaly, and doth as the robberych seyth befor.

Petrus. Lord ! what wylt thou with me do ?
This service of the I wyl forsake ;
To wassche my feet thou xal not so,—
I am not worthy it of the to take.

Jhesu. Petyr and thou forsake my servyces alle,
The weche to 3ow that I xal do ;
No part with me have thou xal,
And nevyr com my blysse onto.

Petrus. That part, Lord, we wyl not forgo,
We xal abey his comawndement ;
Wasche hed and hond, we pray the so,
We wyl don after thin entent.

Here Jhesus wasshyth his dyscipulys feet by and by, and whypyth hem and kyssyth hem mekely, and sythyn settyth hym down, thus seyng,

ffrendys, this wasshyng xal now prevayll,
3oure Lord and mayster 3e do me calle ;
And so I am, withowytn fayl,
3et I have wasschyd 3ow alle.
A memory of this have 3e xall,
That eche of 3ow xal do to othyr,

With ambyl hert submyt egal,
As ech of 3ow were otherys brother.

Nothyng, serys, so wele plesyth me,
Nor no lyff that man may lede,
As thei that levyn in charyté;
In efne I xal reward here made.
The day is come,—I must procede
ffor to fulfyll the prophecy;
This nyth for me 3e xal han drede,
Whan nounder of pepyl xal on me cry.

ffor the prophetys spoke of me,
And seydyn of deth that I xuld take;
ffro wheche deth I wole not fle,
But for mannys synne amendys make.

This nyth fro 3ow be led I xal,
And 3e for fer fro me xal fle;
Not onys dur speke whan I 3ow calle,
And some of 3ow forsake me.

ffor 3ow xal I dey and ryse ageyn,—
Un the thrydde day 3e xal me se
Beforn 3ow all walkyng playn,
In the lond of Galylé.

Petrus. Lord, I wyl the nevyr forsake!
Nor for no perellys fro the fle;
I wyl rather my deth take,
Than onys, Lord, forsake the!

Jhesu. Petyr, thou ferthere than thou doyst knowe,
As for that promese loke thou not make;
ffor or the cok hath twyes crowe,
Thryes thou xal me forsake.

But all my frendys, that arn me dere,
Late us go, the tyme drawyth ny ;
We may no lengere abydyn here,
ffor I must walke to Betany.

The tyme is come, the day drawyth nere,
Onto my deth I must in hast ;
Now, Petyr, make halle thi felawys chere,
My flesche for fere is qwakyng fast.

*Here Jhesus goth to Betany-ward, and his dyscipulys
folwyng with sad contenawns, Jhesus seyng,*

XXVIII. THE BETRAYING OF CHRIST.

Now, my dere frendys and bretheryn echone,
Remembyr the wordys that I xal sey ;
The tyme is come that I must gon,
ffor to fulfyll the prophesey.

That is seyed that I xal dey,
The fendys power fro 3ow to flem ;
Weche deth I wole not deney,
Mannys sowle my spouse for to redem.

The oyle of mercy is grawntyd playn
Be this jorne that I xal take ;
Be my fadyr I am sent sertayn,
Betwyx God and man an ende to make.

Man for my brother may I not forsake,
Nor shewe hym unkendenease be no wey ;
In peynys for hym my body schal schake,
And for love of man, man xal dey.

*Here Jhesus and his discipules go toward the mount
of Olyvet ; and whan he comyth a lytyl ther besyde,
in a place lyche to a park, he byddyt his discipules
abyde hym ther, and seyth to Petyr or he goth,*

Petyr, with thi ffelawys here xalt thou abyde,
And weche tyl I come ageyn ;
I must make my prayere here 3ou besyde,
My flesche qwakyth sore for fere and peyn.

Petrus. Lord, thi request doth me constreyn ;
In this place I xal abyde styлле
Not remeve tyl that thou comyst ageyn,
In confermyng, Lord, of thi wylle.

*Here Jhesu goth to Olyvet and settyth hym dourne
on his knes, and prayth to his fadyr, thus seyng,*

O, ffadyr ! fadyr ! for my sake
This gret passyon thou take fro me
Weche arn ordeyned that I xal take,
3yf mannys sowle savyd may be.
And 3yf it behove, Fadyr, for me
To save mannys sowle that xuld spylle,
I am redy in eche degré,
The vyl of the for to fulfyllle.

*Here Jhesus gothe to his dyscipulis and fyndyth hem
slepyng, Jhesus thus seyng to Petyr,*

Petyr ! Petyr ! thou slepyst fast,
Awake thi felawys and sclepe no more ;
Of my deth 3e are not agast,
3e take 3our rest and I peyn sore.

*Here Cryst goth ageyn the second tyme to Olyvet,
and seyth knelyng,*

ffadyr in hevyn, I beseche the
Remeve my peynes be thi gret grace,
And lete me fro this deth fle,
As I dede nevyr no trespace !
The watyr and blood owth of my face,
Dystyllyth for peynes that I xal take ;
My flesche qwakyth in ferful case,
As thow the joyntes asondre xuld schake.

*Here Jhesus goth azen to his discipulis and fyndyth
hem asclepe ; Jhesus thus seyng, latyng hem lyne,*

Ffadyr, the thrydde tyme I come ageyn,
 ffulleche myn erdon for to spede ;
 Delyver me, Fadyr, fro this peyn,
 Weche is reducyd with ful gret drede.
 Onto thi sone, Fadyr, take hede !
 'Thou wotyst I dede nevyr dede but good !
 It is not for me this peyn I lede,
 But for man I swete bothe watyr and blode.

*Here an angel descendyth to Jhesus, and bryngyth
 to hym a chalys, with an host therin.*

Angelus. Heyl, bothe God and man indede !
 The ffadyr hath sent the this present,—
 He bad that thou xulyst not drede,
 But fulfylls his entent.
 As the parlement of hefne hath ment
 That mannys sowle xal now redemyd be ;
 ffrom hefne to herd, Lord, thou wore sent,
 That dede appendyth onto the.

This chalys ys thi blood, this bred is thi body,
 ffor mannys synne evyr offeryd xal be ;
 To the fadyr of heffne that is almythty,
 Thi dyscypulis and alle presthood xal offere fore the.

Here the angel ascendyth aȝen sodeynly.

Jhesu. ffadyr, thi wyl ffulfyllyd xal be,
 It is nowth to say aȝens the case ;
 I xal fulfylls the prophesye,
 And sofre deth ffor mannys trespass.

*Here goth Cryst ageyn to his dyscypulys, and fyndyth
 hem sclepyng styll.*

Awake, Petyr, thi rest is ful long ;
 sclep thou wylt make no delay :

Judas is redy, with pepyl strong,
 And doth his part me to betray.
 Ryse up, serys, I 3ou pray !
 Onclose 3our eyne for my sake ;
 We xal walke into the way,
 And sen hem come that xul me take.

Petyr, whan thou seyst I am forsake
 Amonge myn frendys, and stond alone,
 Alle the cher that thou kanst make,
 Geve to thi bretheryn everychone.

*Here Jhesus with his dyscipulis goth into the place,
 and ther xal come in a x. personys weyl be-seen in white
 arneys, and breganderes, and some dysgysed in odyr
 garmentes, with swerdys, gleyvys, and other straunge
 wepons, as cressettys, with feyr and lanternys and
 torchis lyth ; and Judas formest of al conveyng hem
 to Jhesu be contenawns. Jhesus thus,*

Serys, in 3our wey 3e have gret hast
 To seke hym that wyl not fle ;
 Of 3ow I am ryth nowth agast,—
 Telle me, serys, whom seke 3e ?
Leyon. Whom we seke here I telle the now,
 A tretour is worthy to suffer deth ;
 We knowe he is here among 3ow,—
 His name is Jhesus of Nazareth.

Jhesu. Serys, I am here that wyl not fle,
 Do to me all that 3e kan ;
 Forsothe I telle 3ow I am he,
 Jhesus of Nazareth, that same man.

*Here alle the Jewys falle sodeynly to the erde, whan
 thei here Cryst speke, and qwhan byddyth hem rysyn,
 thei rysyn a3en, Cryst thus seying,*

Aryse, serys, whom seke 3e? fast have 3e gon.

Is howth 3our comyng hedyr for me?

I stond befor 3ow here echone,

That 3e may me bothe knowe and se.

Rufyne. Jhesus of Nazareth we seke,

And we myth hym here aspye.

Jhesu. I told 3ow now with wordys meke,

Befor 3ow alle, that it was I.

Judas. Welcome, Jhesu, my mayster dere,

I have the sowth in many a place!

I am ful glad I fynd the here,

For I wyst nevyr wher thou wace.

Here Judas kyssyth Jhesus, and anon alle the Jewys come abowth hym, and ley handys on hym, and pullyn as thei were wode, and makyn on hym a gret cry alle at onys; and aftyr this, Petyr seyth,

I drawe my sword now this sel;

Xal I smyte, mayster? fayn wolde I wete!

And forthwith he smytyth of Malchus here, and he cryeth "Help myn here! myn here!" and Cryst blyssyth it, and tys hol.

Jhesus. Put thy sword in the shede fayr and wel,

ffor he that smyth with sword, with sword xal be smete.

A! Judas, this treson cowntyrfetyd hast thou!

And that thou xalt ful sore repent!

Thou haddyst be bettyr a ben unborn now,

Thi body and sowle thou hast shent!

Gamaelyel. Lo, Jhesus! thou mayst not the cace refuse,

Bothe treson and eresye in the is fownde;

Stody now fast on thin excuse,
Whylys that thou gost in cordys bownde.
Thou kallyst the kyng of this werd rownde,
Now lete me se thi gret powere,
And save thiself here, hool and sownde,
And brynge the out of this dawngere.

Leyon. Bryng forth this tretoure, spare hym nowth !
Onto Cayphas thi jewge we xal the lede.
In many a place we have the sowth,
And to thi werkys take good hede.

Rufyne. Com on, Jhesus, and folwe me ;
I am ful glad that I the have ;
Thou xalt ben hangyn upon a tre,—
A melyon of gold xal the not save !
Leyon. Lete me leyn hand on hym in heye,
Onto his deth I xal hym bryng ;
Shewe forth thi wyhecrafte and nygramansye ;
What helpyth ye now al thi fals werkyng ?

Jhesu. ffrendys, take hede 3e don unryth,
So unkendely with cordys to bynd me here ;
And thus to falle on me be nyth,
As thow I were a thevys fere.
Many tyme befor 3ow I dede apere ;
Withinne the temple sen me 3e have,
The lawys of God to teche and lere,
To hem that wele here sowlis sawe.

Wy dede 3e not me dysprave,
And herd me preche, both lowd and lowe ?
But now as wood men 3e gynne to rave,
And do thyng that 3e notwth knove.

Gamalyel. Serys, I charge 3ow not o word more this nyth,
But onto Cayphas in hast loke 3e hym lede ;

Have hym forth with gret dyspyte,
And to his wordys take 3e non hede.

Here the Jewys lede Cryst oute of the place with gret cry and noyse, some drawyng Cryst forward and some bakward, and so ledyng forth with here weponys alofte, and lytys brennyng. And in the mene tyme Marye Magdalene xal rennyng to oure Lady, and telle here of oure Lordys takyng, thus seyng,

Maria Maydelene. O, immaculate modyr, of alle women most make!

O devowtest, in holy medytacyon evyr abydyng!

The cawse, Lady, that I to 3our person seke,

Is to wetyn yf 3e heryn ony tydyng

Of 3our swete sone, and my reverent Lord Jhesu,

That was 3our dayly solas,—3our gostly consolacyon!

Mary. I wold 3e xuld telle me, Mawdelyn, and 3e knew,

ffor to here of hym it is alle myn affeccyon.

Maria Magdalene. I wold fayn telle, Lady, and I myth for wepyng,

For sothe, Lady, to the Jewys he is solde;

With cordys thei have hym bownde and have hym in kepyng.

The hym bety spetously, and have hym fast in holde.

Maria Virgo. A! A! A! how myn hert is colde!

A! hert hard as ston, how mayst thou lest?

Whan these sorweful tydyngys are the told,

So wold to God, hert, that thou mytyst brest.

A! Jhesu! Jhesu! Jhesu! Jhesu!

Why xuld 3e sofere this trybulacyon and advercyté?

How may thei fynd in here hertys 3ow to pursewe,

That nevyr trespacyd in no maner degré?

For nevyr thyng but that was good thowth 3e,

Wherfore than xuld 3e sofer this gret peyn?

I suppoce veryly it is for the tresspace of me,

And I wyst that myn hert xuld cleve on tweyn.

ffor these langowrys may I susteyn,
The sword of sorwe hath so thyrlid my meende ;
Alas ! what may I do ? alas ! what may I seyn ?
These prongys myn herte asondyr thei do rende.

O ffadyr of hefne ! wher ben al thi behestys
That thou promysyst me, whan a modyr thou me made ?
Thi blyssyd sone I bare betwyx tweyn bestys,
And now the bryth colour of his face doth fade.

O good fadyr ! why woldyst that thin owyn dere sone xal sofre
al this ?

And dede he nevyr a;ens thi precept, but evyr was obedyent ;
And to every creature most petyful, most jentyl, and benygn
i-wys,
And now for alle these kendnessys is now most shameful
schent.

Why wolt thou, gracyous Fadyr, that it xal be so ?
May man not ellys be savyd be non other kende ?
3et, Lord Fadyr, than that xal comforte myn wo,
Whan man is savyd be my chylde, and browth to a good
ende.

Now, dere sone, syn thou hast evyr be so ful of mercy,
That wylt not spare thiself for the love thou hast to man ;
On alle mankind now have thou pety,
And also thynk on thi modyr, that hevy woman.

XXIX. KING HEROD.

Primus doctor. O thou altitude of al gostly ryches !
O thou incomprehensibele of grete excellence !
O thou luminarye of pure lyghtnes !
Shete oute thi bemys ontyl this audyens.

Secundus doctor. O fili Altissimi ! clepyd by eternalyté !
Hele this congregacion with the salve of thi passyon !
And we prey the, Spiritus paraclyté !
With the ffyre of thi love to slake alle detraccion.

Primus doctor. To the pepyl not lernyd I stonde as a techer,
Of this processyon to 3eve informacion ;
And to them that be lernyd, as a gostly precher,
That in my rehersayl they may have delectacion.

Secundus doctor. Welcome of the apostayls, the glorious qwere,
ffyrst Petyr 3our prynce and eke 3our presydent,
And Andrewe 3our half brother, togedyr in ffere,
That ffyrst ffowlyd Cryst be on assent.

Primus doctor. O 3e tweyn luminaryes, Jamys and John !
Contynually brennyng as bryght as the sonn bem !
With the chene of charyté, bothe knyght in on,
And offeryd of 3our modyr to Cryst in Jherusalem.

Secundus doctor. Welcome, Phelypp, that convertyd Samaryan !
And convertyd the tresorere of the qwene Cabdas !

With Jamys the lesser, that apud Jherosolyman
Was made fyrst patryarke, by the ordenauns of Cephas.

Primus doctor. Heyl, Máthew the apostel and also Evangelyst !
That was clepyd to the fflok of gostly conversacion
ffrom thyrknes of concyens that 3e were in ffest,
With Bertylmew that ffled alle carnalle temptacion.

Secundus doctor. Heyl, Symeon Zelotes ! thus be 3our name,
And Judas, that bothe wel lovyd oure Lord !
Therffore 3e have bothe joye and game,
Wher nevyr is sstryff but good acorde.

Primus doctor. Heyl, Poul, grett doctour of the ffeyth,
And vessel chosyn be trewe eleccion !
Heyl Thomas, of whom the gospel seyth,
In Crystys wounde was 3our refleccion !

Secundus doctor. Heyl, John Baptyst, most sovereyn creature
That evyr was born be naturalle consevyng !
And hyst of prophetys, as wytnessyth Scrypture ;
Heyl voys that in desert was allewey cryeng !

*What tyme that processyon is enteryd into the place, and
the Herowdys takyn his schaffalde, and Pylat and Annas and
Cayphas here schaffaldys ; also than come ther an exposytour,
in doctorys wede, thus seyng,*

Contemplacio. Sofreynes and frendys, 3e mut alle be gret with
gode ;

Grace, love, and charyté evyr be 3ou among ;
The maydenys sone preserve 3ou that for man deyed on rode ;
He that is o God in personys thre, defende 3ou fro 3our fon !

Be the leve and soferauns of allemythty God,

We intendyn to procede the matere that we lefte the last
3ere ;

Wherefore we besече 3ow that 3our wyllys be good,
To kepe the passyon in 3our mende that xal be shewyd here.

The last 3ere we shewyd here how oure Lord for love of man
Cam to the cety of Jherusalem mekely his deth to take;
And how he made his mawndé, his body 3evyng than,
To his apostelys evyr with us to abydyn for mannys sake.

In that mawnd he was betrayd of Judas, that hym solde
To the Jewys for xxx^{li}. platys to delyvyr hym that nyth.
With swerdys and gleyvys to Jhesu they come with the tretour
bolde,
And toke hym amonges his apostelys about myndnyth.

Now wold we procede, how he was browth than
Beforn Annas and Cayphas, and sythe befor Pylate:
And so forth in his passyon how mekely he toke it for man,
Besekyng 3ou for mede of 3our soulys to take good hede
theratte.

Here the Herowndys xal shewe hymself and speke.

Herodes Rex. Now sees of 3our talkyng, and gevyth lordly
audyence;

Not o word I charge 3ow, that ben here present,
Noon so hardy to presume in my hey presence
To onlose hese lyppys ageyne myn intent.
I am Herowde, of Jewys kyng most reverent,
The lawys of Mahownde my powere xal fortifye;
Reverens to that Lord of grace moost excyllent,
ffor be his powere alle thinge doth multiplye.

3ef ony Crystyn be so hardy his feyth to denye,
Or onys to erre ageyns his lawe;
On gebettys with cheynes I xal hangyn hym heye,
And with wylde hors the traytours xal I drawe.

To kille a thowsand Crystyn I gyf not an hawe ;
 To se hem hangyn or brent to me is very plesauns,
 To dryvyn hem into doongenys dragonys to knawe,
 And to rende here flesche and bonys onto here sustenauns.

John the Baptyst crystenyd Cryst, and so he dede many on,
 Therefore myself dede hym brynge o dawe ;
 It is I that dede hym kille, I telle 3ou everychon,
 ffor and he had go forth he xuld a dystroyd our lawe.
 Where as Crystyn apperyth to me is gret grevauns,
 It peynyth myn hert of tho tretowrys to here ;
 ffor the lawys of Mahownde I have in governawne,
 The whiche I wele kepe, that Lord hath no pere !
 ffor he is God most prudent !
 Now I charge 3ou, my lordys, that ben here,
 Yf any Crystyn doggys here doth apere,
 Bryng tho tretores to my hey powere,
 And thei xal have sone jewgement.

Primus miles. My sovereyn Lord, heyest of excillens,
 In 3ou alle jewgement is termynabyle ;
 Alle Crystyn dogges that do not here dyligens,
 3e put hem to peynes that ben inportable.
Secundus miles. Nothing in 3ou may be more comendable,
 As to dysstroye tho traytores that erre
 Ageyn oure lawys, that ben most profytable ;
 Be rythwysnesse that lawe 3e must profferre.

Rex Herowdes. Now, be gloryous Mahownd, my sove-
 reyn Savyour,
 These promessys I make, as I am trewe knyth !
 Thoo that excede his lawys by ony errour,
 To the most xamefullest deth I xal hem dyth.
 But o thyng is sore in my gret delyte,
 Ther is on Jhesus of Nazareth, as men me tellyth ;

Of that man I desyre to han a sythte,
ffor with many gret wondrys oure lawe he fellyth.

The son of God hymself he callyth,
And kyng of Jewys he seyth is he,
And many woundrys of hym he fallyth—
My hert desyryth hym for to se.
Seres, yf that he come in this cowntré,
With oure juresdyccion loke 3e aspye,
And anon that he be brouth onto me,
And the trewth myself than xal trye.

Primus miles. Tomorwe my jorné I xal begynne,
To seke Jhesus with my dew dilygens;
3yf he come 3our provynce withinne,
He xal not askape 3our hey presens.

Secundus miles. Myn sovereyn, this is my cowncel that
3e xal take,

A man that is bothe wyse and stronge,
Thurwe alle Galylé a serge to make,
Yf Jhesu be enteryd 3our pepyl among,
Corrette hese dedys that be do wronge,
ffor his body is undyr 3our bayle,
As men talkyn hem among,
That he was born in Galylé.

Rex. Thanne of these materys, serys, take hede;
ffor a whyle I wele me rest,
Appetyde requyryth me so indede,
And ffesyk tellyth me it is the best.

XXX. THE TRIAL OF CHRIST.

Here xal a massanger com into the place rennyng and crying " Tydyngys ! tydynges ! " and so rownd abowth the place, " Jhesus of Nazareth is take ! Jhesus of Nazareth is take ! " and forthwith heylyng the prynces, thus seying,

Massanger. Alle heyle, my lordys, princys of prestys !
Sere Cayphas and sere Annas, lordys of the lawe !
Tydynges I brynge 3ou, reseyye them in 3our brestys ;
Jhesus of Nazareth is take, therof 3e may be fawe !
He xal be browth hedyr to 3ou anon ;
I telle 3ou trewly with a gret rowth,—
Whan he was take I was hem among,
And ther was I ner to kachyd a clowte.

Malcus bar a lanterne and put hym in pres,
Anoon he had a towche and of went his ere !
Jhesus bad his dyscyple put up his swerd and ces,
And sett Malcus ere ageyn as hool as it was ere !
So mot y the, methowut it was a strawnge syth !
Whan we cam fyrst to hym, he cam us ageyn,
And haskyd whom we sowth that tyme of nyth ?
We seyde Jhesus of Nazareth, we wolde have hym fayn.

And he seyde, " it is I that am here in 3our syth ;"
With that word we ovyrthrowyn bakward everychone,
And some on her bakkys lyeng upryth,
But standyng upon fote manly ther was not on.

Cryst stode on his fete as meke as a lom,
 And we loyn styлле lyche ded men tyl he bad us ryse ;
 Whan we were up, fast handys we leyd hym upon,
 But 3et me thought I was not plesyd with the newe gyse.

Therefore takyth now 3our cowncel and avyse 3ou ryth
 weyl,
 And beth ryth ware that he make 3ou not amat ;
 ffor be my thryfte I dare sweryn at this seyl,
 3e xal fynde hym a strawnge watt !

*Here bryng thei Jhesus beforn Annas and Cayphas,
 and on xal seyn thus,*

Lo ! lo ! lordys, here is the man
 That 3e sent us fore.

Annas. Therefore we cone 3ou thanke than,
 And reward 3e xal have the more.

Jhesus, thou art welcome hedyr to oure presens ;
 Ful oftyn tymes we han the besyly do sowth ;
 We payd to thi dysceple for the thretty pens,
 And as an ox or an hors we trewly the bowth.
 Therefore now art oure as thou standyst us before ;
 Sey, why thou ast trobelyd us and subvertyd oure lawe ?
 Thou hast ofte concludyd us, and so thou hast do more,
 Wherefore it were ful nedful to bryng the a dawe.

Cayphas. What arn thi dysciplys that folwyn the aboute ?
 And what is thi doctryne that thou dost preche ?

Telle me now somewhath, and bryng us out of doute,
 That we may to othere men thi prechyng forth teche.

Jhesus. Al tymes that I have prechyd, opyn it was don
 In the synagog or in the temple, where that alle
 Jewys com :

Aske hem what I have seyde, and also what I have don ;
 Thei con telle the my wordys, aske hem everychone.

Primus Judeus. What thou, fela? to whom spekyst thou?
 Xalt thou so speke to a buschop?
 Thou xalt have on the cheke, I make a vow,
 And 3et therto a knok.

Here he xal smyte Jhesus on the cheke.

Jhesus. Yf I have seyde amys,
 Therof wytnesse thou mayst bere;
 And yf I have seyde but weyl in this,
 Tho[u] dost amys me to dere!

Annas. Serys, takyth hed now to this man,
 That he dystroye not oure lawe;
 And brynge 3e wytnesse azens hym that he can,
 So that he may be browt of dawes.

Primus doctor. Sere, this I herd hym with his owyn
 mowth seyn,—
 Brekyth down this temple without delay,
 And I xal settynt up ageyn
 As hool as it was, by the thrydde day.

Secundus doctor. 3a, ser, and I herd hym seyn also
 That he was the Sone of God;
 And 3et many a fole wenyth so,
 I durst leyn theron myn hed.
 3a! 3a! and I herd hym preche meche thyng,
 And azens oure lawe everydel;
 Of wheche it were longe to make rekenyng,
 To tellyn alle at this seel.

Cayphas. What seyst now, Jhesus? whi answeryst not?
 Heryst not what is seyde azens the?
 Spek man, spek! spek, thou fop!
 Hast thou scorn to speke to me?
 Heryst not in how many thynges thei the accuse?

Now I charge the and conjure, be the sonne and the mone,
That thou telle us and thou be Goddys sone !

Jhesus. Goddys sone I am, I sey not nay to the !
And that 3e alle xal se domys-day,
Whan the sone xal come in gret powere and magesté,
And deme the qweke and dede, as I the say.

Cayphas. A ! out ! out ! allas ! what is this ?

Heryth 3e not how he blasfemyth God ?

What nedyth us to have more wytness ?

Here 3e han herd alle his owyn word !

Thynk 3e not he is worthy to dey ?

Et clamabant omnes. " 3ys ! 3ys ! 3ys ! alle we seye
he is worthy to dey, 3a ! 3a ! 3a ! "

Annas. Takyth hym to 3ow and betyth hym som del,
flor hese blasfemyng at this sel.

*Here thei xal bete Jhesus about the hed and the body,
and spyttyn in his face, and pullyn hym down, and
settyh hym on a stol, and castyn a cloth ovyr his face ;
and the fyrst xal seyn,*

Primus Judæus. A ! felawys, beware what 3e do to this
man,

flor he prophecye weyl kan.

Secundus Judæus. That xal be asayd be this batte,

What thou, Jhesus ? ho 3aff the that ?

Et percuciet super caput.

Tertius Judæus. Whar ? whar ? now wole I

Wetyn how he can prophecy.

Ho was that ?

Quartus Judæus. A ! and now wole I a newe game
begynne,

That we mon pley at alle that arn hereinne ;

Whele and pylle ! whele and pylle !
 Comyth to halle ho so wylle.
 Ho was that ?

Here xal the woman come to Jewys and seyn,

Prima ancilla. What, serys, how take 3e on with this
 man ?

Se 3e not on of hese dysciplys how he beheldyth 3ou than.

Here xal the tother woman seyn to Peter,

Secunda ancilla. A ! good man me semyth be the,
 That thou on of hese dysciplys xulde be.

Petrus. A ! woman, I sey nevyr er this man,
 Syn that this werd fyrst began.

Et cantabit gallus.

Prima ancilla. What ? thou mayst not sey nay, thou
 art on of hese men,

Be thi face wel we may the ken.

Petrus. Woman, thou seyst amys of me ;
 I know hym not ; so mote I the.

Primus Judæus. A ! fela myn, wel met,
 For my cosynys ere thou of smet ;
 Whan we thi mayster in the 3erd toke,
 Than alle thi ffelawys hym forsoke ;
 And now thou mayst not hym forsake,
 For thou art of Galylé, I undyrtake.

Petrus. Sere, I knowe hym not, be hym that made me !
 And 3e wole me beleve ffor an oth,
 I take record of alle this compayné,
 That I sey to 3ow is soth.

Et cantabit gallus. And than Jhesus xal lokyn on
Petyr, and Petyr xal wepyn, and than he xal gon out and
seyn,

A ! weel away ! weel away ! fals hert, why wylt thou not
brest,

Syn thi maystyr so cowardly thou hast forsake ?

Alas ! qwher xal I now on erthe rest,

Tyl he of his mercy to grace wole me take ?

I have forsake my mayster and my lord Jhesu

Thre tymes, as he tolde me that I xuld do the same ;

Wherfore I may not have sorwe anow,

I syuful creature am so meche to blame.

Whan I herd the cok crowyn, he kest on me a loke,

As who seyth, " bethynke the what I seyde before ? "

Alas, the tyme that I evyr hym forsoke !

And so wyl I thynkyn from hens evyrmore.

Cayphas. Massangere ! Massangere !

Massangere. Here, lord, here !

Cayphas. Massanger, to Pylat in hast thou xalt gon,

And sey hym we comawnde us in word and in dede ;

And prey hym that he be at the mot-halle anoon,

ffor we han gret matere that he must nedes spede.

In hast now go thi way,

And loke thou tery nowth.

Massanger. It xal be do, lord, be this day,

I am as whyt as thought.

Here Pylat syttyth in his skaffald, and the massanger knelyth to hym, thus seyng,

Al heyl ! sere Pylat, that semly is to se !

Prynce of al this Juré, and kepere of the lawe !

My lord busshop Cayphas comawndyd hym to the,

And prayd the to be at the mot-halle by the day dawe.

Pylat. Go thi way, praty masanger, and comawnde me
also ;

I xal be there in hast, and so thou mayst say :

Be the oure of prime I xal comyn hem to,
I tery no lenger, no make no delay.

Here the massanger comit azen and bryngit an answer, thus seyng,

Massanger. Al heyl! myn lordys, and buschoppys, and
pryncys of the lawe!

Ser Pylat comawndyth hym to 3ou, and bad me to 3ou
say,

He wole be at the mot-halle in hast sone after the day
dawe,

He wold 3e xuld be ther be primewithouth lenger delay.

Cayphas. Now weyl mote thou fare, my good page;
Take thou this for thi massage.

Here enteryth Judas onto the Juwys thus seyng,

Judas. I Judas have synnyd and treson have don,
ffor I have betrayd this rythful blood;
Here is 3our mony azen, alle and some,
ffor sorwe and thowth I am wax wood.

Annas. What is that to us? avyse the now,
Thou dedyst with us covnawnt make;
Thou seldyst hym us as hors or kow,
Therefore thin owyn dedys thou must take!

Than Judas castyth down the mony, and goth and hangyth hymself.

Cayphas. Now, serys, the nyth is passyd, the day is
come;

It were tyme this man had his jewgement;
And Pylat abydyth in the mot-halle alone,
Tyl we xuld this man present;
And therefore go we now forth with hym in hast.

Primus Judæus. It xal be don and that in short spas.

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! but loke yf he be bownd ryth wel
and fast.

Tertius Judæus. He is saff anow ! go we ryth a good pas !

*Here thei ledyn Jhesu abowt the place tyl thei come
to the halle.*

Cayphas. Sere Pylat, takyght hede to this thyng !

Jhesus we han beforn the browth,
Wheche owre lawe doth down bryng,
And mekyl schame he hath us wrowth.

Annas. ffrom this cetye into the lond of Galylé,
He hath browth oure lawys neyr into confusyon,
With hese craftys wrowth be nygramancye,
Shewyth to the pepyl be fals simulacyon.

Primus doctor. 3a ! 3et, ser, another and werst of alle !

A3ens Sesar, oure emperour that is so fre,
Kyng of Jewys he doth hym calle,
So oure emperoures power nowth xuld be !

Secundus doctor. Sere Pylat, we kannot telle half the blame
That Jhesus in oure countré hath wrowth ;
Therefore we charge the in the emperores name,
That he to the deth in hast be browth !

Pylat. What seyst to these compleyntys, Jhesu ?

These pepyl hath the sore acusyd,
Because thou bryngyst up lawys newe,
That in oure days were not usyd.

Jhesus. Of here accusyng me rowth nowth,
So that thei hurt not here soulys ne non mo.
I have nowth 3et founde that I have sowth,
ffor my faderys wyl fforth must I go.

Pylat. Jhesus, be this than I trowe thou art a kyng,
And the sone of God thou art also,—

Lord of erth and of alle thing,—

Telle me the trowth, if it be so !

Jhesus. In hefne is knowyn my faderys intent,

And in this werlde I was born ;

Be my fadyr I was hedyr sent,

For to seke that was forlorn.

Alle that me heryn and in me belevyn,

And kepyn here feyth stedfastly ;

Thow thei weryn dede I xal them recuryn,

And xal them bryng to blysse endlesly.

Pilate. Lo! serys, now 3e an erde this man, how thynk 3e?

Thynke 3e not alle be 3oure reson?

But as he seyth it may wel be,

And that xulde be this incheson.

I fynde in hym non obecyon

Of errour, nor treson, ne of no maner gylt ;

The lawe wele in no conclusyon

Withowte defawth he xuld be spylt.

Primus doctor. Sere Pylat, the lawe restyth in the,

And we knowe veryly his gret trespas ;

To the emperour this mater told xal be,

Yf thou lete Jhesus thus from the pas !

Pylat. Serys, than telle me o thyng,

What xal be his acusyng?

Annas. Sere, we telle the altogedyr,

ffor his evyl werkys we browth hym hedyr ;

And yf he had not an evyl doere be,

We xuld not a browth hym to the.

Pylat. Takyth hym than after 3our sawe,

And demyth hym aftyr 3our lawe.

Cayphas. It is not lefful to us, 3e seyn,

No maner man for to slen ;

The cawse why we bryng hym to the,
That he xuld not oure kyng be.
Weyl thou knowyst kyng we have non,
But oure Emperour alon.

Pylat. Jhesu, thou art kyng of Juré?

Jhesus. So thou seyst now to me.

Pylat. Tel me than, where is thi kyngham?

Jhesus. My kyngham is not in this werld,
I telle the at o word.

Yf my kyngham here had be,
I xuld not a be delyveryd to the.

Pylat. Sere, avyse 3ow as 3e kan.

I can fynde no defawth in this man.

Annas. Sere, here is a gret record take hed therto,
And knowyng gret myschef in this man;
And not only in o day or to,
It is many 3erys syn he began.
We kan telle the tyme where and whan,
That many a thowsand turnyd hath he,
As alle this pepylle record weyl kan,
From hens into the lond of Galylé.

Et clamabunt "3a! 3a! 3a!"

Pilat. Serys, of o thyng than gyf me relacyon,
If Jhesus were outborn in the lond of Galylye,
ffor we han no poer, ne no jurediccyon,
Of no man of that contré.
Therefore the trewth 3e telle me,
And another wey I xal provyde,—
If Jhesus were born in that countré,
The jugement of Herowdys he must abyde.

Cayphas. Sere, as I am to the lawe trewly sworn,
To telle the trewth I have no fer;

In Galelye I know that he was born,
 I can telle in what place and where.
 Azens this no man may answere,
 ffor he was born in Bedlem Judé;
 And this 3e knowe, now alle I have don here,
 That it stant in the lond of Galelye.

Pylat. Weyl, serys, syn that I knowe that it is so,
 The trewth of this I must nedys se:
 I undyrstand ryth now what is to do,
 The jugement of Jhesu lyth not to me.
 Herowde is kyng of that countré,
 To jewge that regyon in lenth and in brede;
 The juriesdyccyon of Jhesu now han must he,
 Therefore Jhesu in hast to hym 3e lede;
 In halle the hast that 3e may spede,
 Lede hym to the Herownde anon present,
 And sey I comawnde me, with worde and dede,
 And Jhesu to hym that I have sent.

Primus doctor. This erand in hast sped xal be,
 In alle the hast that we can do;
 We xal not tary in no degré,
 Tyl the Herowdys presens we come to.

Here thei take Jhesu and lede hym in gret hast to the Herowde; and the Herowdys scafald xal uncloze, shewyng Herowdes in astat, alle the Jewys knelyng, except Annas and Cayphas, thei xal stondyn, etc.

Primus doctor. Heyl, Herowde, most excyllent kyng!
 We arn comawndyd to thin presens,—
 Pylat sendyth the be us gretyng,
 And chargyth us, be oure obedyens,
Secundus doctor. That we xuld do oure dylygens
 To bryng Jhesus of Nazareth onto the,

And chargyth us to make no resystens,
Becawse he was born in this countré.

Annas. We knowe he hath wrowth gret folé
Ageyns the lawe shewyd present ;
Therefore Pylat sent hym onto the,
That thou xuldyst gyf hym jugement.

Herowde Rex. Now, be Mahound my God of Grace !
Of Pylat this is a dede ful kende ;
I forgyf hym now is gret trespace,
And schal be his frend withowtyn ende.

Jhesus to me that he wole sende,
I desyred ful sore hym for to se ;
Gret ese in this Pylat xal fynde,
And, Jhesus, thou art welcome to me !

Primus Judæus. My sovereyn lord, this is the case,
The gret falsnesse of Jhesu is opynly knawe ;
Ther was nevyr man dede so gret trespas,
ffor he hath almost destroydoure lawe.

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! be fals crafte of soserie,
Wrowth opynly to the pepylle alle,
And be sotyl poyntes of nygramancye,
Many thowsandys frooure lawe be falle.

Cayphas. Most excellent kyng, 3e must take hede,
He wol dystroye alle this countré, bothe elde and 3yng ;
Yf he ten monthis more procede,

Be his meraclys and fals prechyng,
He bryngyth the pepyl in gret sonnyng,
And seyth dayly among hem alle,
That he is lord and of the Jewys kyng,
And the sone of God he doth hym calle.

Rex Herowde. Serys, alle these materys I have herd sayd,
And meche more than 3e me telle ;
Alletogedyr thei xal be layde,
And I wyl take thereon cowncelle.

Jhesus, thou art welcome to me ;
 I kan Pylat gret thank for his sendyng ;
 I have desyryd ful longe the to se,
 And of thi meracles to have knowyng.

It is told me thou dost many a wondyr thyng,
 Crokyd to gon and blynd men to sen,
 And thei that ben dede gevyst hem levying,
 And makyst lepers fayre and hool to ben.
 These arn wondyr werkys wrought of the,
 Be what wey I wolde knowe the trew sentens.
 Now Jhesu, I pray the, lete me se
 O meracle wrought in my presens.
 In hast now do thi dylygens,
 And peradventure I wyl shew favour to the ;
 ffor now thou art in my presens,
 Thyn lyf and deth here lyth in me.

And here Jhesus xal not speke no word to the Herowde.

Jhesus, why spekyst not to thi kyng ?
 What is the cawse thou standyst so styll ?
 Thou nowyst I may deme alle thyng,—
 Thyn lyf and deth lyth at my wylle !

What ? spek Jhesus, and telle me why
 This pepyl do the so here acuse ?
 Spare not, but telle me now on he,
 How thou canst thiself excuse.

Cayphas. Loo ! serys, this is of hym a false sotylté,
 He wyl not speke but whan he lyst ;
 Thus he dysceyvyth the pepyl in eche degré ;
 He is ful fals, 3e veryly tryst.

Rex Herowde. What, thou onhangyd harlot, why wylt
 thou not speke ?
 Hast thou skorne to speke onto thi kyng ?

Becawse thou dost oure lawys breke,

I trowe thou art aserd of oure talkyng.

Annas. Nay, he is not aserde, but of a fals wyle,

Becawse we xuld not hym acuse ;

If that he answerd 3ow ontylle,

He knowyth he kan not hymself excuse.

Rea Herowde. What? spek I say, thou foulyng, evyl
mot thou fare !

Loke up, the devyl mote the cheke !

Seres, bete his body with scorges bare,

And asay to make hym for to speke !

Primus Judæus. It xal be do withoutyn taryeng,—

Come on, thou tretour, evyl mot thou the !

Whylt thou not speke onto oure kyng ?

A new lesson we xal lere the !

*Here thei pulle of Jhesus clothis, and betyn hym with
whyppys.*

Secundus Judæus. Jhesus, thi bonys we xal not breke,

But we xal make the to skyppe !

Thou hast lost thi tonge, thou mayst not speke,

Thou xalt asay now of this whippe.

Tertius Judæus. Serys, take these whyppys in 3our honde,

And spare not whyl thei last ;

And bete this tretoure that here doth stonde,

I trowe that he wyl speke in hast.

*And qwhan thei han betyn hym tyl he is alle blody,
than the Herownd seyth,*

Sees, seres, I comawnde 3ou be name of the
devyl of helle !

Jhesus, thynkyst this good game ?

Thou art strong, to suffyr schame,

Thou haddyst levyr be betyn lame,

Than thi defawtys for to telle.

But I wyl not thi body alle spyl,
Nor put it here into more peyn ;
Serys, takyth Jhesus at 3our owyn wyl,
And lede hym to Pylat hom ageyn.
Grete hym weyl, and telle hym serteyn,
Alle my good frenchep xal he have ;
I gyf hym powere of Jhesus, thus 3e hym seyn,
Whether he wole hym dampne or save.
Primus doctor. Sere, at 3our request it xal be do,
We xal lede Jhesus at 3our demawde;
And delyvyr hym Pylat onto,
And telle hym alle as 3e comawnde.

Here enteryth Satan into the place in the most orryble wyse, and qwyl that he pleyth, thei xal don on Jhesus clothis and overest a whyte clothe, and ledyn hym abowth the place, and than to Pylat, be the tyme that hese wyf hath pleyd.

XXXI. PILATE'S WIFE'S DREAM.

Sathan. Thus I reyne as a rochand with a rynggyng
rowth,

As a devyl most dowty dred is my dynt;
Many a thowsand develys to me do thei lowth,
Brennyng in flamys as fyre out of flynt!
Ho so serve me, Sathan, to sorwe is he sent,
With dragonys in doungeyns and develys fu derke,
In bras and in bronston the brethellys be brent,
That wene in this werd my wyl for to werke!

With myschef on moolde here membrys I merke,
That japyn with Jhesus that Judas solde;
Be he nevyr so crafty nor conyng clerke,
I harry them to helle as tretour bolde.
But ther is o thyng that grevyth me sore,
Of a prophete that Jhesu men calle;
He peynyth me every day more and more,
With his holy meracis and werkys alle.

I had hym onys in a temptacyon,
With glotenye, with covetyse, and veynglorye,
I hasayd hym be alle weys that I cownde don,
And uttyrly he refusyd hem, and gan me defye.
That rebuke that he gaf me xal not be unqwyt,
Somwhat I have begonne, and more xal be do;
ffor alle his barfot goyng, fro me xal he not skyp,
But my derk dongeon I xal bryngyn hym to.

I have do made redy his cros that he xal dye upon,
 And thre nayles to takke hym with that he xal not
 styrtē ;

Be he nevyr so holy he xal not fro me gon,
 But with a sharpe spere he xal be smet to the herte.

And sythyn he xal come to helle be he nevyr so stowte,
 And yet I am aferd and he come he wole do som wrake ;
 Therefore I xal go warnyn helle that thei loke abowte,
 That thei make redy chenys to bynd hym with in lake.

Helle ! Helle ! make redy, for here xal come a gest,
 Hedyr xal come Jhesus that is clepyd Goddys sone,
 And he xal ben here be the oure of none,
 And with the here he xal wone,
 And han ful shrewyd rest.

Here xal a devyl spekyn in helle.

Demon. Out upon the ! we conjure the,
 That nevyr in helle we may hym se,
 ffor and he onys in helle be,
 He xal oure power brest.

Sathan. A ! A ! than have I go to ferre ;
 But som wyle help, I have a shrewde torne,
 My game is wers than I wend here,
 I may seyn my game is lorne.

Lo ! a wyle yet have a kast,
 If I myth Jhesus lyf save,
 Helle gatys xal be sperd fast,
 And kepe styлле alle tho I have.

To Pylatys wyff I wele now go,
 And sche is aslepe a bed ful fast,
 And byd here withowtyn wordys mo,
 To Pylat that sche send in hast.

I xal asay, and this wol be
 To bryng Pylat in belef;
 Withinne a whyle, 3e xal se,
 How my craft I wole go pref.

Here xal the devyl gon to Pylatys wyf, the corteyn drawyn as she lyth in bedde; and he xal no dene make; but she xal sone after that he is come in, makyn a rewly noyse, commyng and rennyng of the schaffald, and her shert and here kyrtyl in here hand, and sche xal come beforn Pylat leke a mad woman, seyng thus,

Uxor Pilaty. Pylat, I charge the that thou take hede!

Deme not Jhesu, but be his frende!

3yf thou jewge hym to be dede,

Thou art dampnyd withowtyn ende!

A fend aperyd me befor,

As I lay in my bed slepyng fast;

Sethyn the tyme that I was born

Was I nevyr so sore agast!

As wylde fyre and thondyr blast,

He cam cryeng onto me;

He seyde, thei that bete Jhesu or bownd hym fast,

Withowtyn ende dampnyd xal be!

Therefore a wey herein thou se,

And lete Jhesu from the tlerre pace;

The Jewys thei wole begyle the,

And put on the alle the trespace.

Pylat. Gramercy, myn wyf, for evyr 3e be trewe;

3our cowncel is good and evyr hath be!

Now to 3our chawmer 3e do sewe;

And alle xal be weyl, dame, as 3e xal se.

XXXII. THE CONDEMNATION AND
CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

Here the Jewys bryng Jhesus azen to Pylat.

Primus doctor. Sere Pylat, gode tydandys thou here
of me,—

Of Herowd the kyng thou hast good wyl ;
And Jhesus he sendyth azen to the,
And byddyth the chese hym to save or spylle !

Secundus doctor. 3a ! ser, alle the poer lyth now in the,
And thou knowyst oure feyth he hath nere schent :
Thou knowyst what myschef therof may be,
We charge the to gyf hym jwgement.

Pylat. Serys, trewly 3e be to blame,
Jhesus thus to bete, dyspoyle, or bynde ;
Or put hym to so gret schame ;
ffor no defawth in hym I fynde.

Ne Herowdys nother to whom I sent 3ow,
Defawte in hym cowde fynde ryth non ;
But sent hym azen to me be 3ow,
As 3e knowe wel everychon.

Therefore undyrstande what I xal say,
3e knowe the custom is in this londe,

Of 3our Pasche day that is ner bonde,
 What theff or tretour be in bonde,
 For worchep of that day xal go fre away
 Without any price.

Now than me thynkyth it were ryth,
 To lete Jhesus now go qwyte,
 And do to hym no mo dyspyte,—
 I wolde wete what 3e say.

Seres, this is myn avyse.

Here alle thei xul cryen, "Nay! nay! nay!"

Primus doctor. Delyvere us the theff Barabas,
 That for mansclawth presonde was.

Pylat. What xal I than with Jhesu do?
 Whether xal he abyde or go?

Secundus doctor. Jhesus xal on the cros be don,
Crucifigatur we cry echon!

Pylat. Seres, what hath Jhesus don amys?

Populis clamabunt. *Crucifigatur* we sey at onys.

Pylat. Serys, syn al gatye 3e wolyn so,
 Puttyn Jhesu to wo and peyn;
 Jhesu a wyle with me xal go,
 I wole hym examyne betwyx us tweyn.

*Here Pylat takyth Jhesu, and ledyth hym into the
 cowncel hous, and seyth,*

Jhesus, what seyst now? lete se,
 This matere now thou undyrstonde;
 In pes thou myth be for me,
 But for thi pepyl of thi londe.

Busschoppys and prestys of the lawe,
 Thei love the not, as thou mayst se;

And the comon pepyl azens the drawe,
 In pes thou myth a be for me,—
 This I telle the pleyn !
 What seyst, Jhesus? whi spekest not me to?
 Knowyst not I have power on the cros the to do,
 And also I have power to lete the forth go !
 What kanst thou here to seyn ?

Jhesus. On me poer thou hast ryth non,
 But that my fadyr hath grawntyd beforn ;
 I cam my faderys wyl to fullefylle,
 That mankynd xuld not spylle.
 He that hath betrayd me to the at this tyme,
 His trespas is more than is thine.

Primus doctor. 3e prynces and maysteres, takyth hed
 and se
 How Pylat in this matere is favorabyll ;
 And thus oure lawys dystroyd myth be,
 And to us alle unrecurabyll !

Here Pylat letyth Jhesus alone and goth into the Jewys, and seyth,

Seres, what wole 3e now with Jhesu do ?
 I can fynde in hym but good !
 It is my cownce 3e lete hym go,—
 It is rewthe to spylle his blood !

Cayphas. Pylat, me thynkyth thou dost gret wrong,
 Azens oure lawe thus to fortefye ;
 And the pepyl here is so strong,
 Bryngyng the lawful testymonye.

Annas. 3a ! and thou lete Jhesu fro us pace,
 This we welyn upholdyn alle ;
 Thou xalt answeere for his trespas,
 And tretour to the emperour we xal the kalle.
Pylat. Now than, syn 3e wolne non other weye,
 But in al wyse that Jhesus must deye,

Artyse, bryng me watyr, I prey the,
And what I wole do, 3e xal se.

Hic unus offeret aquam.

As I wasche with watyr my handys cleue,
So gyltles of hese deth I must ben.

Primus doctor. The blod of hym mut ben on us,
And on oure chyldyr aftyr us !

Et clamabunt " 3a ! 3a ! 3a ! "

*Than Pylat goth azen to Jhesu, and bryngit hym,
thus seyng,*

Lo ! seres, I bryng hym here to 3our pressens,
That 3e may knowe I fynde in hym non offens.

Secundus doctor. Delyvere hym ! delyvere hym ! and
let us go,

On the crosse that he were do !

Pilat. Seres, wolde 3e 3our kyng I xulde on the cros don ?

Tertius doctor. Sere, we seyn that we have no kyng but
the emperour alon.

Pilat. Seres, syn al gatys it must be so,

We must syt and our office do ;

Brynge forth to the barre that arn to be dempt,

And thei xal have here jugement.

*Here thei xal brynge Barabas to the barre, and
Jhesu, and ij. Jewys in here shertys bare-leggyd, and
Jhesus standyng at the barre betwyr them ; and Annas
and Cayphas xal gon into the cowncelle hous quhan
Pylat syttyth.*

Pylat. Barabas, hold up thi hond !
For here at thi delyvere dost thou stond.

And he halt up his hond.

Serys, qwhat sey 3e of Barabas thef and tretour bold ?
Xal he go fre or he xal be kept in holde ?

Primus doctor. Sere, for the solemnyté of oure Pasche day,
Be oure lawe he xal go fre away.

Pylat. Barabas, than I dysmysse the,
And 3eve the lycens to go fre.

Et curret.

Dysmas and Jesmas ther as 3e stondys,
The lawe comawndyth 3ou to hold up 3our hondys ;
Sere, what sey 3e of these thevys tweyn ?

Secundus doctor. Sere, thei ben bothe gylty, we seyn.

Pylat. And what sey 3e of Jhesu of Nazareth ?

Primus doctor. Sere, we sey he xal be put to deth !

Pylat. And kone 3e put azens hym no trespas.

Secundus Doctor. Sere, we wylle alle that he xal be put
upon the crosse !

Et clamabunt omnes voce magna dicentes, " 3a ! 3a ! 3a ! "

Pylat. Jhesu, thin owyn pepyl han dysprevyd,
Al that I have for the seyd or mevyd ;
I charge 3ou alle at the begynnyng,

As 3e wole answeere me beforne,
That ther be no man xal towche 3our kyng,
But yf he be knyght or jentylman born.

Fyrst his clothis 3e xal of don,

And makyn hym nakyd for to be ;
Bynde hym to a pelere, as sore as 3e mon, ✓

Than skorge hym with qwyppys that al men may se !
Whan he is betyn, crowne hym for 3our kyng !
And than to the cros 3e xal hym bryng !

And to the crosse thou xalt be fest,
And on thre naylys thi body xal rest !
On xal thorwe thi ryth hand go,
Anothyr thorwe thi lyfte hand also ;

The thred xal be smet thoro bothe thi feet,
 Wheche nayle ther to be mad ful mete !
 And yet thou xalt not hange alone,
 But on eyther syde of the xal be on.
 Dysmas now, I deme the,
 That on hese ryth hand thou xalt be !
 And Jesmas on the left hand hangyd xal ben,
 On the mowth of Calverye, that men may sen !

*Here Pylat xal rysyn and gon to his schaffald, and the
 busshoppys with hym ; and the Jewys xal crye for joy
 with a gret voys, and arryn hym and pullyn of his
 clothis, and byndyn hym to a pelere, and skorgyn hym ;
 on seying thus,*

Primus Judæus. Doth gladly, oure kyng,
 For this is 3our first begynnyng !

*And qwhan he is skorgyd, thei put upon hym a cloth
 of sylk, and settyn hym on a stol, and puttyn a kroune
 of thornys on hese hed with forkys ; and the Jewys
 knelyng to Cryst, takyng hym a septer and skornyng
 hym, and than thei xal pullyn of the purpyl clothe, and
 don on ageyn his owyn clothis ; and leyn the crosse in
 hese necke to berynt, and drawyn hym forth with ropys ;
 and than xal come to women wepyng, and with here
 handes wryngyn, seying thus,*

Primus mulier. Allas ! Jhesus, allas ! Jhesus, wo is me !
 That thou art thus dyspoylyd, allas !
 And yet nevyr defawth was fownd in the,
 But evyr thou hast be fole of grace.

Secundus mulier. A ! here is a rewful syth of Jhesu so
 good,

That he xal thus dye azens the ryth ;
 A ! wykkyd men, 3e be more than wood.
 To do that good Lord so gret dyspyte !

Here Jhesus turnyth azen to the women with his crosse, thus seying,

Dowterys of Hierusalem, for me wepyth nowth,
But for yourself wepyth and for your chyldyr also ;
For the days xal come that thei han after sowth,
Here synne and here blyndnesse xal turne hym to wo !

Than xal be sayd “ blyssyd be the wombys that bareyn be,
And wo to the tetys tho days that do 3evyn sokyng !”
And to here faderes, thei xul seyn, “ Wo to the tyme that
thou begat me !”
And to her moderes, “ Allas ! wher xal be oure
dwelllyng ?”

Than to the hyllys and mownteynes they xal crye and
calle,
Oppyn and hyde us from the face of hym syttyng in
trone !

Or ellys ovyrthrowyth and on us now come falle,
That we may be hyd from oure sorweful mone.

*Here Jhesus turnyth fro the women and goth forth,
and ther thei metyn with Symonem in the place, the
Jewys seying to hym,*

Primus Judæus. Sere, to the a word of good ;
A man is here thou mayst se,
Beryth hevy of a rode,
Where an he xal hangyd be.

Therefore we pray alle the,
Thou take the crosse of the man ;
Bere it with us to Kalvarye,
And ryth gret thank thou xalt han.

Symon. Seres, I may not in no degré,—
I have gret errandys for to do ;

Therefore I pray 3ow excuse me,
And on my herand lete me go.

Secundus Judæus. What? harlot, hast thou skorne
To bere the tre? whan we the praye!
Thou xalt berynt, haddyst thou sworn,
And yt were ten tyme the weye!

Symon. Serys, I pray 3ow dysplese 3ou nowth,
I wole help to bere the tre;
Into the place it xal be browth,
Where 3e wole commawnde me.

*Here Symon takyth the cros of Jhesus, and beryth
it forth.*

Veronica. A! 3e synful pepyl, why fare thus?
ffor swet and blod he may not se!
Allas! holy prophete, Cryst Jhesus!
Careful is myn hert for the!

And sche whypyth his face with her kerchy.

Jhesus. Veronyca, thi whipyng doth me ese!
My face is clene that was blak to se:
I xal them kepe from alle mysese,
That lokyn on thi kerchy and remembyr me!

*Than xul thei pulle Jhesu out of his clothis, and
leyn them togedyr; and ther thei xul pullyn hym down
and leyn along on the cros, and after that naylyn hym
thereon.*

Primus Judæus. Come on now here, we xal asay
Yf the cros for the be mete;
Cast hym down here in the devyl way,
How long xal he standyn on his fete?

Secundus Judæus. Pul hym down, evyl mote he the !
And gyf me his arm in hast ;
And anon we xal se
Hese good days thei xul be past !

Tertius Judæus. Gef hese other arm to me,—
Another take hed to hese feet ;
And anon we xal se
Yf the borys be for hym meet.

Quartus Judæus. This is mete, take good hede ;
Pulle out that arm to the sore.

Primus Judæus. This is short, the devyl hym sped,
Be a large fote and more.

Secundus Judæus. ffest on a rop and pulle hym long,
And I xal drawe the ageyn ;
Spare we not these ropys strong,
Thow we brest both flesch and veyn !

Tertius Judæus. Dryve in the nayle anon, lete se,
And loke and the flesch and sennes welle last.

Quartus Judæus. That I graunt, so mote I the ;
Lo ! this nayl is dreve ryth wel and fast.

Primus Judæus. ffest a rope than to his feet,
And drawe hym down long anow.

Secundus Judæus. Here is a nayl for both good and greet,
I xal dryve it thorwe, I make a vow !

Here xule thei leve of and dawncyn abowte the cros shortly.

Tertius Judæus. Lo ! fela, here a lythe takkyd on a tre !

Quartus Judæus. 3a ! and I trowe thou art a worthy
kyng !

Primus Judæus. A ! good sere, telle me now what
helpyth thi prophecy the ?

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! or any of thi ffals prechyng !

Tertius Judæus. Seres, set up the cros on the honde,
That we may loke hym in the face.

Quartus Judæus. 3a ! and we xal knelyn onto oure kyng
so kend,

And preyn hym of his gret grace !

*Here qwhan thei han set hym up, thei xuln gon before
hym, seyng eche affter other thus,*

Primus Judæus. Heyl ! kyng of Jewys, yf thou be.

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! 3a ! sere, as thou hangyst there
flesche and bony.

Tertius Judæus. Com now down of that tre !

Quartus Judæus. And we wole worchepe the alle at
onys.

*Here xul poer comonys stand and loke upon the Jewys
iiij. or v., and the Jewys xul come to them, and do them
hange the thevys.*

Primus Judæus. Come on, 3e knavys, and set up these
ij. crosses ryth,

And hange up these to thevys anon !

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! and in the worchep of this worthy
knyth,

On eche syde of hym xal hangyn on !

*Here the sympyl men xul settyn up these ij. crossys, and
hangyn up the thevys be the armys and therichyls xal the
Jewys cast dyce for his clothis, and fytyn and stryryn ;
and in the mene tyme xal oure Lady come with iiij. Maryes
with here and Sen John with hem, setting hem down*

*asyde afore the cros ; oure Lady swuonyng and mornynge
and leysere seying,*

Maria. A ! my good Lord, my sone so swete !

Why hast thou don ? why hangyst now thus here ?
Is ther non other deth to the now mete,

But the most shamful deth among these thevys fere ?

A ! out on my hert ! whi brest thou nowth ?

And thou art maydyn and modyr, and seyst thus thi
childe spylle !

How mayst thou abyde this sorwe and this woful thowth ?

Ah ! deth ! deth ! deth ! Why wilt thou not me kyll ?

*Here oure Lady xal swonge azen, and ore Lord xal
seyn thus,*

Jhesus. O ffadyr almythy ! makere of man !

fforgyff these Jewys that don me wo !

fforgeve hem, fadyr ! forgeve hem than !

ffor thei wete nowth what thei do.

Primus Judæus. 3a ! vath ! vath ! now here is he

That bad us dystroie oure tempyl on a day,

And withinne days thre

He xuld reysynt azen in good aray.

Secundus Judæus. Now and thou kan do sweche a dede,

Help now thiself, yf that thou kan ;

And we xal belevyn on the withoutyn drede,

And seyn thou art a myhty man !

Tertius Judæus. 3a ! yf thu be Goddys sone, as thou
dedyst teche,

ffrom the cros come now downe !

Than of mercy we xal the beseche,
And seyn thou art a Lord of gret renown!
Jestes. Yf thou be Goddys sone, as thou dedyst seye,
Helpe here now both the and us!
But I fynde it not al in my feye,
That thou xuldyst be Cryst, Goddys sone Jhesus.

Dymas. Go wey, fool! why seyst thou so?
He is the sone of God, I beleve it wel!
And synne dede he nevyr, lo!
That he xuld be put this deth tyl.
Be we ful meche wrong han wrowth,—
He dede nevyr thing amys!
Now mercy, good Lord! mercy! and forgete me nowth
Whan thou comyst to thi kyngdom and to thi blyss!

Jhesus. Amen! amen! thou art ful wyse!
That thou hast askyd I grawnt the!
This same day in paradyse
With me thi God thou xalt ther be!

Maria. O my sone! my sone! my derlyng dere!
What have I defendyd the?
Thou hast spoke to alle tho that ben here,
And not o word thou spekyst to me!

To the Jewys thou art ful kende,
Thou hast forgeve al here mysdede;
And the thef thou hast in mende,
For onys haskyng mercy hefne is his mede.

A! my sovereyn Lord, why whylt thou not speke
To me that am thi modyr in peyn for thi wrong?
A! hert! hert! why whylt thou not breke?
That I were out of this sorwe so stronge!

Jhesus. A ! woman, woman, behold ther thi sone !
And thou Jon take her for thi modyr !
I charge the to kepe her as besyly as thou kone,
Thou a clene mayde xal kepe another !

And, woman, thou knowyst that my fadyr of hefne me sent
To take this manhod of the, Adamys rawnsom to pay ;
ffor this is the wyl and to my ffaderys intent,
That I xal thus deye to delyvere man fro the develys
pray !

Now syn it is the wyl of my fadyr it xuld thus be,
Why xuld it dysplese the, modyr, now my deth so sore?
And for to suffre al this for man I was bôrn of the,
To the blys that man had lost man azen to restore.

*Here oure Lady xal ryse and renne and halse the
crosse.*

Maria Magdalen. A ! good lady, why do 3e thus?
3our dolful cher now chevit us sore.
And for the peyne of my swete Lord Jhesus,
That he seyth in 3ou, it peyneth hym more.

Maria virgo. I pray 3ow alle lete me ben here,
And hang me up here on this tre,
Be my frend and sone that me is so dere ;
ffor ther he is, ther wold I be.

Johannes. Jentyll lady, now leve 3our mornyng,
And go with us, now we 3ou pray !
And comfort oure Lord at hese departyng,
ffor he is almost redy to go his way.

*Here thei xal take oure lady from the crosse, and here
xal Pylat come down from his shaffald with Cayphas and*

*Annas, and alle here mené; and xul come and lokyn on
 Cryst, and Annas and Cayphas xul skornfully seyn,
 Cayphas. Lo! seres, lo! beholdyth and se,
 Here hangyth he that halpe many a man;
 And now yf he Goddys sone be,
 Helpe now hymself yf that he kan.*

*Annas. 3a! and yf thou kyng of Israel be,
 Come down of the cros among us alle!
 And lete thi God now delyvere the,
 And than oure kyng we wole the calle!*

*Here xal Pylat askyn penne and inke and a tabyl, xal
 betake hym wretyn afore, "Hic est Jhesus Nazareus
 rex Judæorum." And he xal make hym to wryte, and
 than gon upon a leddere, and settyn the tabyl abovyn
 Crystes hed; and then Cayphas xal makyn hym to redyn,
 and seynng,*

*Cayphas. Sere Pylat, we merveilyth of this,
 'That 3e wryte hym to be kyng of Jewys.
 'Therefore we wolde that 3e xuld wryte thus,
 'That he namyd hymself Kyng of Jewus.
 Pylat. That I have wretyn, wretyn it is,
 And so it xal be for me i-wys.*

*And so forth alle thei xal gon azen to the skaffald, and
 Jhesus xal cryen*

*Heloy! Heloy! Lama zabathany!
 My fadyr in hevyn on hy,
 Why dost thou me forsake?
 The frelté of my mankende,
 With stronge peyn yt gynnyth to peynde,
 Ha, dere fadyr, have me in mende,
 And lete deth my sorwe slake!*

Secundus Judæus. Methynkyth he this doth calle Hely ;
 Lete us go nere and aspy,
 And loke yf he come prevely,
 From cros hym down to reve.

Jhesus. So grett a thrust dede nevyr man take
 As I have, man, now for thi sake ;
 For thrust asundyr my lypys gyn crake,—
 For drynes thei do cleve.

Tertius Judæus. 3our thrust, sere hoberd, for to slake,
 Eyzil and galle here I the take,
 What ! me thynkyth a mowe 3e make :—
 Is not this good drynk ?
 To crye for drynke 3e had gret hast,
 And now it semyth it is but wast,—
 Is not this drynk of good tast ?
 Now telle me how 3e thynk !

Quartus Judæus. On lofte, sere hoberd, now 3e be sett,
 We wyl no lenger with 3ou lett !
 We grete 3ou wel on the newe gett,
 And make on 3ou a mowe.

Primus Judæus. We grete 3ou wel with a scorn,
 And pray 3ou, bothe evyn and morn,
 Take good eyd to oure corn,
 And chare away the crowe.

Jhesus. In manus tuas, Domine !
 Holy fadyr in hefly se,
 I comende my spyryte to the,
 For here now hendyth my fest !
 I xal go sle the fende, that freke, —
 ffor now myn herte begynnyth to breke,
 Wurdys mo xal I non speke !
 Nunc consummatum est !

Maria. Alas ! alas ! I leve to longe,
To se my swete sone with peynes stronge,
As a theff on cros doth honge,
 And nevyr yet dede he synne !
Alas ! my dere chyld to deth is dressyd !
Now is my care wel more incressyd !
A ! myn herte with peyn is pressyd !
 ffor sorwe myn hert doth twynne.

Johannes. A ! blyssyd mayde, chaunge your thought ;
ffor thow your sone with sorwe be sought,
3itt by his owyn wyl this werk is wrought,
 And wylfully his deth to take !
3ow to kepe he chargyd me here ;
I am your servaunt, my lady dere,
Wherfore I pray 3ow, be of good chere,
 And merthis that 3e make !

Maria. Thow he had nevyr of me be born,
And I sey his flesche thus al to-torn,
On bak behyndyn, on brest beforne,
 Rent with woundys wyde !
Nedys I must wonyn in woo,
To se my ffrende with many a fo
Alle to-rent from top to too,
 His flesche withowtyn hyde !

Johannes. A ! blyssyd lady, as I 3ow telle,
Had he not deyed, we xuld to helle,
Amonges ffendys ther evyr to dwelle,
 In peynes that ben smert !
He sufferyth deth for oure trespace,
And thorwe his deth we xal have grace,
To dwelle with hym in hevyn place ;
 Therfore beth mery in hert !

Maria. A ! dere ffrende, weel woot I this,
 That he doth bye us to his blys ;
 But 3itt of myrth evyr more I mys,
 Whan I se this syght !

Johannes. Now, dere lady, therfore I 3ow pray,
 ffro this dolful dolour wende we oure way,
 ffor whan this syght 3e se nought may,
 3oure care may waxe more lyght.

Maria. Now sythe I must parte hym fro,
 3it lete me kysse or that I go
 His blyssyd ffeyt that sufferyn wo,
 Naylid on this tre.
 So cruelly with grett dyspyte,
 Thus shamfully was nevyr man dyghte,
 Therfore in peyn myn hert is pyghte,
 Al joye departyth fro me !

Hic quasi semimortua cadat prona in terram, et dicit.

Johannes. Now, blyssyd mayd, com forthe with me !
 No lengere this syght that 3e se,
 I xal 3ow gyde in this countr ,
 Where that it plesyth 3ow best.

Maria. Now, jenty! John, my sonys derlyng !
 To Goddys temple thou me brynge,
 That I may prey God with sore wepynge,
 And mornynge that is prest !

Johannes. Alle 3our desyre xal be wrought,
 With herty wylle I werke 3our thought ;
 Now, blyssyd mayde, taryeth nowth,
 In the temple that 3e ware !
 ffor holy prayere may chaunge 3our mood,
 And cawse 3our chere to be more good ;

Whan ȝe se not, ȝour childys blood,
 'The lasse may be ȝour care!

Tunc transiet Maria ad templum cum Johanne, etc.

Maria. Here in this temple my lyff I lede,
And serve my lord God with hertyly drede,—
Now xal wepyng me fode and fede,
 Some comforte tylle God sende.

A! my lord God, I the pray,
Whan my childe ryseth the iiij.th day,
Comforte thanne thyn hand-may,
 My care for to amende!

XXXIII. THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

Anima Christi. Now alle mankende, in herte be glad,
Withe alle merthis that may be had,
ffor mannys sowle that was be-stad
In the logge of helle.

Now xal I ryse to lyve agayn,
From peyn to pleys of paradyse pleyn ;
Therefore, man, in hert be fayn,
In merthe now xalt thou dwelle !

I am the sowle of Cryst Jhesu,
The whiche is kynge of alle vertu ;
My body is ded, the Jewys it slew,
That hangyth zitt on the rode !
Rent and torn, al bloody red,
ffor mannys sake my body is deed,
ffor mannys helpe my body is bred,
And sowle drynke my bodyes blode.

Thow my body be now sclayn,
The thrydde day, this is certayn,
I xal reyse my body agayn,
To lyve as I zow say !
Now wole I go streyth to helle,
And feche ffrom the fendys felle,
Alle my frendys that therin dwelle,
To blysse that lestyth ay.

Ondothe þoure þatys of sorwatorie !
On mannys sowle I have memorie,
Here comyth now the kyng of glorye,
 These gates for to breke !
þe develys that arn here withinne,
Helle gatys þe xal unpynne,
I xal delyvere mannys kynne,—
 ffrom wo I wole hem wreke !

Belyalle. Alas ! alas ! out and harrow !
Onto thi byddynges must we bow,
That thou art God now do we know,
Of the had we grett dowte.
Azens the may no thynges stonde,
Alle thynges obeyth to thyn honde,
Bothe hevyn and heile, watyr and londe,—
Alle thynges must to the lowte.

Anima Cristi. Azens me it were but wast
To holdyn or to stondyn fast;
Helle logge may not last
Azens the kynge of glorye.
Thi derke dore down I throwe,
My fayr ffrendys now wele I knowe,
I xal hem brynge reknyd be rowe
Out of here purcatorye!

XXXIV. THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

Centurio. In trewthe now I knowe with ful opyn syght,
That Goddys dere sone is naylid on tre !
These wundryful tokenys aprevyn ful ryght
Quod vere filius Dei erat iste !

Alius miles (2). The verychild of God I suppose that he be,
And so it semyth wele be his wundryful werk !
The erthe sore qwakyth, and that agresyth me,
With myst and grett wedyr it is woundyr dyrk !

Alius Miles (3). Soche merveylis shewe may non erthely
man,
The eyr is ryght derke, that fyrst was ryght clere ;
The erthe-qwave is grett, the clowdys waxe whan,
These tokenys preve hym a lord without any pere !

Centurio. His fadyr is pereles kyng of most empere,
Bothe lorde of this world and kynge of hevyn hy3e ;
3itt out of alle synne to brynge us owt of daungere,
He soferyth his dere sone for us alle to dye.

Nichodemus. Alas ! alas ! what syght is this ?
To se the lorde and kynge of blys,
That nevyr synnyd ne dede amys,
Thus naylid upon a rode !
Alas ! 3ewys, what have 3e wrought ?
A ! 3e wyckyd wytys, what was 3our thought ?

Why have ye bobbyd and thus betyn owth
Alle his blyssyd blood?

Senturyo. A! now trewly telle weyl I kan,
That this was Goddys owyn sone!
I knowe he is both God and man,
Be this wark that here is done!

Ther was nevyr man but God that cowde make this werk,
That evyr was of woman born!
Were he nevyr so gret a clerk,
It passeth hem alle, thow thei had sworn!

Hese laws was trewe, I dare wel saye,
That he tawth us here amonge!
Therefore I rede ye turne your faye,
And amende that ye han do wronge!

Joseph of Aram. O! good Lord Jhesu, that deyst now
here on rode,
Have mercy on me and forgyf me mys!
I wold the worchep here with my good,
That I may come to thi blysse!

To Pylat now wool I goon,
And aske the body of my Lord Jhesu;
To bery that now wold I soon,
In my grave that is so new.

Heyl! sere Pylat, that syttyth in sete!
Heyl! justyce of Jewys men do the calle!
Heyl! with helthe I do the grete,
I pray the of a bone what so befalle.

To bery Jhesuis body I wole the pray,
That he were out of mennys syth;

ffor to morwyn xal be oure holyday,
Than wole no man hym bery, I the plyth.

And yf we lete hym hange ther styлле,
Some wolde seyn therof anow ;
The pepyl therof wold seyn ful ylle,
That nother xuld be 3our worchep nor prow.

Pylat. Sere Joseph of Baramathie, I graunt the
With Jhesuis body do thin intent ;
But fyrst I wole wete that he ded be,
As it was his jugement !

Sere knylys, I comawnd 3ow that 3e go
In hast with Josepht of Baramathie ;
And loke 3e take good hede therto,
That Jhesu suerly ded be.

Se that this comawndement 3e fulfyllе,
Without wordys ony mo ;
And than lete Joseph do his wylle,
What that he wyl with Jhesu do.

Here come to knytes beforн Pylat at onys, thus seyng,

Primus Miles. Sere, we xal do oure dylygens,
With Joseph goyng to Calvarye ;
Be we out of thi presens,
Sone the trewthе we xal aspye.

Joseph. Gramercy, Pylat, of 3our jentylnesse,
That 3e han grawntyd me my lyst ;
Any thyng in my province
3e xal have at 3our resquest.

Pylat. Sere, alle 3our lest 3e xal have,
With Jhesuis body do 3our intent ;

Whethyr 3e bery hym in pyt or grave,
The powere I grawnt 3ow here present.

*The ij. knyghtes go with Joseph to Jhesu, and stande
and heldyn hym in the face,*

Secundus miles. Me thynkyth Jhesu is sewre anow,—
It is no ned his bonys to breke :
He is ded, how thinkyth 3ow ?
He xal nevyr go nor speke.

Primus miles. We wyl be sure or than we go,
Of a thyng I am bethowth ;
3ondyr is a blynd knyth I xal go to,
And sone awhyle here xal be wrowth.

Here the knyth goth to blynde Longeys, and sayth,

Heyl, sere Longeys, thou gentyl knyth !
The I prey now ryth hertyly ;
That thou wylt wend with me ful wyth,
It xal be for thi prow veryly.

Longeus. Sere, at 3our comawndement with 3ow wyl I
wende,
In what place 3e wyl me have ;
For I trost 3e be my frend ;
Lede me forth, sere, oure sabath 3ou save !

Primus miles. Lo ! sere Longeys, here is a spere !
Bothe long, and brood, and sharp anow ;
Heve it up fast that it wore there,
ffor here is game :—show, man, show.

*Here Longeys showyth the spere warly, and the blood
comyth rennyng to his hand, and he avantoresly wal wype
his eyn.*

Longeus. O good Lord ! how may this be,
That I may se so bryth now ?

This thretty wyntyr I myth not se,
And now I may se I wote nevyr how !
But ho is this that hangyth here now ?
I trowe it be the mayndonys sone ;
And that he is now I knowe wel how,
The Jewys to hym this velany han don !

Here he ffallyth downe on his knes.

Now, good Lord, fforgyf me that,
That I to the now don have ;
For I dede I wyst not what,—
The Jewys of myn ignorans dede me rave.
Mercy ! Mercy ! Mercy ! I crye.

*Than Joseph doth set up the lederes and Nychodemus
comyth to help hym.*

Nicodemus. Joseph ab Aramathy, blyssyd thou be !
ffor thou dost a fol good dede ;
I prey the lete me help the,
That I may be partenere of thi mede.

Joseph. Nychodemus, welcome indede !
I pray 3ow 3e wole help therto ;
He wole aqwyte us ryth wele oure mede,
And I have lysens for to do.

*Here Joseph and Nychodemus takyn Cryst of the
cros, on on o ledyr and the tother on another leddyr ;
and qwhan is had down, Joseph leyth hym in our Ladys
lappe, seyng the knytes turnyng hem, and Joseph seyth,*

Joseph. Lo ! Mary modyr, good and trewe,
Here is thi son, bloody and bloo !
ffor hym myn hert ful sore doth rewe,
Kysse hym now onys eer he go !

Maria Virgo. A, mercy ! mercy ! myn owyn sone so
dere,

Thi bloddy face now I must kysse !
Thi face is pale, withowtyn chere !
Of meche joy now xal I mysse !
Ther was nevyr modyr that sey this,
So her sone dyspoyled with so gret wo ;
And my dere chylde nevyr dede amys,—
A, mercy ! fadyr of hefne, it xulde be so !

Joseph. Mary, 3our sone 3e take to me ;
Into his grave it xal be browth.

Maria. Joseph, blyssyd ever mot thou be,
For the good ded that 3e han wrowth !

Here thei xal leyn Cryst in his grave.

Joseph. I gyf the this syndony that I have bowth,
To wynde the in whyl it is new.

Nichodemus. Here is an onymment that I have browth,
To anoynt withalle myn lord Jhesu.

Joseph. Now Jhesu is withinne his grave,
Wheche I ordeyn somtyme for me ;
On the, Lord, I vowche it save,
I knowe my mede ful gret xal be.

Nichodemus. Now lete us leyn on this ston ageyn,
And Jhesu in this tombe styлле xal be ;
And we wyl walke hom ful pleyn,—
The day passyth fast I se.
Farewel, Joseph, and wel 3e be ;
No lengere teryeng here we make.

Joseph. Sere, almythy God be with the,
Into his blysse he mote 3ou take !

Maria. ffarewel, 3e jentyl princes kende,
In joye evyr mote 3e be !
The blisse of hefne withowtyn ende
I knowe veryly that 3e xal se.

*Here the princes xal do reverens to oure Lady, and
gon here way, and leve the Maryes at the sepulchre.*

XXXV. THE RESURRECTION.

Cayphas goth to Pylat, seyng thus,

Cayphas. Herk, sere Pylat, lyst to me !

I xal the telle tydynges new ;
Of o thyng we must ware be,
Or ellys hereafter we myth it rewe.

Thou wotyst weyl that Jhesu,

He seyde to us with wordys pleyn,
He seyde we xuld fynde it trew,—

The thryd day he wold ryse ageyn.
Yf that hese dyscyplys come serteyn,
And out of his grave stele hym away,
Thei wyl go preche and pleyn seyn
That he is reson the thryd day.

This is the cowncel that I gyf here,

Take men and gyf hem charge therto
To weche the grave with gret power,
Tyl the thryd day be go.

Pylat. Sere Cayphas, it xal be do,

For, as 3e say, ther is peryl in ;
And it happend that it were so,
It myth make our lawys for to blyn.
3e xal se, ser, er that 3e go,
How I xal this mater save,

And what I xal sey therto,
And what charge thei xal have.

Come forth, 3e ser Amorawnt,
And ser Arphaxat ; com ner also
Ser Cosdram, and ser Affraunt,
And here the charge that 3e must do.
Seres, to Jhesuis grave 3e xal go,
Tyl that the thryd day be gon ;
And lete nother frend nor fo,
In no way to towche the ston.

Yf ony of hese dyscypelys come ther
To feche the body fro 3ou away,
Bete hym down, have 3e no fere,
With shamful deth do hym day.
In payn of 3our godys and 3our lyvys,
That 3e lete hem nowth shape 3ou fro,
And of 3our chylders and 3our wyfys,
For al 3e lese, and 3e do so.

Primus miles. Sere Pylat, we xal not ses
We xal kepe it strong anow.

Secundus miles. 3a, and an hunderyd put hem in pres,
Thei xal dey, I make a vow.

Tertius miles. And han hunderyd ! fy on an c. and an c. therto !
Ther is non of hem xal us withstonde.

Quartus miles. 3a, and ther com an hunderyd thowsand
and mo,
I xal hem kille with myn honde.

Pylat. Wel, seres, than 3our part 3e do,
And to 3our charge loke 3e take hede,
Withowtyn wordys ony mo,
Wysly now that 3e procede.

Here the knyghtes gon out of the place.

Lo! Ser Cayphas, how thynkyth yow?

Is not this wel browth abowth?

Cayphas. In feyth, ser, it is sure adow,
Hardely have ȝe no dowth.

Arfaxat. Let se, ser Amaraunt, where wele ȝe be?
Wole ȝe kepe the feet or the hed?

Ameraunt. At the hed, so mote I the,
And ho so come here he is but dead.

Arfaxat. And I wole kepe the feet this tyde,
Thow ther come both Jakke and Gylle.

Cosdram. And I xal kepe the ryth syde,
And ho so come I xal hym kyllle.

Affraunt. And I wole on the lefte hand ben,
And ho so come here, he xal nevyr then;
fful sekyrly his bane xal I ben,
With dyntys of dowte.

Syr Pylat, have good day!
We xul kepyn the body in clay,
And we xul wakyn wele the way,
And wayten alle abowte.

Pylatus. Now, jentyl seres, wole ȝe vowchesaffe
To go with me and sele the graffe,
That he ne ryse out of the grave,
That is now ded?

Cayphas. We graunte, wel lete us now go:
Whan it is selyd and kepte also,
Than be we sekyr withowtyn wo,
And have of hym no dred.

*Tunc ibunt ad sepulcrum Pilatus, Cayphas, Annas,
omnes milites, et dicunt.*

Annas. Loo ! here is wax fful redy dyght,
Sett on 3our sele anon ful ryght,
Than be 3e sekyr, I 3ow plyght—

He xal not rysyn ageyn.

Pilatus. On this corner my seal xal sytt,
And with this wax I sele this pytt ;
Now dare I ley he xal nevyr flytt
Out of this grave serteayn.

Annas. Here is more wax fful redy, loo !
Alle the corneres 3e sele also,
And with a lokke loke it too,—

Than lete us gon oure way.

And lete these knytes abydyn therby,
And yf hese dysciplys com prevyly
To stele away this ded body,
To us they hem brynge without delay.

Pilatus. On every corner now is sett my seale,
Now is myn herte in welthe and wele,
This may no brybour away now stele
This body from undyr ston.

Now, syr buschopp, I pray to the,
And Annas also, com on with me,
Evyn togedyr alle we thre
Homward the wey we gon.

As wynde wrothe,
Knyghtes, now goht,
Clappyd in clothe,
And kepyth hym welle.
Loke 3e be bolde
With me for to holde,
3e xul have gold,
And helme of stele.

*Pylat, Annas, and Cayphas go to ther skaffaldys,
and the knyghtes seyn,*

Affraunt. Now in this grownde
He lyth bounde,
That tholyd wounde,
 ffor he was ffals.
This lefft cornere
I wyl kepe here,
Armyd clere,
 Bothe hed and hals.

Cosdran. I wyl have this syde,
What so betyde ;
If any man ryde
 To stele the cors,
I xal hym chyde
With woundys wyde,
Amonge hem glyde
 With fyne fors.

Amerawnt. The hed I take,
Hereby to wake ;
A stele stake
 I holde in honde,
Maystryes to make,
Crownys i-crake,
Schafftys to shake,
 And schapyn schonde.

Arfaxat. I xal not lete
To kepe the fete,
They ar ful wete,
 Walterid in blood.
He that wylle stalke,

Be brook or balke,
 Hedyr to walke,
 Tho wrecchis be wood.

Primus miles. Myn heed dullyth,
 Myn herte ffullyth
 Of sslepp.
 Seynt Mahownd,
 This beryenge grownd
 Thou kepp !

Secundus miles. I sey the same,
 ffor any blame
 I falle.
 Mahownd whelpe,
 Aftyr thin helpe
 I calle !

Tertius miles. I am hevy as leed,
 ffor any dred
 I slepe.
 Mahownd of myght,
 This ston to nyght
 Thou kepe !

Quartus miles. I have no foot
 To stonde on root
 By brynke.
 Here I aske
 To go to taske
 A wynke.

Tunc dormyent milites ; et veniet Anima Christi de inferno, cum Adam et Eva, Abraham, John Baptist, et aliis.

Anima Christi. Come forthe, Adam, and Eve with the,
And alle my frendys that here in be ;
To Paradys come forthe with me,
 In blysse for to dwelle !
The fende of helle, that is your floo,
He xal be wrappyd and woundyn in woo ;
fro wo to welthe now xul ye go,
 With myrthe evyrmore to melle.

Adam. I thanke the, Lord, of thi grett grace,
That now is forȝovyn my grett trespace ;
Now xal we dwellyn in blysfyl place,
 In joye and endeles myrthe.
Thorwe my synne man was florlorn,
And man to save thou wore alle torn,
And of a mayd in Bedlem born,
 That evyr blyssyd be thi byrthe !

Eva. Blyssyd be thou, Lord of lyff !
I am Eve, Adamis wyff ;
Thou hast soferyd strok and stryff,
 ffor werkys that we wrought.
Thi mylde mercy haht alle forȝevyn,
Dethis dentys on the were drevyn,
Now with the, Lord, we xul levyn,—
 Thi bryght blood hath us bowthe.

Johannes Baptista. I am thi cosyn, my name is John ;
Thi woundys hath betyn the to the bon ;
I babtyzid the in flom Jordon,
 And ȝaff thi body baptyȝe.
With thi grace now xul we gon
ffrom oure enmyes everychon,
And fyndyn myrthis many on,
 In pley of paradyse.

Abraham. I am Abraham, fadyr trowe,
That reyned after Noes flowe;
A sory synne Adam gan sowe,
That clad us alle in care.
A sone that maydenys mylk hath sokyn,
And with his blood oure bonde hath brokyn,
Helle logge lyth unlokyn,
ffro fylthe with frende we fare.

Anima Christi. ffayre ffrendys, now be 3e wunne,
On 3ow shyneth the sothfast sunne;
The gost that alle grevaunce hath gunne,
fful harde I xal hym bynde.
As wyckyd werme thou gunne apere,
To tray my chylideryn that were so dere,
Therefore, traytour, hevermore here
Newe peynes thou xalt evyr ffynde.

Thorwe blood I took of mannys kynde,
ffals devyl, I here the bynde,
In endles sorwe I the wynde,
Therin evyrmore to dwelle.
Now thou art bownde, thou mayst not fle,
ffor thin envyous cruelté
In endeles dampnacion xalt thou be,
And nevyr comyn out of helle.

Belialle. Alas! herrow! now am I bownde,
In helle gonge to ly on grounde,
In hendles sorwe now am I wounde,
In care evyr more to dwelle.
In helle logge I ly3 alone,
Now is my joye away al gone,
ffor alle fendys xul be my fone,
I xal nevyr com from helle.

Anima Christi. Now is ȝour ffoo boundyn in helle,
 That evyr was besy ȝow for to qwelle;
 Now wale I rysyn fflesche and ffelle,
 that rent was for ȝour sake.

Myn owyn body that hynges on rode,
 And be the Jewys nevyr so wode,
 It xal aryse bothe fflesche and blode;
 My body now wyl I take.

*Tunc transiet anima Christi ad resuscitandum corpus,
 quo resuscitato, dicat Jhesus,*

Jhesus. Harde gatys have I gon,
 And peynes sofryd many on,
 Stomblyd at stake and at ston,
 Nyȝ thre and thretty ȝere.

I lyght out of my faderes trone,
 ffor to amende mannys mone;
 My fflesche was betyn to the bon,
 My blood i-bledde clere.

ffor mannys love I tholyd dede,
 And for mannys love I am rysyn up rede,
 ffor man I have mad my body in brede,
 His sowle for to fede.

Man, and thou lete meyns gone,
 And wylt not folwyn me anone,
 Suche a frende fyndyst thou nevyr none,
 To help the at thi nede.

Salve, sancta parens! my modyr dere!
 Alle heyl, modyr, with glad chere!
 ffor now is aresyn, with body clere,
 Thi sone that was delve depe.
 This is the thrydde day that I ȝow tolde,
 I xuld arysyn out of the cley so colde,—

Now am I here with brest ful bolde,
Therefore no more 3e wepe.

Maria. Welcom, my Lord ! welcom, my grace !
Welcome, my sone, and my solace !
I xal the wurchep in every place,—
Welcom, Lord God of myght !
Mekel sorwe in hert I leed,
Whan thou were leyd in dethis beed,
But now my blysse is newly breed,—
Alle men may joye this syght.

Jhesus. Alle this werlde that was forlorn,
Shal wurchepe 3ou bothe evyn and morn,
ffor had I not of 3ow be horn,
Man had be lost in helle.
I was deed, and lyff I have,
And thorwe my dethe man do I save,
ffor now I am resyn out of my grave,
In hevyn man xal now dwelle.

Maria. A, dere sone ! these wurdys ben goode,
Thou hast wel comfortyd my mornyng moode
Blyssyd be thi precyous bloode,
That mankende thus doth save !

Jhesus. Now, dere modyr, my leve I take ;
Joye in hert and myrthe 3e make,
ffor dethe is deed and lyff dothe wake,
Now I am resyn fro my grave !

Maria. ffarewel, my sone ! farewel, my childe !
ffarewel, my Lorde ! my God so mylde !
Myn hert is wele that ffyrst was whylde ;
ffarewel, myn owyn dere love !

Now alle mankynde bethe glad with gie,
 ffor deth is deed, as 3e may se,
 And lyff is reysed endles to be
 In hevyn dwellynge above !

Whan my sone was nayled on tre,
 Alle women myght rewe with me,
 ffor grettere sorwe myght nevyr non be,
 Than I dede suffyr i-wys.
 But this joy now passyth alle sorwe,
 That my childe suffryd in that hard morwe,
 ffor now he is oure alderers borwe,
 To brynge us alle to blys.

Tunc evigilabunt milites sepulcri, et dicet primus miles,

Awake ! awake !
 Hillis gyn quake,
 And tres ben shake
 Ful nere a too.
 Stonys clevyd,
 Wyttyys ben revid,
 Erys ben devid,
 I am servid soo.

Secundus miles. He is aresyn, this is no nay,
 That was deed and colde in clay,—
 Now is he resyn belyve this day,
 Grett woundyr it is to me.
 He is resyn by his owyn myght,
 And fforthe he gothe his wey ful ryght ;
 How xul we now us qwyte,
 Whan Pylat doth us se ?

Tertius miles. Lete us now go
 Pilat ontoo,

And ryght evyn so,
As we have sayn,
The trewthe we say,
That out of clay,
He is resyn this day
That Jewys han slayn.

Quartus miles. I holde it best,
Lete us nevyr rest,
But go we prest
That it were done.
Alle heyl, Pilatt
In thin astat!
He is resyn up latt,
That thou gast dome.

Pilat. What! what! what! what!
Out upon the, why seyst thou that?
ffy upon the, harlat,
How darst thou so say?
Thou dost myn herte ryght grett greff!
Thou lyest upon hym, fals theff;
How xulde he rysyn ageyn to lyff,
That lay deed in clay?

Primus miles. 3a, thow thou be nevyr so wrothe,
And of these tydandys nevyr so lothe,
3itt goodly on ground on lyve he gothe,
Qwycke and levyng man.
Yff thou haddyst a ben ther we ware,
In hert thou xuldyst han had gret care,
And of blysse a ben ryght bare,
Of colore bothe pale and whan.

Pilatus. Or 3e come there,
3e dede alle swere,

To fyght in fere,
And bete and bynde.
Alle this was trayn,
3our wurdcs wore vayn,
This is sertayn,
3ow fals I fynde.

Secundus miles. Be the dethe the devyl deyde,
We were of hym so sore atreyde,
That ffor ffer we us down leyde
Ryght evyn upon oure syde.
Whan we were leyde upon the grounde,
Stylle we lay as we had be bounde,
We durst not ryse for a thousand pounce,
Ne not for alle this worlde so wyde.

Pilatus. Now ffy upon 3our grett bost !
Alle 3our wurchepe is now lost ;
In felde, in town, and in every cost,
Men may 3ow dyspravyn.
Now alle 3our wurchepe it is lorn,
And every man may 3ow we scorn,
And bydde 3ow go syttyn in the corn,
And chare away the ravyn.

Tertius miles. 3a, it was hy3 tyme to leyn oure bost,
ffor whan the body toke agen the gost,
He wold a frayd many an ost,
Kynge, knyght, and knave.
3a, whan he dede ryse out of his lake,
Than was ther suche an erthe-quake,
That alle the worlde it gan to shake,
That made us ffor to rave.

Quartus miles. 3a, 3a, herke, ffelawys, what I xal say ;
Late us not ses be nyght nor day,

But telle the trewthe, ryght as it lay,
In countré where we goc.
And than I dare ley myn heed,
That thei that Crystes lawys leed,
They wyl nevyr ses tyl they be deed,
His dethe that brought hym too.

Primus miles. Be Belyalle, this was now wele ment ;
To this cowncelle lete us consent,
Lett us go tellyn with on assent,
He is resyn up this day.

Secundus miles. I grawnt therto, and that forthe
ryght,
That he is resyn by his owyn myght, -
ffor ther cam non, be day nor nyght,
To helpe hym owte of clay.

Pilatus. Now, jentyl seres, I yray 3ow alle
Abyde styлле a lytyl thralle,
Whylle that I myn cowncell calle,
And here of ther councelle.

Primus miles. Syr, att 3our prayour we wyl abyde
Here in this place a lytel tyde,
But tary not to longe, ffor we must ryde,—
We may not longe dwelle.

Pilatus. Now, jentyl seres, I pray 3ow here,
Sum good cowncel me to lere.
ffor seres, seres, without dwere,
We stounde in ryght grett dowte.

Cayphas. Now trewly, sere, I 3ow telle,
This matere is bothe ffers and ffelle,
Combros it is therwith to melle,
And evyl to be browth abowte.

Annas. Syr Pylat, thou grett justyse,
 Thow thou be of wittys wyse,
 3it herke fful sadly with good devyse,
 What that thou xalt do.
 I counsel the, be my reed,
 This wundryful tale pray hem to hede,
 And upon this 3eve hem good mede,
 Bothe golde and sylver also.

And, sere, I xalle telle 3ow why,
 In 3oure erys prevyly,
 Betweyn us thre serteynly,
 Now herk, seres, in 3our erys !

*Hic faciant Pilatus, Cayphas, et Annas, privatim inter
 se, consilium ; quo finito, dicat,*

Annas. ffor mede dothe most in every qwest,
 And mede is mayster, bothe est and west,
 Now trewly, seres, I held this best,
 With mede men may bynde berys.

Cayphas. Sekyr, sere, this counselle is good ;
 Pray these knyghtes to chaunge ther mood ;
 3eve then golde, ffeeste, and ffood,
 And that may chaunge ther wytt.

Pylatt. Seres, 3oure good councel I xalle fulfyll :
 Now, jentyl knyhtes, come hedyr me tylle,
 I yray 3ow, seres, of 3our good wylle,
 No ferther that 3e fflytt.

Jentyl knyhtes, I 3ow pray,
 A bettyr sawe that 3e say ;
 Sey ther he was cawth away
 With his dyscyplis be nyght.

Sey he was with his dyscyplis flett,
I wolde 3e worn in 3our sadelys ssett,
And have here gold in a purs knett,
And to Rome rydyth ryght.

Quartus miles. Now, Syr Pylatt,
We gon oure gatt,
We wylle not prate
No lengere now.
Now we have golde,
No talys xul be tolde
To whithtes on wolde,
We make the a vow.

Pilatus. Now, 3e men of mythe,
As 3e han hyght,
Evyn so forthe ryght,
3oure wurdys not falle.
And 3e xul gon
With me anon,
Alle everychon
Into myn halle.

Primus miles. Now hens we go
As lyth as ro ;
And ryght evyn so
As we han seyde,
We xul kepe counsel,
Where so evyr we dwelle
We xul no talys telle,—
Be not dysmayd.

XXXVI. THE THREE MARIES.

Hic venient ad sepulcrum Maria Magdalene, Maria Jacobi, et Maria Solomæ ; et dicit Maria Magdalene,

Swete systeryn, I now beseche,
Heryght now my specyal speche ;
Go we with salvys ffor to leche
 Cryst that tholyd wounde.
He hath us wonnyn owt of wreche ;
The ryght wey God wyl us teche
ffor to seke my lorde, my leche,
 His blood hath me unbownde.

vij. devyls in me were pyght:
My love, my lord, my God Almyght,
Awey he weryd tho ffyndys wight
 With his wyse wurde.
He droff fro me the fendes lees,
In myn swete sowle his chawmere I ches,
In me belevyth the lorde of pes,
 I go to his burryenge boorde.

Maria Jacobi. My systeres sone I woot he was,
He lyth in here as sunne in glas,
The chylde was born by oxe and asse
 Up in a bestys stalle.
Thow his body be gravyd undyr gras,
The grete godhede is nevyr the lasse,
The Lord xal rysyn and gon his pas,
 And comfortyn his ffrendys alle.

Maria Salomæ. My name is Mary Salome,
His modyr and I systeres we be,
Annys dowteres we be alle thre,—

Jhesu, we be thin awntys.

The naylis gun his lemys feyn,
And the spere gan punche and peyn,
Ontho woundys we wold have eyn,
That grace now God graunt us.

Maria Magdalene. Now go we styлле,
With good wylle,

Ther he is leyd.

He deyde on crowche,
We wolde hym towche,
As we han seyde.

Tunc respicit Maria Magdalene in sepulcro, dicens,

Where is my Lord that was here,
That for me bledde bowndyn in brere?
His body was beryed rygh by this mere,
That ffor me gan deye.
The Jewys, ffekylle and ffals ffownde,
Where have thei do the body with wounde?
He lythe not upon this grownde,
The body is don aweye.

Maria Jacobi. To my Lorde, my love, my ffrende,
ffayn wolde I salve a spende,
And I myght aught amende

His woundys depe and wyde.

To my lorde I owe lowlyté,
Bothe homage and fewté
I wolde with my dewté

A softyd hand and syde.

Maria Salome. To myghtfful God omnypotent,
 I bere a boyst of oynement;
 I wold han softyd his sore dent,
 His sydys al abowte.
 Lombe of Love withowt lothe,
 I ffynde the not, myn hert is wroth,
 In the sepulcre ther lyth a cloth,
 And jentyl Jhesu is owte.

Angelus. Wendyth fforthe, 3e women thre,
 Into the strete of Galylé;
 3our Savyour ther xul 3e se
 Walkynge in the waye.
 3our fleschely lorde now hath lyff,
 That deyed on tre with strook and stryff;
 Wende fforthe, thou wepynge wyff,
 And seke hym, I the saye.

Now, gothe fforthe ffast alle thre
 To his dyscyplys ffayr and fre,
 And to Petyr the trewthe telle 3e,—
 Therof have 3e no dreed.
 Spare 3e not the soth to say,
 He that was deed and closyd in clay,
 He is resyn this same day,
 And levyth with woundys reed.

Maria Magdalen. A, myrthe and joye in herte we have!
 ffor now is resyn out of his grave,
 He levyth now oure lyf to save,
 That dede lay in the clay.

Maria Jacoby. In hert I was ryght sore dysmayd,
 The aungel to us whan that he sayd
 That Cryst is resyn; I was affrayd
 The aungel whan I say.

Maria Salome. Now lete us alle thre fulfylle
 The angelys wurde and Goddys wylle,
 Lett us sey, with voys wul shrylle, —
 Cryst that Jewys dede sle,
 Oure Lord that naylyd was on the rode,
 And betyn out was his bodyes blode,
 He is aresyn, thoughe they ben wode ;
 A, Lorde ! zitt wele thou be !

Maria Magdalene dicit Petro et cæteris apostolis,
 Bretheryn alle, in herte be glad,
 Bothe blythe and joyful in herte ful fayn,
 ffor ryght good tydandys have we had
 That oure Lord is resyn agayn !
 An aungel bade us ryght thus sertayn,
 To the, Petyr, that we xulde telle,
 How Cryst is resyn, the whiche was slayn,
 A lovyng man evyr more to dwelle.

Maria Jacobi. To lyve is resyn ageyn that Lorde,
 The qwyche Judas to Jewys solde ;
 Of this I bere ryght trewe recorde,
 By wurdys that the aungel tolde.
 Now myrthe and joye to man on molde !
 Every man now myrthe may have !
 He that was closyd in cley ful colde
 This day is resyn owt of his grave !

Petrus. Sey me, systeryn, with wurdys blythe,
 May I troste to that 3e say ?
 Is Cryst resyn ageyn to lyve,
 That was ded and colde in clay ?

Maria Salome. 3a, trostythe us truly, it is no nay ;
 He is aresyn, it is no les ;

And so an aungel us tolde this day,
With opyn voys and speche expres.

Johannes. 3a, these be tydynges of ryght gret blys,
That oure mayster resyn xulde be ;
I wyl go renne in hast i-wys,
And loke my Lord yf I may se.

Petrus. ffor joye also I renne with the,
My brother John, as I the say ;
In hast anon evyn forthe go we,—
To his grave we renne oure way.

— *Hic currunt Johannes et Petrus simul ad sepulcrum ;
et Johannes prius venit ad monumentum, sed non intrat.*

Johannes. The same shete here I se
That Crystys body was in wounde ;
But he is gon, where so ever he be,
He lyth not here upon this grownde.

Petrus intrat monumentum, et dicit Petrus,
In this cornere the shete is fownde,
And here we fynde the sudary
In the whiche his hed was wounde,
Whan he was take from Calvary.

Hic intrat Johannes monumentum, dicens,
The same sudary and the same shete,
Here with my syth I se bothe tweyn ;
Now may I wele knowe and wete,
That he is rysyn to lyve ageyn.
Onto oure bretheryn lete us go seyn
The trewthe ryght hevyn as it is ;
Oure mayster lyvythe, the wheche was slayn,
Allemgyhty Lorde and kynge of blys.

Petrus. No lengere here wylle we dwelle,
To oure bretheryn the wey we take ;
The trewthe to them whan that we telle,
Grett joye in hert than wul thei make.

Hic Petrus loquitur omnibus apostolis simul collectis.

Bethe mery, bretheryn, for Crystys sake,—
That man that is oure mayster so good,
ffrom deth to lyve he is awake,
That sore was rent upon the rood.

Johannes. As women seyde so have we fownde,
Remevyd away we saw the ston ;
He lyth no lengere undyr the grownde,
Out of his grave oure mayster is gon.

Omnes congregatus Thomas.

We have grett woundyr everychon
Of these wurdys that 3e do speke ;
A ston ful hevy lay hym upon,
ffrom undyr that ston how xuld he breke ?

Petrus. The trewthe to tellyn it passyth oure witt,
Wethyr he be resyn thorwe his owyn myght,
Or ellys stolyn out of his pitt
Be sum man prevely be nyght.
That he is gon we saw with syght,
ffor in his grave he is nowth ;
We cannot tellyn in what plyght,
Out of his grave that he is browth.

XXXVII. CHRIST APPEARING TO
MARY.

*Maria Magdalene goth to the grave, and wepyth,
and seyth,*

ffor hertyly sorwe myn herte dothe breke,
With wepynge terys I wasche my face ;
Alas ! ffor sorwe I may not speke,
My Lorde is gon that hereinne wase :
Myn owyn dere Lorde and kynge of gras,
That vij. develys ffro me dyd take,
I kan nat se hym, alas ! alas !
He is stolyn away owt of this lake.

Aungelus. Woman, that stondyst here alone ?

Why dost thou wepe, and morne, and wepe so sore ?
What cawse hast thou to make suche mone ?

Why makyst thou suche sorwe, and wherefore ?

Maria Magdalene. I have gret cawse to wepe evyrmore ;

My Lord is take out of his grave,
Stolyn away and fro me lore,
I kannot wete where hym to have.

Hic parum deambulet a sepulcro, dicens,

Alas ! alas ! what xal I do ?

My Lord away is fro me take ;
A, woful wrecche ! whedyr xal I go ?
My joye is gon owth of this lake.

Jhesus. Woman, suche mornynge why dost thou make?
 Why is thi chere so hevy and badde?
 Why dost thou sythe so sore and qwake?
 Why dost thou wepe so sore and sadde?

Maria Magdalene. A grettyr cawse had nevyr woman,
 ffor to wepe bothe nyth and day,
 Than I myself have in serteyn,
 And for to sorwyn evyr and ay.
 Alas! ffor sorwe myn hert doth blede,
 My Lorde is take fro me away;
 I muste nedys sore wepe and grede;
 Where he is put I kan not say.

But, jentyl gardener, I pray to the,
 If thou hym took out of his grave,
 Telle me qwere I may hym se,
 That I may go my Lorde to have.

✓ *Jhesus.* MARIA.

✓ *Maria Magdalene.* A! mayster and Lorde to the I crave,
 As thou art Lord and kynge of blys! [Spectans.
 Graunt me, Lord, and thou vowchesave
 Thyn holy ffete that I may kys!

Jhesus. Towche me nott as 3ett, Mary,
 ffor to my fadyr I have not ascende;
 But to my bretheryn in hast the hy3,
 With these gode wurdys here care amende.
 Sey to my bretheryn that I intende
 To stey to my fadyr and to 3owre,
 To oure Lord both God and frende,
 I wyl ascende to hevyn towre.

In hevyn to ordeyn 3ow a place,
 To my ffadyr now wyl I go;

To merthe, and joye, and grett solace,
And endeles blys to brynge 3ow to.
ffor man I sufferyd both schame and wo,
More spyteful deth nevyr man dyd take,
3it wyl I ordeyn ffor al this, lo,
In hevyn an halle for mannys sake !

Maria Magdalyn. Gracyous Lord, at 3our byddyng,
To alle my bretheryn I xal go telle
How that 3e be man levynge,
Quyke and qwethynge of flesche and felle.
Now alle hevynes I may expelle,
And myrth and joy now take to me ;
My Lord that I have lovyd so wele,
With opyn syght I dede hym se.

Whan I sowght my Lord in grave,
I was fful sory and ryght sad ;
ffor syght of hym I myght non have,
ffor mornynge sore I was nere mad.
Grettere sorwe 3it nevyr whithe had,
Whan my Lord away was gon,
But now in herte I am so glad,
So grett a joy nevyr wyff had non.

How myght I more gretter joye have,
Than se that Lorde with opyn syght,
The whiche my sowle from synne to save,
ffrom develys sefne he mad me qwyght ?

There kan no tounge my joye expres,
Now I have seyn my Lorde on lyve ;
To my bretheryn I wyl me dresse,
And telle to hem a non ryght belyve :

With opyn speche I xal me shryve,
 And telle to hem, with wurdys pleyn
 How that Cryst ffrom deth to lyve,
 To endles blys is resyn ageyn.

Bretheryn, al blyth 3e be,
 ffor joyful tydynges tellyn I kan ;
 I saw oure Lorde Cryst, lyste wel to me,
 Of flesche and bon quyk levyng man.
 Beth glad and joyful, as for than,
 ffor trost me trewly it is ryght thus,
 Mowthe to mowthe, this is sertayn,
 I spak ryght now with Cryst Jhesus.

Petrus. A woundyrful tale forsothe is this :
 Ever onowryd oure Lorde mote be !
 We pray the, Lord, and kynge of blys,
 Onys thi presence that we may se !
 Ere thu ascende to thi magesté,
 Gracyous God, if that 3e plese,
 Late us have sum syght of the,
 Oure careful hertes to sett in ease ! *Amen !*
Explicit apparicio Mariæ Magdalen.

XXXVIII. THE PILGRIM OF EMAUS.

Hic incipit aparicio Cleophæ et Lucæ.

Cleophas. My brother, Lucas, I 3ow pray,
Plesynge to 3ow if that it be,
To the castel of Emawus, a lytyl way,
That 3e vowchesaf to go with me.

Lucas. Alle redy, brother, I walke with the
To 3one castelle with ryght good chere;
Evyn togedyr anon go we,
Brother Cleophas, we to in fere.

Cleophas. A ! brother Lucas ! I am sore mevyd,
Whan Cryst oure mayster comyth in my mynde ;
Whan that I thynke how he was grevyd,
Joye in myn herte kan I non fynde ;
He was so lowlye, so good, so kynde,
Holy of lyf, and meke of mood ;
Alas ! the Jewys thei were to blynde,
Hym for to kille that was so good !

Lucas. Brothyr Cleophas, 3e sey ful soth,
They were to cursyd and to cruelle ;
And Judas that traytor, he was to lothe
ffor golde and sylvyr his mayster to selle.
The Jewys were redy hym for to qwelle,
With skorgys bete out alle his blood ;
Alas ! thei were to fers and ffelle ;
Shamfully thei henge hym on a rood !

Cleophas. 3a, betwen to thevys, alas ! for shame,
 They henge hym up with body rent ;
 Alas ! alas ! they were to blame,
 To cursyd and cruel was ther intent.
 Whan for thurste he was nere shent,
 Eyzil and galle thei 3ovyn hym to drynke ;
 Alas ! for ruthe his dethe thei bent
 In a ffowle place of horryble stynke !

Lucas. 3a, and cawse in hym cowde they non fynde ;
 Alas, for sorwe ! what was here thought ?
 And he dede helpe bothe lame and blynde,
 And alle seke men that were hym browght :
 A3ens vice alwey he wrought,
 Synfulle dede wold he nevyr do,
 3it hym to kyll thei sparyd nought ;
 Alas ! alas ! why dede they so ?

Jhesus. Welle ovyrtake, 3e serys in same,
 To walke in felachep with 3ow I pray.

Lucas. Welcom, serys, in Goddys name !
 Of good felachep we sey not nay.

Jhesus. Qwhat is 3our langage, to me 3e say, l
 That 3e have to-gedyr, 3e to ? ✓
 Sory and evysum 3e ben alway, ✓
 3our myrthe is gon ; why is it so ?

Cleophas. Sere, me thynkyth thou art a pore pylgrym
 Here walkynge be thiselfe alone,
 And in the ceté of Jerusalem,
 Thou knowyst ryght lytyl what ther is done ;
 ffor pylgrymys comyn and gon ryth sone,
 Ryght lytyl whyle pylgrymes do dwellé ;
 In alle Jerusalem as thou hast gone,
 I trowe no tydynges that thou canst telle.

✓ *Jherus.* Why, in Jherusalem what thyngs is wrought?
What tydynges fro thens brynges ye?

Lucas. A! ther have they slayn a man for nought;
Gyltles he was, as we telle the;

✓ An holy prophete with God was he,
✓ Myghtyly in wurde and eke in dede;
Of God he had ryght grett poosté,
Amonge the papyll his name gan sprede.

✓ He hyght Jhesu of Nazareth,
A man he was of ryght grett fame;
The Jewys hym kylde with cruel dethe,
Without trespas or any blame:
Hym to scorne they had grett game,
And naylid hym streyte ontylle a tre;
Alas! alas! me thynkyth grett shame,
Without cawse that this xulde be.

Cleophas. 3a, sere, and ryght grett troste in hym we had,
Alle Israel countré that he xuld save;
The thrydde day is this that he was clad
In coold cley and leyd in grave.
3itt woundyrful tydynges of hym we have,
Of women that sought hym befor day-lythe;
Wethyr they sey truthe or ellys do rave,
We can not telle the trewe verdythe.

Whan Cryst in grave thei cowde not se,
They comyn to us and evyn thus tolde,
How that an aungelle seyde to them thre,
That he xuld leve with brest fful bolde.
3itt Petyr and John preve this wolde,
To Crystys grave they ran, thei tweyne;
And whan they come to the grave so coolde,
They fownde the women fful trewe serteyne.

Jhesus. A! 3e ffonnys and slought of herte
 ffor to beleve in holy Scrypture!
 Have not prophetys with wurdys smerte,
 Spoke be tokenys in signifure,
 That Cryste xuld deye ffor 3our valure,
 And syth entre his joye and blys? ✓
 Why be 3e of herte so dure,
 And trust not in God that myghtful is?

Bothe Moyses and Aaron and othyr mo,
 In holy Scrypture 3e may rede it,
 Of Crystis dethe thei spak also,
 And how he xuld ryse out of his pitt.
 Owt of ffeyth than why do 3e flitte,
 Whan holy prophetys 3ow teche so pleyne?
 Turne 3our thought and chaunge 3our witte,
 And truste wele that Cryst dothe leve ageyne.

Lucas. Leve ageyn! man, be in pes;
 How xulde a ded man evyr aryse?
 I cowncelle the suche wurdys to ses,
 ffor dowte of Pylat, that hy3 justyce.
 He was slayn at the gre asyse,
 Be councelle of lordys many on;
 Of suche langage take bettyr avyse,
 In every company ther thou dost gon.

Christus. Trewthe dyd nevyr his maystyr shame;
 Why xulde I ses than trewth to say?
 Be Jonas the prophete I preve the same,
 That was in a whallys body iij. nyghtis and iij. day;
 So longe Cryst in his grave lay,
 As Jonas was withinne the se;
 His grave is brokyn that was of clay,
 To lyff resyn agen now is he.

Cleophas. Sey nott so, man, it may not be,
Thow thyn exaample be sumdele good ;
ffor Jonas on lyve evyr more was he,
And Cryst was slayn upon a rood.
The Jewys on hym they were so wood,
That to his herte a spere they pyght,
He bled owt alle his herte blood ;
How xulde the thanne ryse with myght?

Christus. Take hede at Aaron and his dede styk,
Whiche was ded of his nature,
And 3it he floryschyd with flowres ful thyk,
And bare almaundys of grett valure.
The dede styk was signifure,
Holy Cryst that shamfully was deed and slayn,
As that dede styk bare frute ful pure,
So Cryst xuld ryse to lyve ageyn.

Lucas. That a deed styk ffrute xulde bere,
I merveyle sore therof i-wys ;
But 3itt hymself ffro dethe to rere,
And leve ageyn, more woundyr it is.
That he doth leve, I trost not this,
ffor he hath bled his blood so red ;
But 3itt of myrthe evyr moor I mys,
Whan I have mende that he is ded.

Christus. Why be 3e so harde of truste ?
Dede not Cryste reyse, thorwe his owyn myght,
Lazarus that deed lay undyr the duste,
And stynkyd ryght foule, as I 3ow plyght ?
To lyff Cryst reysid hym agen ful ryght
Out of his grave, this is serteyn ;
Why may nat Cryste hymself thus qwyght,
And ryse from dethe to lyve ageyn ?

Cleophas. Now trewly, sere, 3our wurdys ben good,
I have in 3ow ryght grett delyght ;
I pray 3ow, sere, with mylde mood,
To dwelle with us alle this nyght.

Christus. I must gon hens anon ful ryght,
ffor grett massagys I have to do ;
I wolde abyde, yf that I myght,
But at this tyme I must hens go.

Lucas. 3e xal not gon fro us this nyght,
It waxit alle derke, gon is the day,
The sonne is downe, lorn is the lyght,—
3e xal not gon from us away.

Christus. I may not dwelle, as I 3ow say,
I must this nyght go to my ffrende ;
Therefore, good bretheryn, I 3ow pray,
Lett me not my way to wende.

Cleophas. Trewly from us 3e xal not go,
3e xal abyde with us here styлле ;
3our goodly dalyaunce plesyth us so,
We may nevyr have of 3ow oure fylle.
We pray 3ow, sere, with herty wylle,
Alle nyght with us abyde and dwelle ;
More goodly langage to talkyn us tylle,
And of 3our good dalyaunce more ffor to telle.

Lucas. 3a, brothyr Cleophas, be myn assent,
Lete us hym kepe with strenthe and myght ;
Sett on 3owre hand with good entent,
And pulle hym with us the wey welle ryght.
The day is done sere, and now it is nyght ;
Why wole 3e hens now from us go ?
3e xal abyde, as I 3ow plyght ;
3e xal not walke this nyght us ffro.

Cleophas. This nyght fro us 3e go not away,
We xal 3ow kepe betwen us tweyne ;
To us therfore 3e say not nay,
But walke with us, the wey is pleyne.
Christus. Sythyn 3e kepe me with myght and mayn,
With herty wylle I xal abyde.
Lucas. Of 3our abydyng we be ful fayn,
No man more welkom in this werd wyde.

Cleophas. Off oure mayster Cryst Jhesu
ffor 3e do speke so meche good,
I love 3ow hertyly, trust me trew,
He was bothe meke and mylde of mood.
Of hym to speke is to me food ;
If 3e had knowe hym, I dare wel say,
And in what plyght with hym it stood,
3e wold have thought on hym many a day.

Lucas. Many a day, 3a, 3a, i-wys
He was a man of holy levyng,
Thow he had be the childe of God in blys,
Bothe wyse and woundyrfulle was his werkynge.
But aftere 3our labour and ferre walkynge,
Takyth this loff and etythe sum bred ;
And than wyl we have more talkynge
Of Cryst oure maystyr, that is now ded.

Christus. Bethe mery and glad, with hert fful fre,
ffor of Cryst Jhesu, that was 3our ffrende,
3e xal have tydynges of game and gle
Withinne a whyle, or 3e hens wende.
With myn hand this bred I blys,
And breke it here, as 3e do se ;
I 3eve 3ow parte also of this,
This bred to ete and blythe to be.

Hic subito discedat Christus ab oculis eorum.

A, mercy, God ! what was oure happe ?

Was not oure hert with love brennynge, ✓
 Whan Cryst oure mayster so nere oure lappe
 Dede sitt and speke suche suete talkyng ?
 He is now quyk and man lyvenge,
 That fyrst was slayn and put in grave ;
 Now may we chaunge alle oure mornynge,
 ffor oure Lord is resyn his servauntes to save !

Lucas. Alas ! for sorwe, what hap was this ?

Whan he dyd walke with us in way, ✓
 He prevyd by Scripture, ~~ryght wal-i-wys~~, ✓
 That he was resyn from undyr clay.
 We trustyd hym not, but evyr seyde nay ;
 Alas, for shame ! why seyde we so ?
 He is resyn to lyve this day,
 Out of his grave oure Lord is go !

Cleophas. Latt us here no lengere dwelle,

But to oure bretheryn the wey we wende ;
 With talys trewe to them we telle
 That Cryst dothe leve, oure mayster and frende.
Lucas, I graunt therto with hert ful hende,
 Lete us go walke forthe in owre way ;
 I am ful joyfulle in hert and mende,
 That owre Lord levyth, that fyrst ded lay.

Cleophas. Now was it not goodly don

Of Cryst Jhesu, oure mayster dere ;
 He hath with us a large wey gon,
 And of his uprysyng he dede us lere.
 Whan he walkyd with us in fere,
 And we supposyd hym bothe deed and colde,

That he was aresyn ffrom undyr bere,
Be holy Scripture the trewthe he tolde.

Lucas. Ryght lovyngely don forsoth this was,
What myght owre mayster tyl us do more,
'Than us to chere that fforthe dede pas,
And ffor his dethe we murnyd ful sore?
ffor love of hym owre myrthe was lore,
We were ffor hym ryght hevy in herte;
But now owre myrthe he doth restore,
ffor he is resyn botha heyl and qwert.

Cleophas. That he is thus resyn I have grett woundyr,
An hevy ston ovyr hym ther lay;
How shulde he breke the ston asoundyr,
That was deed and colde in clay?
Every man this mervayle may,
And drede that Lorde of mekyl myght;
But 3it of this no man sey nay,
ffor we have seyn hym with opyn syght.

Lucas. That he doth leve, I woot wel this,
He is aresyn with flesche and blood;
A levyng man forsothe he is,
That rewly was rent upon a rood.
Alle heyl! dere brothyr, and chaunge 3our mood,
ffor Cryst doth levyn and hath his hele;
We walkyd in wey with Cryst so good,
And spak with hym wurdys fele.

Cleophas. Evyn tylle Emawus the grett castelle
ffrom Jerusalem with hym we went,
Syxti ffurlonge, as we 3ow telle,
We went with hym evyn passent.

He spak with us with good entent,
That Cryst xuld leve he tolde tylle us,
And previd it be Scripture verament ;
Trust me trewe, it is ryght thus !

Lucas. 3a, and whan he had longe spokyn us tylle,
He wold ffrom us a gon his way ;
With strenght and myght we keptyn hym styлле,
And bred we tokyn hym to etyn in fay.
He brak the loff, as evyn on tway,
As ony sharpe knyff xuld kytt breed ; ✓
Therby we knew the trewthe that day
That Cryst dede leve and was not deed.

Petrus. Now trewly, serys, I have grett woundyr
Of these grete merveylis that 3e us telle ;
In brekyng of bred fful evyn asoundyr,
Oure mayster 3e knew and Lord ryght welle.
3e sey Cryst levith that Jewys dyd qwelle,
Tylle us glad tydynges, this is serteyn,
And that oure mayster with 3ow so longe dede dwelle,
It dothe wel preve that he levith ageyn.

A ! brother Thomas, we may be ryght glad
Of these gode novelle that we now have ;
The grace of oure lorde God is over us alle sprad,
Oure Lord is resyn his servauntys to save.

Thomas. Be in pes, Petyr, thou gynnyst to rave,
Thy wurdys be wantowne and ryght unwyse ;
How xulde a deed man, that deed lay in grave,
With qwyk fflesche and blood to lyve ageyn ryse ?

Petrus. 3is, Thomas, dowte the not, oure mayster is on
lyve !
Record of Mawdelyn and of here systeres too,

Cleophas and Lucas, the trowthe ffor to contrive,
ffro Jerusalem to Ennaws with hym dede they go.

Thomas. I may nevyr in hert trust that it is so ;
He was ded on cros and colde put in pitt,
Kept with knyghtes iiij., his grave sealyd also,
How xulde he levyn ageyn that so streyte was shitt?

Petrus. Whan Mawdelyn dede telle us that Cryst was
aresyn,

I ran to his grave, and John ran with me ;
In trowthe ther we ffownde he lay not in presyn,
Gon out of his grave and on lyve than was he.
Therefore, dere brother Thomas, I wole rede the
Stedfastly thou trust that Cryst is not deed ;
ffeythfully beleeve a qwyk man that he be,
Aresyn from his deth by myght of his Godhed.

Thomas. I may nevyr beleve these woundyr merveles,
Tyl that I have syght of every grett wounde,
And put in my ffyngyr in place of the nayles,
I xal nevyr beleve it ellys ffor no man on grownde.
And tylle that myn hand the sperys pytt hath fownde,
Whiche dede cleve his hert and made hym sprede his
blood,
I xal nevyr beleve that he is qwyk and sownde,
In trowth whyl I knowe that he was dede on rood.

Petrus. Cryst be thi comforte and chawnge thi bad witt!
ffor ffeythe but thou have thi sowle is but lorn ;
With stedfast beleve God enforme the zitt,
Of a meke mayde as he was ffor us born.

Christus. Pees be amonge 3ow, beholde how I am torn,
Take hede of myn handys, my dere brothyr Thomas.

Thomas. My God and my Lorde, nyght and every morn
I aske mercy, Lorde, ffor my grett trespas.

Christus. Beholde wele, Thomas, my woundys so wyde
Whiche I have sufferyd ffor alle mankynde ;
Put thin hool hand into my ryght syde,
And in myn hert blood thin hand that thou wynde.
So ffeythffulle a ffrend were mayst thou fynde ?
Be stedfast in feythe, beleve wel in me ;
Be thou not dowtefful of me in thi mynde,
But trust that I leve that deed was on a tre.

Thomas. My Lord and my God, with syght do I se
That thou art now qwyk, whiche henge deed on rode ;
More feythful than I ther may no man be,
ffor myn hand have I wasche in thi precyous blode.
Christus. ffor thou hast me seyn, therefore thi ffeyth is
good,
But blyssyd be tho of this that have no syght,
And beleve in me, they ffor here meke mood
Shalle come into hefne, my blysse that is so bryght !

Thomas. As a ravaschyd man whos witt is alle gon,
Grett mornynge I make ffor my dredfful dowte ;
Alas ! I was dowteful that Crysst from undyr ston
Be his owyn grett myght no wyse myght gone owte.
Alas ! what mevyd me thus in my thought ?
My dowtefful beleve ryght sore me avexit,
The trewth do I knowe that God so hath wrought,
Quod mortuus et sepultus nunc surrexit !

He that was bothe deed and colde put in grave,
To lyve is aysen by his owyn myght ;
In his dere herte blood myn hand wasche I have,
Where that the spere poynt was peynfully pyght.
I take me to feyth, fforsakynge alle unryght,
The dowte that I had fful sore me avexit,
ffor now have I seyn with ful opyn syght,
Quod mortuus et sepultus nunc surrexit !

I trustyd no talys that were me tolde,
Tylle that myn hand dede in his hert blood wade;
My dowte dothe aprevyn Cryst levynge fful bolde,
And is a grett argument in feyth us to glade.
Thou man that seyst this, ffrom feyth nevr thou ffade,
My dowte xal evyr chere the, that sore me avexit;
Truste wele in Cryst that suche meracle hath made,
Quod mortuus et sepultus nunc resurrexit !

The prechyng of Petir might not converte me,
Tylle I felyd the wounde that the spere dyde cleve;
I trustyd nevr he levyd that deed was on a tre,
Tylle that his herte blood dede renne in my sleve.
Thus be my grett dowte oure feyth may we preve,
Behold my blody hand to feyth that me avexit,
Be syght of this myrroure ffrom feyth not remeve,
Quod mortuus et sepultus nunc resurrexit !

Thow that Mary Magdalyn in Cryst dede sone beleve,
And I was longe dowteful, 3itt putt me in no blame;
ffor be my grett dowte oure ffeyth may we preve,
Azens alle tho eretykys that speke of Cryst shame.
Truste wel Jhesu Cryst, the Jewys kyllyd the same,
The ffende hath he fferyd oure feyth that evyr avexit;
To hevyn 3ow brynge and save 3ow alle in same,
That mortuus et sepultus iterum resurrexit ! Amen.

XXXIX. THE ASCENSION.

Hic incipit ascencio Domini nostri cum Maria et undecim discipulis et duobis angelis sedentibus in albis, et Jhesus dicit discipulis suis etc.

Jhesus. Pax vobis ! amonge 3ow pes,
Bothe love, and reste, and charyté,
Amonge all vertues lete it not ses,
ffor amonge alle vertues prynspal his he.
3e be to blame I may wel preve,
ffor I wyl use to 3ow wurdys pleyn,
That 3e be so hard of herte to beleve,
That from dethe to lyve I am resyn ageyn.

Nottwithstondynge, as 3e knowe serteyn,
To 3ow viij. sythys aperyd have I,
Be soundry tymes the trewth to seyn,
And this is the ix. tyme sothly,
Evyn and no mo.

But now sum mete
Anon doth gete,
ffor I wyl ete
With 3ow, and goo.

My dyscyplis, here what I sey,
And to my wourdys 3evythe attencion,
ffrom Jersalem loke 3e go nott away,
But mekely abydyth my fadyres promicion.

Off whiche be my mowthe 3e have have had information,

Whyle bodyly with 3ow I was dwellynge,
 ffor John sothly ffor mannys salvacion,
 Onlye in watyr was me baptysynge ;
 But I 3ow be-bete,

Withinne ffewe days that 3e
 In the Holy Goost xul baptyzid be,
 Therefore rysyth up and ffolwyht me
 Onto the mownte of Olyvete.

Jacobus major. O Lord ! vowchesaff us for to telle,
 Iff thou wylt now, withowte more delay,
 Restoryn the kyngdam of Israelle,
 And 3eve us the joye, Lord, that lestyth ay.

Jhesus. Seres, the tymes and the monthis knowe 3e
 ne may,

Whiche my fadyr hath put in his owyn power ;
 But 3e xul take within short day
 Of the Holy Goost the vertu cler.

Thorwe whiche xul 3e,
 In Jerusalem and in Jury,
 And moreovyr also in Samary,
 And to the worldys ende uttyrly,
 My wyttnes only be.

Lovyth no wrathe nor no wronge,
 But levyth in charyté with mylde stevyn,
 With myrthe, and melody, and aungelle songe,
 Now I stey streyte ffro 3ow to hevyn.

Hic ascendit ab oculis eorum, et in cælo cantent, etc.

Angelus. Returnyth ageyn to 3our loggynge,
 To Jerusalem, ffor he wyl thus,

His promys mekely ther abydyng,
ffor dowteles this forseyd Jhesus
 Whiche from 3ow is take,
In a clowde as 3e hym seyn
Steyng up, so xal comyn ageyn,
Of al mankynde, this is serteyn,
 Jugement xal he make.

O! 3e bretheryn, attendyth to me,
And takyth good hede what I xal seyn,
It behovyth the Scripture ffylled to be,
That of Davyd was seyde with wourdys pleyn,
Of Judas whiche was the gyde serteyn
Of hem that Cryst slew cruelly,
Whiche aftyr ffrom dethe ros up ageyn,
And hath abedyn in erthe ffyl days fourty;
And aftyr alle this,
Before oure eye,
In a bryght skye,
He dede up stye
 To hevyn blys.

This seyde Judas was amonge us,
Noumbryd apoustylle, and had lyche dygnyté,
But whan he betrayde oure Lord Jhesus,
He hynge hymself upon a tre.
In whos sted muste nedys ordeyned be
Another, oure noumbre ffor to restore,
On of tho whiche, as weel knowe we,
Han be conversaunt here longe before
 In oure company,
Whiche xal wyttnes
Berun expresse
To more and lesse
 Of Crystys resurrexion stedfastly.

Hic statuent duos, Joseph Justum et Mathiam, etc.

O ! sovereyn Lorde, whiche of every man
The hertys dost knowe most inwardly,
With alle the lowlyness we may or kan,
To the we prey fful benygnely,
That thou vowchesaff, thorwe thy mercy,
Us hym to shewe, whiche in this cas
Thou lykyst to chesyn effectuously,
To ocapye the lott of Judas plas !

Hic dabunt sortes et cadet super Mathiam, etc.

Now gramercy, Lord !
And to fulfyll
Thin holy wylle,
As it is skylle,
We alle accorde !

XL. THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Modo de die Pentecost. Apostoli dicant genuflect. Spiritus Sanctus decendat super eos, etc.

Petrus,	Andreas,	Jacobus major.
Honowre,	wurchipp,	and reverens.
Johannes,	Philippus,	Jacobus minor.
Glorye,	grace,	and goodnes.
Thomas,	Bartholomeus,	Symon.
Dygnité,	vertu,	and excellence.
Matheus,	Judas,	Matheas.
Bewté,	blyssynge,	and bryghtnes.

Petrus. Be to that lord heye wurthynes !

Andreas. Whiche hath performyd that he us hyght.

Jacobus major. And us enbawmyd with suche swetnes.

Johannes. Whiche to dyscrye ffer passyth oure myght.

Philippus. This we alle wel kenne.

Jacobus minor. Now gracious Lord Jhesu,

Thomas. Conferme us in thi vertu !

Bartholomeus. And graunt us grace evyr it to sew !

Symon. Sey we alle togedyr, Amen ! Amen !

Et omnes osculant terram.

Primus Judæus. Now ffelawys, take hede, ffor be my
trewthe,

3ondyr syttyth a dronkyn ffelacheppe.

Secundus Judæus. To don hem good it were grett ruthe.

Tertius Judæus. 3a, I prey God 3eve hem alle shenscheppe.

Primus Judæus. Muste in here brayn so sclyly dothe
creppe,

That thei cheteryn and chateryn as they jays were.

Secundus Judæus. 3a, were they ony wel browth asclepe,

It wore almes to the revere hem to bere,

There hem to baptyze.

Primus Judæus. That were, as thynkyth me,

A jentyl sporte to se,

A bettyr game to be

Cowde no man devyse.

Petrus. Serys, alas ! what do 3e mene ?

Why scorne 3e now thus Goddys grace ?

It is nothyng as 3e do wene,

Ther is no drunke man in this place ;

Wherefore ryght grett is 3owre trespace :

But, syres, lyst what it doth signifye ;

ffulfyllyd is now to mannys solace,

Of Johel the pregnaunt prophecie,

In whiche that he,

That 3e han seyn,

In wourdys pleyn,

Declareth serteyn :

Now blyssyd God be ! Amen.

XLI. THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

Ad mea facta pater assit Deus et sua mater !

Doctor. Ryhte worchepful sovereynes, liketh yow to here
Of the assumpcion of the gloryous moder Mary ?
That seynt Jhon the evangelist wrot and tauht, as I lere,
In a book clepid Apocriphun, wythowtyn dyswary.
At fourteen yer sche conseyved Cryste in hire matere clere,
And in the fiftene yer sche chyldyd, this avowe dare I ;
Here lyvyng wyth that swete sone thre and thretty yere,
And after his deth in erthe xij. yer dede sche tary.

Now acounte me thise yeris wysely,
And I sey the age was of this maide Marye,
When sche assumpte above the Ierarchye,
'Thre score yer, as Scripture dothe specyfye,
Legenda Sanctorum autorysyth this trewely.

She was inhabith in Juré by the mounte of Syon,
After the assencion of hir sone conseyved in spoused,
Alle the holy placys in erthe that Criste duellyd on,
Devouthly sche went hem honoryng the Godhed ;
fferste to the place there Criste cristenyd was clepid flum
Jordone,

There he fastyd and takyn was by malicious falshed,
There he beryed was and roos victoriously alon,
There he assendid alle hevenys God in his manhed ;
Thus was sche occupied I rede.

And meche sche was in the temple preyand.
Now blissid mot sche be ! we owe to be seyand,

How sche was assumpte here men schul be pleyand,
 Preyng you of audience, now ses and tak hede.

Ces now youre blaberyng in the develis name,
 What, lousy begchis, now ye not se,
 Owre worthy prynsis, lo ! are gaderid in same,
 That are statis of this lond hye men of degré?
 By there hye wisdom they shal now attayne.
 How alle Juré beste governyd may be,
 And of this pillid prechouris that oure lawis defame,
 They schul ben slayn as they se or fayn for to fle.

Wherfore in pes be ye,
 And herkenyth onto hem moste stillyn I,
 ffor what boy bragge outh, hym spilly I,
 As knave wyth this craggyd knad hym kille I,—
 Now herkenyth oure pryncis alle kneland on kne.

Episcopus. Now ye prynsis i-prest of the lawe,
 Of this demaunde responcyon I aske here anon,
 Ys there ony renogat among us fer as ye knawe,
 Or ony that pervertyth the pepil wyth gay eloquens alon?
 Yif there be, we muste onto hem set awe.
 ffor they feyne falsly oure feyth, hem preve I houre fon,
 Sweche schul ben bounden up be the beltys til flyes hem blowe,
 And gnaggyd up by the gemys tyl the devyl doth hem grone.
 We may not won,
 To sweche harlotis settyn reddure,
 That geynseyn oure lawe and oure scripture,
 Now let, sere pryncis in purple.
 In savyng of oure lawys now telle on.

Primus Princeps. Sere, syn we slew hym that clepid hym oure
 kyng,
 And seyde he was Goddis sone Lord over alle;
 Syn his deth I herd of no maner rysyng,
 And, lo, yif he hadde levyd he had mad us his thrall.

Episcopus. Therfore oure wysdam was to schortyn his endyng ;
Who so clyme over hie he hath a foule falle.

Secundus Princeps. Ya, yit of on thing I warne yow at the
gynnyng,

His dame is levyng, Mary that men calle ;
Myche pepil halt hire wythall ;

Wherfore in peyne of reprefe,
Yif we suffre hyre thus to relefe,

Oure lawys sche schal make to myschefe,

And meche schame don us sche schalle.

Episcopus. A ! sere, ye ben bolde i-now, art thou ferd of a
wenche ?

What trowyste that sche myht don us agayn ?

Tertius Princeps. Sere, there are other in the contré that
clenche,

And prechyn he is levyng that we slewe, they seyn ;
And yif they ben sufferyd thus, this wille bredyn a stench,
ffor thorow here fayre speche oure lawys they steyn.

And therfore devyse we now upon this pleyn benche,

What is beste for to do hem for to atteyn :

We are but loste, yif they reyn.

Episcopus. Why, let se than, sey me youre ententis.

Primus. Lete us preson hem, til here myght schent is.

Secundus. Bettyr is to slen hem wyth dentis.

Tercius. Nay, best is to hang hem wyth peyn.

Episcopus. Nay, seris, nowth so youre better avyse,

Have in syth before what after may tide ;

Yif we slewe hem it wolde cause the comownys to ryse,

And rathere the devyl sle hym than we schulde that abyde.

But be that senstere ded Mary that fise,

We shal brenne here body and the aschis hide,

And don here alle the dispith we can here devise,

And than sle tho disciplis that walkyn so wyde,

And here bodyes devyde.

Halde ye not this beste, as is sayde ?

Primus Episcopus. Wyth youre wysdam, sere, we are wel payed.
 Than ye knyhtis, I charge yow, beth arayed,
 And the turmentouris redy that tyde,
 When Mary is ded.
 And but she deye the sunere, the devyl smyte of here hed.

Hic est Maria in templo orans, et dicens,

Maria. O, hye wysdam, in youre dygne deyté,
 Youré infynyth lovenesse mad oure salvacyon,
 That it lyst you of me sympilest to take here humanité,
 Wyth dew obeschyauns I make you gratulacyon.
 And, glorious Lord and sone, yif it like youre benygnyté,
 Nouth to ben displesid wyth my desideracyon,
 Me longith to youre presense now conjunct to the unyté,
 Wyth alle myn herte and my sowle be natures excitacyon,
 To youre domynacyon.
 ffor alle creaturis in you don affye,
 And myche more owe I youre modyr be alye,
 Syn ye wern born God and man of my bodye,
 To desyre youre presens that were oure ferste for-
 macyon.

Sapientia. My suete moderis preyere onto me doth assende,
 Here holy herte and here love is only on me ;
 Wherfore, aungyl, to here thou schalt now dyssende,
 Seyinge here sche schal comyn to myn eternyté.
 Myn habundaunt mercy on here I extende,
 Resservynge here to joye from worldly perplexité,
 And in tokyn therof this palme now pretende,
 Seyinge here sche fere no man of divercyté.
Angelus Primus. By youre myth I dissende to youre moder
 in virginité.
Angelus secundus. ffor qwyche message injoyeth the hefnely
 consoreyt.

Hic descendet Angelus ; ludentibus citharis, et dicet Maria,

Primus Angelus. Heyl! excellent prynces, Mary, moste pure!

Heyl! radyant sterre, the sunne is not so bryth!

Heyl! moder of mercy, and mayde most mure!

The blessing that God yaf Jacob upon you now is lyth!

Maria. Now welcom bryth berde, Goddis aungel I sen,

Ye ben messenger of allemyhty, wolcom wyth my myhtis;
I beseke you now say me upon youre hie nortur,

What is the very name that to youre persone dith is?

Angelus. What nedith you, Lady, my name ben desyrand?

Maria. A! this, gracyows aungyl, I beseke you requyrand.

Angelus. My name is gret and merveylous, treuly you telland,

The hye God youre sone abidyth you in blis,
The thrydde day hens ye schul ben expirand,

And assende to the presence there my God youre sone is.

Maria. Mercy and gromercy, God, now may I be seyand,

Thankyng you suete aungyl for this message i-wys.

Angelus. In tokenyng whereof, Lady, I am here presentand

A braunce of palme, outh of paradys com this;
Before youre bere God biddith it be bore.

Maria. Now thanke be to that Lord of his mercy evermore!

Angelus. Yowre meknesse, youre lovnesse, and youre hie lore,

Is most acceptable in the Trynité syth;
Youre sete ryall in hefne apparaled is thore:

Now dispose yow to deye, youre sone wyl thus rith.

Maria. I obbeye the commaundement of my God here before;

But on thyng I beseke that Lord of his myth,
That my brether the appostelis myht me be before,

To se me and I hem or I passe to that lyth;
But they ben so deseverid me thynkyth it nyl be.

Angelus. A! this, lady, impossible to God nothyng trowe the,
ffor he that sent Abbacuc with mete to Babylynye from Juré

Into the lake of lyonys to Danyel the prophete
Be an her of his hed, lo, so myhty was he,

Se the same myht God make may the Appostolis here mete;
And therfore abasche you not, lady, in yowre holy mende.

Maria. No more I do, gracious sunged in kynde;
Also I beseech my name I be not the kinder,

What tyme oute of this world I schal passe hence;
His horrible look wold fere me to deade.

There is nothing I dote but his deadlyl presence.

Angela. What needeth it to fere you, excepte so heade?

See to the frith of your body was conuoyed his vyckens,
That horrible serpent face not mythe your heade.

And your hennet schal make hym resistens,

That he schal not pertruse.

Desyre ye oute rhye now rythys?

Maria. Nouth, but blessed be my God in his myhtys!

Angela. To you I recomende me then, most excellent in sithis,
And wyth this agayne to God I ascende.

Hic accendit caryas.

Maria. Now, Lord, thy swete haly name wyth lornesse I blysse,
Of pryde heide and erthe eche tyme psalmodyeth;
That it lythys your mercy me to you to wyse.

My sympul soule in serteyn your name magnifyeth.
Now, haly may deny, the servauntis of God as I gyse,
I schal passe from this world as the sungyl sertefyeth;
Therefore to my sympul habitacyon, I telle you now this,
I purpose me to go, besekyng yow replyeth,
And amedually wachith me be dayes and nythis.

Prima virgo. We schal, gracious Lady, wyth alle oure mythis,
Schul ye from us passe, swete sonne of socoure,
That are oure sengler solas radiant in your lythis,
Your peynful absence schal make me doloure.

Virgo Secunda. Moste excellent princes in alle vertu that is dith,
Alle hefne and erthe, Lady, you doth honoure;
We schal wachyn and wake, as oure dewe and ryth,
Into the tyme ye passe to that hie toure.

Maria. God thanke you and so do I;
 Now I wyl dispose me to this jurné redy;
 So wolde God my brether were here me by,
 To here my body that bare Jhesu oure savyoure.

Hic subito apparet sanctus Johannes evangelista ante portam Mariæ.

Johannes. A ! myrable God, meche is thy myth,
 Many wonderis thou werkyst evyn as thi wylle is;
 In Pheso I was prechyng a fer contré ryth,
 And by a whyte clowde I was rapt to these hyllys.
 Here duellyth Cristis moder I se wel in syth,
 Sum merveyulous message is comyn that mayde tylle;
 I wyl go saluse that berde that in vertu is moste brith,
 And of my sodeyn comyng wete what is the skele.

Hic pulsabit super portam, intrante domum Mariæ sibi dicente,

Heyl ! moder Mary, maydyn perpetualle !

Maria. A ! welcome, mayde John, wyth alle myn herte in
 specyalle,

ffor joye of youre presence myn herte gynnyth sweme;
 Thynke ye not, John, how my child eternalle,

When he hynged on cros sayd us this teme,
 Lo ! here thy sone, woman ; so bad he me you calle,

And you me moder eche othir to queme;
 He betok you the governayl there of my body terestyalle,
 On mayde to another at convenyens wold seme;

And now that gracyows lord hath sent me yow sone.

Johannes. Now, good fayr lady, what is ther to done?
 Tellyth the cause why I am heder sent.

Maria. Swete sone, John, so wylle I anone ;

Owre lord God sent to me an aungyl that glent,

And sayde I schulde passe hens where thre were in one,
 Tho I askyd the aungel to have you present.

Johannes. A! holy moder, schul ye from us gone?

My brether of this tydyngis sore wyl repent,
That 3e schuld ben absent.

Ever trybulacyon, Lord, meche thou us sendyst,
Thou oure mayster and oure comfort from us ascendist.
And now oure joye, thy moder, to take thou pretendist,
Thanne alle oure comfort is from us detent.

But what seyde then aungyl, moder, onto you more?

Maria. He brouth me this palme from my sone thore;

Qwyche I beseke, as the aungyl me bad,
That afor my bere by you it be bore,

Saynge my dirige devouthly and sad;

ffor, John, I have herde the Jewys meche of me spelle.

Johannes. A! good Lady, what likyth it you to telle?

Maria. Secretly they ordeyne in here conseytis felle,

When my sowle is paste where Godis sete is,
To brenne my body and schamly it quelle,

ffor Jhesu was of me born that they slew with here fistis;
And therfore I beseke you, John, both fleche and felle

Helpe I be beryed, for yn yow my tryst is.

Johannes. ffere yow not, Lady, for I schal wyth you duelle:

Wolde God my brether were here now and wyst this.

Hic subito omnes apostoli congregentur ante portum mirantes,

A! holy brether, wyth grace be ye met here now:

Lord God, what menyth this sodeyne congregacyon?

Now, swete brother Powle, wyl ye take this upon yow?

Preye to God for us alle we may have relacyon.

Paulus. Good brother Peter, how schuld I here pray now,

That am lest and most unworthy of this congregacyon?

I am not worthy to be clepyd apostle sothly I say yow,

ffor as a wood man ageyn Holy Cherche I mad persecucyon,
But nevertheles I am the grace of God in that that I am, lo!

Petrus. A! gret is youre lownesse, Powle, brother evermo!

Paulus. The keyes of hevene, Peter, God hath you betake,

And also ye ben peler of lith and prynce of us alle;

It is most sitting to you this preyere to make,

And I unworthy wyth yow preyen here schalle.

Petrus. I take this upon me, Poule, for youre sake.

Now, almythty God, that sittiste above cherubyn halle;
In synge of thyn holy cros oure handis we make,

Besekyng thy mercy may upon us falle,

And why we ben thus met, yif it lyke, us lare.

Johannes. A! holy brether, alle welcom ye are:

Why ye be met here I schal you declare;

ffor Mary, Goddys moder, by message is sent,
That from this wrecchid world to blysse sche schal fare,

And at here deyng sche desyryth to have us present.

Petrus. A! brother John, we may syhyn and care,

Xif it displese not God for these tydyngis ment.

Paulus. fforsothe so we may, Peter, hevyn evermore,

That oure moder and oure comfort schuld ben us absent.
But nevertheles the wyl of God fulfyllid mot be.

Johannes. That is wel seyde, Poule, but herof bewar ye,

That non of you for here deth schewe hevyn speche,
ffor anon to the Jewys it schuld than notyd be,

That we were ferd of deth, and that is ageyn that we teche;
ffor we seyn alle tho belevyn in the hol Trynyté,

They schul ever leve and nouth deye, this truly we preche;
And yif we make hevynesse for here, than wyl it seyde be,

Lo! youe prechouris to deye they fere hem ful meche;
And therefore in God now beth glad everychon!

Petrus. We schal don as ye sey us, holy brother John:

Now we beseke you, let us se oure moder Marie.

Johannes. Now, in Goddys name, to here than alle let us gon;

Sche wyl ben ful glad to se this holy companye.

Petrus. Heyl! moder and maydyn, so was never non,

But only the most blissid treulye.

Paulus. Heyl! incomparabil quen Goddis holy tron!

Of you spreng salvacyon and alle oure glorie;
Heyl mene for mankynde and mendere of mys!

Maria. A! wyth alle myn hol herte, brether, ye are welcom
i-wys:

I beseke you now to telle me of youre sodeyne metyng.

Petrus. In dyveris contreys we prechid of youre sone and his
blis,

Diveris clowdys eche of us was sodeynely curyng;
And in on were brouth before youre yate here i-wys,
The cause why no man cowde telle of oure comyng.

Maria. Now I thanke God of his mercy, an hy merakle is this;

Now I wyl telle yow the cause of my sonys werkyng;
I desyrid his bodily presence to se.

Johannes. No wonder, Lady, thow so dede ye.

Maria. Tho my sone Jhesu of his hye peté

Sent to me an aungyl, and thus he sayd,
That the thredde nyth I schuld assende to my sone in deité;
Thanne to have youre presence, brether, hertly I prayed,
Aud thus at my request God hath you sent me.

Petrus. Wys gracyous Lady, we are ryth wel payed.

Maria. Blissid brethere, I beseke you than tent me;
Now wyl I rest me in this bed that for me is rayed;
Wachith me besily wyth youre laumpys and lithtis.

Paulus. We schal, Lady, redy alle thyng for you dith is.

Maria. Now, sone, schul ye se what Godis myth is,
My flech gynnyth feble be nature.

Hic erit decenter ornatus in lecto.

Petrus. Brether, eche of you a candele takyth now e rithis,
And lith hem in haste, whil oure moder doth dure,
And bisyli let us wachyn in this virgyne sythis,
That when oure Lord comyth in his sponised pure,
He may fynde us wakyng and redy wyth oure lithis,
ffor we knowe not the hour of his comyng now sure,
And yn clenness alle loke ye be redy.

Maria. A! swete sone Jhesu, now mercy I cry,
Over alle synful thy mercy let sprede!

Hic dissendet Dominus cum omni celeste curia, et dicet,
Dominus. The voys of my moder me nyhith ful ny ;
 I am dyssend on to here of whom I dede sede.

Hic cantabunt org. ?

Maria. A ! welcom, gracyous Lord Jhesu, sone and God of
 mercy !

An aungyl wold a ssuffysed me, hye kyng, at this nede.
Dominus. In propire persone, moder, I wyl ben here redy,
 Wyth the hefnely quer yowre dirige to rede.

. Veni tu, electa mea, et ponam in te thronum meum,
 Quia concupivit rex speciem tuam.

Maria. Paratum cor meum, Deus, paratum cor meum,
 Cantabo, et psalmum dicam Domino.

Apostoli. Hæc est quæ nescivit thorum in delictis,
 Habebit requiem in respectu animarum sanctarum.

Maria. Beatam me dicent omnes generationes ;
 Quia fecit michi magna qui potens est, et sanctum nomen ejus.

Dominus. Veni de Libano, sponsa mea, veni, coronaberis :
 Ecce, venio, quia in capite libri scriptum est de me.
 Ut facerem voluntatem tuam, Deus meus,
 Quia exultavit spes meus in Deo salutari mee.

Hic exiet anima Mariæ de corpore in sinu Dei.

Dominus. Now come, my swete soule, in clennesses most pure,
 And reste in my bosom brithtest of ble.

Alle ye myn apostelis of this body takyth cure :

In the vallé of Josephat there fynde schul ye,
 A grave new mad for Maryes sepulture,

There beryeth the body withe alle youre solempnité,
 And bydyth me there styлле thre dayes severe,

And I schal pere ageyn to yow to comfort your advercyté :
 Wyth this swete soule now from you I assende.

Petrus. In oure tribulacyons, Lord, thou us defende !
 We have no comfort on erthe but of the alon.

O! swete soule of Mary, prey thy sone us defende,
Have mynde of thy pore brether when thou comyst to thi
tron!

Chorus Mari. Quæ est ista quæ ascendit de deserto,
Deliciis affluens injunxa super dilectum suum?

Ordo Angelus. Ista est speciosa inter filias Jherusalem sicut
vidistis eam,

Plenam caritate et dilectione sicque in cœlum gandeus suscipitur,
Et a dextris filii in trono gloriæ collocatur.

Hic cantabit omnis celestis curia.

Prima virgo. Now, suster, I beseke you let us do oure atten-
daunce,

And wasche this glorious body that here in oure sith is,
As is the use among us wythoutyn ony varyaunce:

Now blessid be this persone that bar God of mytbtis.

Secunda virgo. I am redy, suster, wyth alle myn hol affyaunce,
To wesche and worschepe this body that so brith is;

Alle creaturys therto owyn dew obeschaunce,
ffor this body resseyvid the holy gostis flithtis.

Et osculabunt corpus Mariæ.

Johannes. Now, holy brother Peter, I hertely you pray
To bere this holy palme before this glorious body,
ffor ye ben Prince of Apostelis and hed of oure fay,
Therefore it semyth you best to do this offis treuly.

Petrus. Sere, and ye slept on Cristis brest seyng alle celestly,
Ye are Goddis clene mayde wythoutyn any nay;
This observaunce is most like you to do dewly,
Wherfore tak it upon you, brother, we pray;
And I schal helpe for to bere the bere.

Paulus. And I, Peter, wyth oure brether in fere,
This blessid body schal helpe to the ground;
This holy cors now take we up here,
Seyng oure observaunce wyth devouth sound.

Hic portabunt corpus versus sepulturam, cum eorum luminibus.

Petrus. Exiit Israel de Egipto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro !
Allelujah !

Apostoli. Facta est Judea sanctificatio ejus, Israel potestas ejus !
allelujah !

Hic angeli dulciter cantabunt in cælo “ allelujah ! ”

Episcopus. Herke, sere princys, what noyse is alle this ?

The erthe and the eyer is ful of melodye ;
I herde never er sweche a noyse now i-wys :

Con ye outh say what they signefye ?

Primus Princeps. I not be my God that of myht meche is ;

Whatsomever they be hougely they crye :
I am aferd there wylle be sumthyng amys,
It is good prevely among us we spye
Wythowte.

Secundus Princeps. Now I have levyd this thre skore yer,
But sweche another noyse herd I never er ;

Myn herte gynnyth ogyl and quake for fer,

There is sum newe sorwe sprongyn I dowte.

Tertius Princeps. Ya that there is, sothly, I say yow,

The prophetis moder Mary is ded ;

The disciplis here beryn in gret aray now,

And makyn alle this merthe in spyth of oure hed.

Episcopus. ffy on you, lousy doggys, they were better nay ;

Outh, harrow ! the devyl is in myn hed.

Ye dodemusyd prynces faste yow aray,

Or I make avow to Mahound youre bodyes schul blede.

Now that quene is ded,

The coward knytis in plate,

And the tormentours thryfe schul ye late,

ffaste, harlotys, go youre gate,

And brynge me that bychyd body, I red.

Primus Princeps. Dowte you not, sere byschop, in peyne of
repref,

Ded schal don schame to that body to tho prechours.

Secundus Princeps. Sere, I schal geyne tho glaberis or gramly
hem gref,

Tho teynt tretouris schul tene yif my loke on hem louris.

Tertius Princeps. To hurle wyth the harlotys me is ful lef,

I schal snarle tho sneveleris wyth rith scharp schouris.

Episcopus. Hens than, a develys name! and take me that thef,

And bringe me that bygyd body evyn to-fore thes touris,

And here disciplis ye slo.

Hye you hens, harlotis, at onys,

The devyl, boyes, mot breke youre bonys,

Go stent me yone body wyth youre stonys :

Outh, harrow ! al wod now I go !

Hic descendunt Principes cum suis ministris, ut feroci pecucienter petras cum eorum capitibus.

Secundus Princeps. What, devyl, where is this mené ?

I here here noyse but I se ryth nouth ;

Allas ! I have clene lost my posté,

I am ful wo, mad is my thowth.

Tertius Princeps. I am so ferd I would fayn fle,

The devyl hym spede hedyr me brouth ;

I renne, I rappe, so wo is me,

Wynd and wod wo hath me wrouth !

To deye I ne routh.

Primus Princeps. A ! cowardis, upon you now fy,

Are ye ferd of a ded body ?

I schal sterte therto manly,

Alle that company fere I ryth nouth.

Hic saltat insanus adferetrum Mariæ et pendet per manus.

Allas ! my body is ful of peyne,

I am fastened sore to this bere,

Myn handys are ser bothe tweyne.

O! Peter, now prey thi God for me here :
In Cayfas halle when thou were seyne,
And of the, Peter, a mayde acusid there,
I halpe the tho ; now helpe me ageyne ;
That I were hol outh of this fere,
Sum medycyne me lere.

Petrus. I may not tend to the, sere, at this hour,
ffor ocupacyon of this body of honour ;
But nevertheles beleve in Jhesu Criste oure Saveyour,
And that this was his moder that we bere
on bere.

Primus Princeps. I beleve in Jhesu, mannys salvacyon.

Petrus. In Goddis name go doun than, and this body
honure.

Primus Princeps. Now mercy, God, and gromercy of
this savacyon !

In Jhesu and his moder to beleve ever I senere.

Petrus. Than take youe holy palme, and go to thi nacyon,
And bid hem beleve in God, yif they wyl be pure ;
And towche hem ther wyth, both hed, hand, and facyon,
And of her sekenesse they schal have cure ;
And ellis in here peynys indure.

Primus Princeps. Gromercy, holy fader Peter,
I schal do as the me teche her,
Thankyng God ever in my speche her,
Wyth hye repentaunce and herte most mure.

Hic portabunt feretrum ad locum sepulture.

Petrus. Now, holy brether, this body let us take,
And, wyth alle the worschepewe may, ley it in the grave,
Kyssyng it alle at onys for here sonys sake :
Now insence ye, and we schal put here in this cave.

*Hic ponent corpus in sepulcrum, insensantes et can-
tantes.*

Johannes. De terra plasmasti me et carne induisti me,
Redemptor meus, Domine, resuscita me in novissimo die!
Now God blysse this body and we oure synge make.

*Hic unanimiter benedicent corpus "In nomine Patris
et Filii et Spiritus Sancti."*

The fruth that it bar oure soules schal save.
Now rest we us, brother, upon this pleyn lake,
Tyl from oure God and oure lord tydyngis we have,
Here must we belave.

Paulus. So muste we, John, as ye say;
Thanne byde we here and pray,
Besekyng hym of comfort that best may,
Restyng here abowtyn this grave.

Hic vadit Princeps ad Judæos cum palma.

Primus Princeps. Ye Jewys that langour in this gret
infyrmyté,

Belevyth in Crist Jhesu, and ye schal have helthe,
Throw vertu of this holy palme that com fro the Trinyté,
Yowr sekenesse schal aswage and restore you to welthe.

Secundus Princeps. I beleve in Crist Jhesu, Goddis sone
in unyté,

And forsake my maumentryes fals in here felthe.

Hic tangat credentes cum palma, et sanati sunt.

A! I thanke the, gracyous Lord, and thy moder of peté,
Now are we hol of oure seknesse and of oure foule
belthe!

Tercius princeps. What, harlotys, forsake oure lawe?

Secundus Princeps. So hald I best the do.

Tercius Princeps. Hens fro me in the develis name
ye go!

I deye, outh, outh, harro!

The wylde develys mot me to drawe!

Primus Demon. Herke, Belsabub and Belyal, sere Sathan
in the herne,

Us fettyn oure servauntis to this presone,
Blow flamys of fer to make hem to brenne,

Mak redy ageyn we com to this demon.

Secundus Demon. ffaste for tho harlotis now let us renne,
To cast hem in this pet here that depe is adon,
They schul brenne and boyle and chille in oure denne ;
Gowe now, a dewelys name, as fast as we mone !

Harrow ! harrow ! we com to town.

Primus demon. Drag we these harlotis in hye,
Into the pet of helle for to lye.

Secundus demon. Gowe now, helle houndis, ye crye,
Sere Sathan may heryn oure sone.

Dominus. Now, aungyl and alle this court celestyalle,
Into herthe now discendith with me,
To reyse the body of my moder terestyalle,
And bryng we it to the blysse of my deyt
Assent ye here to now the unyté ?

Angeli. Ya, for yowre hye mercy, Lord, al hefne makyth
melodé.

Hic discendit et venit ad apostolos, dicens,

Dominus. Pes be to yow alle, my postelis so dere !

Lo ! me here, yowre Lord, and youre God now rythtis.

Petrus. A ! welcom, Criste, oure comfort, in thy manhed clere !
Gret merveyulous God, mekyl now thy myth is !

Dominus. What worschepe and grace semyth you now here,
That I do to this body, Mary that hythtis ?

Johannes. Lord, as thou rese from deth and requyst in thyn
empere,

So reyse thou this body to thy blysse that lyth is,

Us semyth this ryth is.

Mychael. Ya, glorious God, lo ! the sowle here prest, now,
To this blissid body likyth you to fest, now,

Hefne and erthe wold thynke this the best, now,
In as myche as sche bare you, God, in youre myghtis.

Hic vadit anima in corpus Mariæ.

Dominus. Go thanne, blyssid soule, to that body ageyn :
Arys now, my dowe, my nehebour, and my swete frende,
Tabernacle of joye, vessel of lyf, hefnely temple, to reyn,
Ye schal have the blysse wyth me moder that hath non ende ;
ffor as ye were clene in erthe of alle synnys greyn,
So schal ye reyne in hefne clenest in mend.

Maria. A ! endles worchepe be to you, Jhesu, relese of peyn !
I and alle erthe may blisse the, com of owre kend :
Lo ! me redy with you for to wend.

Dominus. Aboven hefnys, moder, assende than we,
In endles blysse for to be.

Michael. Hefne and erthe now injoye may ye,
ffor God throw Mary is mad mannys frend.

*Et hic assendent in cœlum cantantibus organis, Assumpta
es Maria in cœlum !*

Dominus. Yow to worchepe, moder, it likyth the hol Trinyté,
Wherfore I crowne you here in this kyndam of glorye :
Of alle my chosyn thus schul ye clepyd be,
Qwen of Hefne and Moder of Mercy !

Michael. Now blissid be youre nainys we cry !
ffor this holy assumpcyon alle hefne makyth melody.

Deo gracias.

XLII. DOOMSDAY.

Hic incipit dies Judicii, et Jhesu descendente cum Michael et Gabriele Archangelis Michaelus dicet, etc.

Michael. Surgite ! alle men aryse,
Venite ad judicium !
ffor now is sett the hy3 justyce,
And hath assygynd the day of dome.
Rape 3ow redyly to this grett assyse,
Bothe grett and smalle, alle an sum,
And of 3our answeres 3ow now avyse,
What 3e xal sey whan that 3e cum,
3owre ansuere ffor to telle ;
ffor whan that God xal 3ow appose,
Ther is non helpe of no glose,
The trewthe fful trewlye he wyl tose,
And send 3ow to hevyn or helle.

Gabryelle. Bothe Pope, prynce, and prysste with crowne,
Kynge and caysere, and knyhtes kene,
Rapely 3e renne 3our resonys to rowne,
ffor this xal be the day of tene.
Nowther pore ne ryche of grett renowne,
Ne alle the develys in helle that bene
ffrom this day 3ow hyde not mowne,
ffor alle 3our dedys here xal be sene
Opynly in syght.
Who that is fowndyn in deedly gylte,
He were bettyr to ben hylte,
In endeles helle he xal be spylte,
His dedys his deth xal dyght.

*Omnes resurgentes subtus terram clamavit "Ha!
a! a! ha! a! a! ha! a! a!" Deinde surgentes dicat,
"ha! a! a!" etc.*

Ha ! a ! a ! cleve asundyr 3e clowdys of clay,
Asundyr 3e breke and lete us pas :
Now may oure songe be, wele away,
That evyr we synnyd in dedly trespas !

Omnes demones clamant.

Harrow and owt ! what xal we say ?
Harraw we crye, owt and alas !
Alas ! harrow ! is this that day,
To endles peyne that us must pas ?
Alas ! harrow and owt ! we crye.

Omnes animæ resurgentes dicant, etc.

A ! mercy, Lorde ! ffor oure mysdede,
And lett thi mercy sprynge and sprede !
But, alas ! we byden in drede,
It is to late to aske mercye.

Deus. Venite benedicti,
My bretheryn alle,
Patris mei
3e childeryn dere ;
Come hedyr to me to myn hy3 halle,
Alle tho myn suterys and servauntes be ;
Alle tho ffowle wirmys ffrom 3ow falle,
With my ryght hand I blysse 3ow here.
My blyssynge burnyschith 3ow as bryght as beraile,
As crystalle clene it clensyth 3ow clere,
Alle ffylth ffrom 3ow ffade.
Petyr, to hevyn 3atys thou wende and goo,
The lokkys thou losyn and hem undo,
My blyssyd childeryn thou brynge me to,
Here hertys for to glade.

Petrus. The ȝatys of hevyn I opyn this tyde :

Now welcome, dere bretheryn, to hevyn i-wys ;
Com on, and sytt on Goddys ryght syde,
Where myrthe and melody nevyr may mys.

Omnes Salvati. On kne we crepe, we gon, we glyde,
To wurchepp oure Lorde that mercyful is ;
ffor thorwe his woundys that be so wyde,
He hath brought us to his blys.

Holy Lorde, we wurcheppe the !

Deus. Welcome ȝe be in hevyn to sitt,
Welcum, fro me xul ȝe nevyr flitt,
So sekyr of blys ȝe xul be ȝitt,

To myrthe and joye welcum ȝe be !

Anima dampnandum. Ha ! ha ! mercy, mercy, we crye
and crave,

A ! mercy, Lorde, for oure mysdede !
A ! mercy, mercy, we rubbe ! we rave !
A ! help us, good Lord, in this nede !

Deus. How wolde ȝe, wrecchis, any mercy have ?
Why aske ȝe mercy now in this nede ?
What have ȝe wrought ȝour sowle to save ?
To whom have ȝe don any mercyful dede,
Mercy for to wyne ?

Primus diabolus. Mercy ? nay, nay, they xul have wrake,
And that on here fforehed wyttnes I take,
ffor ther is wretyn with letteris blake,
Opynly alle here synne.

Deus. To hungry and thrusty that askyd in my name,
Mete and drynke wolde ȝe ȝeve non ;
Of nakyd men had ȝe no shame,
ȝe wold nott vesyte men in no preson ;
ȝe had no peté on seke nor lame,
Dede of mercy wold ȝe nevyr don ;
Un herborwed men ȝe servyd the same,
To bery the deed pore man wold ȝe not gon ;

These dedys doth 3ow spylla.
 ffor 3oure love was I rent on rode,
 And for 3our sake I shed my blode :
 Whan I was so mercyfulle and so gode,

Why have 3e wrought azens my wylle ?

Secundus Diabolus. I fynde here wretyn in thin fforheed,

Thou were so stowte and sett in pryde,
 Thou woldyst nott 3eve a pore man breed,
 But ffrom thi dore thou woldyst hym chyde.

Tertius diabolus. And in thi face here do I rede,

That if a thyrfty man com any tyde,
 ffor thrust thou he xulde be deed,

Drynk from hym thou woldyst evyr hyde ;

On covetyse was alle thy thought.

Primus diabolus. In wratthe thi neybore to bakbyte,

Them for to hangere was thi delyte,
 Thou were evyr redy them to endyte ;

On the seke man rewyst thou nought.

Secundus diabolus. Evyr more on envye was alle thi mende,

Thou woldyst nevyr vesyte no presoner;
 To alle thi neybores thou were unkende,
 Thou woldyst nevyr helpe man in daunger.

Tertius diabolus. The synne of slauthe thi sowle xal shende,

Masse nore mateynes woldyst thou non here,
 To bery the deed, man, thou woldyst not wende,
 Therfore thou xalt to endles ffere ;

To slowthe thou were ful prest.

Primus diabolus. Thou haddyst rejoyse in glotonye,

In dronkesheppe and in rebawdye,

Unherborwyd with velonye

Thou puttyst from here rest.

Secundus diabolus. Sybile Schlutte, thou ssalte sewe,

Alle 3our lyff was leccherous lay ;

To alle your neybores 3e wore a shrewe,
 Alle your plesauns was leccherous play.
 Goddys men 3e lovyd but fewe;
 Nakyd men and febyl of array
 3e wolde nott socowre with a lytel drewe,
 Nott with a thred, the sothe to say,
 Whan they askyd in Godys name.
Omnes dampnandi. A, mercy, Lord! mekyl of myght,
 We aske thi mercy and not thi ryght,
 Not after oure dede so us quyth,
 We have synnyd, we be to blame.

Deus.

NOTES.

Page 1, line 6. With plays ful glad.] In the *Promptorium Parvulorum* is given the following curious analysis of the different kinds of plays and players:—"Pley, ludus; pley, or somyr game, spectaculum; pley that begynnythe with myrthe and endythe with sorowe, tragedia; pley that begynnythe with sorow and endythe with myrthe, comedia; pleyare, lusor; pleyare that alwey wyl pley, ludibundus; pleyar at the bal, pililudius; pleyyng garment, ludix; pleyyng place, diludium."—MS. Harl. 221, fol. 129. Chaucer gives us the same definition of tragedy in the prologue to *The Monkes Tale*:—

Tragedie is to sayn a certain storie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie,
Of him that stood in gret prosperitee,
And is y-fallen out of high degree
Into miserie, and endeth wretchedly.

P. 9, l. 17. Mevelyd.] So in the MS., but probably it ought to be *mervelyd*.

P. 17, l. 10. Dele the comma after the word *choere*.

P. 19. THE CREATION.] Bagford has preserved in MS. Harl. 5931, v. 13, a printed bill of the latter end of the seventeenth century, wherein it is stated that "at Crawley's show at the Golden Lion, near St. George's Church, during the time of Southwark-fair, will be presented the whole story of the old creation of the world, or *Paradice Lost*, yet newly reviv'd, with the addition of Noah's flood." See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, ed. Hone, p. 166. The specimen 272 in the same volume is still more curious, and shows that the performances of mysteries, howbeit in a very different state, were

continued in England up to a much later period than is usually believed :—

" *By Her Majesty's permission.* At Heatly's booth, over against the Cross Daggers, next to Mr. Miller's booth, during the time of Bartholomew-Fair, will be presented a little opera, called *The old creation of the world*, newly reviv'd, with the addition of the glorious battle obtained over the French and Spaniards by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. The contents are these :—

1. The creation of Adam and Eve.
2. The intreagues of Lucifer in the garden of Eden.
3. Adam and Eve driven out of paradise.
4. Cain going to plow, Abel driving sheep.
5. Cain killeth his brother Abel.
6. Abraham offering his son Isaac.
7. Three wise men of the East guided by a star, who worship him.
8. Joseph and Mary flew away by night upon an ass.
9. King Herod's cruelty; his men's spears laden with children.
10. Rich Dives invites his friends, and orders his porter to keep the beggars from his gate.
11. Poor Lazarus comes a begging at rich Dives's gate, and the dogs lick his sores.
12. The good angel and death contend for Lazarus's life.
13. Rich Dives is taken sick and dieth. He is buried in great solemnity.
14. Rich Dives in hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, seen in a most glorious object, all in machines descending in a throne, guarded with multitudes of angels, with the breaking of the clouds, discovering the palace of the sun, in double and treble prospects, to the admiration of all spectators. Likewise several rich and large figures, with dances, jiggs, sarabands, anticks, and country dances between every act: compleated with the merry humours of Sir John Spendall and Punchanello, with several other things never yet exposed. Perform'd by Mat. Heatly. Vivat Regina!"

In Braithwayte's "*Strapado for the Devil*," 8vo. Lond. 1615, p. 161, there is an allusion to the performance of Mysteries in London in ancient times :—

" Saint Bartlemews, where all the pagents showne,
And all those acts from Adam unto Noe
Us'd to be represent."

P. 19, l. 1. Ω .] In MS., *oo*.

P. 22, l. 8. And make the man Adam.] A marginal note on the verso of fol. 74 informs us that Adam was created on the tenth of the calends of April.

P. 27, l. 24. For to hide.] Dr. Marriott, the editor of *A Collection of English Miracle Plays*, 8vo. Basel, 1838, quotes a play entitled, *The Travailes of the three English Brothers*, 4to. Lond. 1607, to show that an exact representation of the primitive state of our forefathers in the garden of Eden was exhibited on the English stage "as late as the close of the sixteenth century." This is an absurd misrepresentation, and has been founded on an erroneous interpretation of a passage in the play above-mentioned, which is spoken by Kemp, the actor, in a conversation with Sir Anthony Sherley. According, however, to one of the stage directions in the Chester Mysteries, Adam and Eve *stabunt nudi et non verecundabuntur*; so that, joined with the present passage in the Coventry Mysteries, there is at least some ground for believing that such was actually the case at an earlier period.*

Dr. Marriott's mistake has been already noticed by the Rev. A. Dyce, in his interesting introduction to Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder*, reprinted for the Camden Society, p. xv; and I take the opportunity of introducing in this place some particulars relating to Kemp, which throw a new light upon his history, more especially in relation with the above-mentioned play, and proves that the introduction of the comic actor, and his interview with Sherley, was strictly founded upon fact. The authors of the play, indeed, assert in their prologue their intention of

"Clothing our truth within an argument,
Fitting the stage and your attention;
Yet not so hid but that she may appeare
To be herselfe, even truth."

But dramatic critics have not given much credit to these professions

* John of Salisbury thus complains of the indelicacy of actors:—"Quorum adeo error invaluit, ut a præclaris domibus non arceantur, etiam illi qui obscenis partibus corporis, oculis omnium eam ingerunt turpitudinem, quam erubescat videre vel Cynicus."—*De Nugis Curialium*, lib. i. cap. 8, edit. 1639, p. 34.

of honesty. Mr. Dyce even doubts the fact of Kemp having made a journey on the continent, and considers the notice in *The Returne from Pernassus* of his "dancing the morrice over the Alpes," to be only a "sportive allusion to his journey to Norwich." In his *Nine Daies Wonder*, however, he announces his intention of setting out shortly on a "great journey," and in his dedication he seems to allude to a projected journey to Rome. I have recently discovered a passage in a contemporary diary, which proves that Kemp actually met with Sir Anthony Shirley at Rome, and that his "great journey" was not a very profitable speculation. It is as follows:—"1601, Sept. 2. Kemp, mimus quidam, qui peregrinationem quandam in Germaniam et Italiam instituerat, post multos errores et infortunia sua reversus: multa refert de Anthonio Sherly equite aurato, quem Romæ (legatum Persicum agentem) convenerat."—MS. Sloan. 392, fol. 401. William Parry, who was with Shirley in Russia, returned to England in the middle of September, 1601, as we learn from the account published by Hackluyt; and it is therefore very probable that Kemp was the first who brought the news of his proceedings in Persia and Russia. An account of Shirley's adventures was published at London in 1613, and a very circumstantial relation by Manwaring is in MS. Sloan. 110, but neither of these contain the slightest notice of Kemp's interview with the ambassador. What we have given above is, however, quite sufficient to establish its truth, and "the travell to Rome with the return in certain daies," mentioned in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, doubtlessly alludes to the same circumstance: and would also seem to imply that he had accomplished his homeward journey in a short time. Mr. Rimbault has also kindly favoured me with a copy of the following song from an old MS. in his possession by Thomas Weelkes, entitled, *Ayres or fantasticke spirites*, which was printed with some variations in 1608:

" Since Robin Hood, Maid Marian,
And little John are gone-a,
The hobby-horse was quite forgot,
When Kempe did dance alone-a.
He did labour after the tabor
For to dance: then into France

He tooke paines
 To skip it ;
 In hope of gaines
 He will trip it,
 On the toe,
 Diddle, diddle, doe."

P. 31, l. 8. Flammea.] Sic in MS. pro *flammeo*.

P. 37, l. 8. Showe.] So in MS., but perhaps *shove*, which would complete the rhyme.

P. 38, l. 28. Never.] This word is added to the MS. in a more recent hand.

P. 46, l. 28. This schypp for to make.] A marginal note informs us that "Noe schyp was in lenghtccc. cubytes, in brede ffyfty, and the heythe thretty: the flode 15. above hyst montayne."

P. 59, l. 16. Perhaps this line would be more properly printed thus:—

"What is your wylle, Lord, fayn wold I wete."

P. 59, l. 30. The comaundment of thi Lord God.] It is almost unnecessary to remark that this and the following line are quite distinct from the stanza, and are intended as a translation of the Latin given above.

P. 61, l. 1. Assumens.] Sic in MS. pro *assumes*.

P. 61, l. 19. Sanctificet.] Sic in MS. pro *sanctificetur*.

P. 62, l. 32. Makaberis.] Sic in MS. pro *machabaris*.

P. 64, l. 6. Bos.] Sic in MS. pro *bovem*.

P. 65, l. 13. For to dwelle.] Add a semicolon at the end of this line.

P. 70. THE BARRENNESS OF ANNA.] This pageant is founded on the apochryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary. The same story is also found in the Protevangelion of James.

P. 73, l. 27. Catando.] Sic in MS. pro *cantando*.

P. 75, l. 10. Offens.] Place a colon after this word.

P. 79. MARY IN THE TEMPLE.] This pageant is also founded on the apochryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary.

P. 81, l. 22. Expalexendo.] Sic in MS. pro *amplexendo*.

P. 83, l. 28. For.] Perhaps *fere*.

P. 84, l. 29. Dele the comma after the word "bretheryn."

P. 88, l. 13. In your name Maria.] Lydgate, in MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 141, has given three similar acrostics of the name of the blessed Virgin.

P. 90, l. 1. Ab Ysakar.] Sic in MS. *pro Abysakar*. This pageant was privately printed by Mr. Collier, 12mo. Lond. 1836. The argument is taken from the apocryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary. Lydgate, in the fifth chapter of his Life of the Virgin, introduces the chief incidents here employed.

P. 94, l. 29. So.] Perhaps *yow*.

P. 94, l. 31 to p. 95, l. 22. This is added to the MS. in a more recent handwriting.

P. 97, l. 20. Episcopus comyth, thene Joseph.] Owing to this line being inserted in the MS. as a stage direction, and the deficiency of the metre, it has been arranged erroneously. It should be as follows:—

Episcopus. Comyth thene.

Joseph. Sere, he may evyl go, &c.

P. 99, l. 13. Foreschyth] So in MS. for *floreschyth*.

P. 101, l. 8. Sere, xalle ffulfyl.] The pronoun *I* is probably omitted before the word *salle*.

P. 105. THE SALUTATION AND CONCEPTION.] Part of the argument of this pageant may be found in the apocryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary. The incident of the council of the Trinity is given in the *Speculum Vitæ Christi*, and in Lydgate's Life of the Virgin.

P. 105, l. 22. Babys.] Probably *balys*.

P. 112, l. 16. This name Eva is turnyd Ave.] Compare MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 140, a poem in praise of the Virgin :

Heyl sterre of Jacob, glorie of Israelle !
Eva transformyd the lettrys wel out sought ;
Into thy closet whan that Gabryelle
With this wourd Ave bath the tydynges brought.

P. 113, l. 17. But I aske it xal be do.] The word *how* has probably been omitted after *aske*.

P. 114, l. 31. Bemys.] Mr. Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet. ii. 176, writes *bennys*, and considers that the word means *benedicites*. I confess I do not see the necessity of such an explanation, for it appears

simply to signify *beams*, and there was doubtlessly some contrivance to represent them on the stage.

P. 117. JOSEPH'S RETURN.] This pageant is founded upon the apochryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary.

P. 124. THE VISIT TO ELIZABETH.] This pageant is founded upon the Protevangelion of James.

P. 130. l. 12. Leve.] Dele the semicolon after this word.

P. 131. THE TRIAL OF JOSEPH AND MARY.] This pageant is likewise founded upon the narrative in the Protevangelion of James.

P. 131, l. 6. Alle the rowte.] The subsequent enumeration of names was obviously inserted, observes Mr. Collier, "for the sake of producing merriment among the spectators." A somewhat similar list of names occurs in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, among which I find two, viz., Pers Potter and Phyllyp Fletcher, that are also in this list. Hone, Marriott, and Collier, who have quoted this very singular part of these mysteries, place it at the end of the preceding pageant, but the reason for the change I have made will be sufficiently obvious on perusal.

P. 131, l. 25. And loke ye ryngge wele in your purs.] This is important, as showing that money was collected for the performances. The author of a very curious sermon against miracle-plays generally, in a MS. of the fourteenth century, preserved in the parish library of St. Martin's in the Fields, expressly complains of the money that was spent in this manner:—"So this myraclis pleyinge is verré witnesse of mennus averice and coveytise byfore, that is maumetrie, as seith the apostele, for that that thei shulden spendyn upon the nedis of ther neyeboris, thei spenden upon the pleyis, and to peyen ther rente and ther dette thei wolen grucche, and to spende two so myche upon ther pley thei wolen nothings grucche. Also to gideren men togidere to bien the derre ther vetailis, and to stiren men to glotonye, and to pride and boost, thei pleyn thes myraclis, and also to han wherof to spenden on these myraclis, and to holde felawschipe of glotonye and lecherie in sich dayes of myraclis pleyinge, thei bisien hem beforu to more gredily bygilen ther neybors, in byngge and in sellyng; and so this pleyinge of myraclis now on dayes is werré witnesse of hideous coveytise, that is maumetrie." — *Reliquæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii., p. 54.

P. 135, l. 13. To set a cokewolde on the hye beche.] This appears to be an allusion to the old ballad of *The Cokewolde Dance*, or similar production. King Arthur was represent as giving the first place at table, or a seat on the high bench on the daïs, to men of this order—

“Than seyde thei all at a word,
That cokewolde schuld begynne the bord,
And sytt hyst in the halle.”

The *Cokewolde Dance* is printed in Von Karajan's *Frühlingsgabe*, 12mo. Vienna, 1839.

P. 137, l. 15. “Fayr chyld, lullay,” some must she syng.] Lullay is a very common burden to the old nursery songs, one of the oldest of which is preserved in MS. Harl. 913, and has been printed by Ritson. Sharp has printed the following, which, as belonging to a Coventry pageant, will be appropriately introduced in this place:—

Lully, lulla, thow littell tiné child;
By, by, lully, lullay, thow littell tyné child:
By, by, lully, lullay.
O, sisters too,
How may we do
For to preserve this day
This pore yongling,
For whom we do singe
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod the king,
In his raging
Chargith he hath this day
His men of might,
In his owne sight,
All yonge children to alay.

That wo is me,
Pore child for thee,
And ever morne and say.
For thi parting,
Nether say nor singe
By, by, lully, lullay.

P. 139, l. 16. Now, sere.] This line ought to be pointed, thus,

“ Now, sere, evyl thedom com to thi snowte !”

The ignorant transcriber of the MS. has written “ Thedom” as a proper name, which is an evident absurdity.

P. 140, l. 30. Whylle that it dede snow.] The story of the child of snow was very popular in the middle ages, and is often alluded to. It is briefly told in Latin verse by Geoffroy de Vinsauf, Nov. Poetr. ap. Leyser, Hist. Poet. Med. Æv. pp. 901, 903; and at greater length in a French fabliau of the thirteenth century, printed in the collection of Méon, tom. iii. p. 215, analysed in Legrand d'Aussy, tom. iii. p. 84. It occurs at a later period in the celebrated collection, entitled *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* (ed. Le Roux de Lincy, Paris, 1841, tom. 1. p. 153), and in many other similar works composed in Italy and France.

P. 145. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.] The Protevangelion of James is the authority for this pageant.

P. 146, l. 1. It is clepyd a chery tre.] This fable of the cherry tree is the subject of a well known Christmas carol, which has been printed by Hone, *Ancient Mysteries Described*, p. 90. See also Collier's Hist. Dram. Poet. vol. ii. p. 179.

P. 153, l. 2. Ulverando.] Sic in codice MS., sed forte *ulu-lando*.

P. 158, l. 29. This songe begynne.] In old miniatures the shepherds are often represented playing on bagpipes.

P. 168, l. 13, to p. 170, l. 31. This is added to the original manuscript in a more recent hand.

P. 192, l. 9. Lyke as the sunne doth pers the glas.] “ He lyted within her as the sonne-shyne thurgh the glas.”—MS. Sloan. 3160, fol. 38.

P. 199, l. 1, to p. 200, l. 30. This is added to the manuscript in a more recent hand.

P. 199, l. 8. He.] Probably *ye*.

P. 199, l. 24. Ys.] Probably *your*.

P. 210, l. 5. I xal the shewe many a ceté.] It will be observed that, in the enumeration of countries which follows, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are mentioned, with the omission of England, a proof, perhaps, that the writer had transferred the scene of action into his own country.

P. 217, l. 9. *Indeploydo.*] So in MS. for *in diploide*, a Latinized form from the Greek word *δωπλοεις*, a double robe; see Glos.

P. 222, l. 17. *Jhesus.*] This is erased in the MS., and the word "doctor" substituted in a more recent hand.

P. 235, l. 28. *Ther he doth lyve in cave.*] For *lyve* read *lyne*. The same expression occurs at p. 227, l. ult.

P. 239, l. 16. *Berere of lyth.*] i. e., Lucifer.

P. 242, l. 7. *With syde lokkys.*] "Over thin eyn and thin here" is here inserted in the MS.

P. 245, l. 16. *Prose.*] So in MS., but perhaps it ought to be *profe*.

P. 262, l. 17. *With wyld hors lete hym be drawe.*] This mode of punishment was very common in the middle ages. It is again alluded to at p. 290.

P. 275, l. 28. *Xad.*] So in MS., but probably *shad*, as I do not find *x* for *sh* in any similar case.

P. 289, l. 20. *Takyn his scaffalde.*] We have an early notice of these vehicles in Chaucer, in the *Miller's Tale*, where he speaks of the "joly" clerk Absolon—

"Somtime to shew his lightnesse and maistrie
He plaieth Herode on a skaffold hie."

The parish-clerks, says Tyrwhit, had always a principal share in the representation of mysteries. See notes to *Canterbury Tales*, v. 3384, Sharp's *Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries*, p. 17, and *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 322.

P. 297, l. 13. *Et cantabit gallus.*] This was accomplished by one of the company, and a proficiency in the imitation was probably aimed at and accomplished. Among the accounts published by Mr. Sharp is the following entry:—"Paid to Fawston for coc croyng, iiij. d."—*Dissertation*, p. 36.

P. 313, l. 4. *Whi spekest not me to.*] A great deal of this is merely paraphrased from the vulgate. Pilate "seide to Jhesu, of whenis art thou? but Jhesus gaf noon answer to him. Pilat seith to him, spekest thou not to me, wost thou not that I have power to crucifie thee, and I have power to delivere thee."—*John*, chap. xix, Wickliffe's version.

P. 329. *THE DESCENT INTO HELL.*] The oldest mystery in the English language is founded on this subject, a very popula

theme, the principal authority for which is the gospel of Nicodemus. It is related in *Piers Ploughman*, ed. Wright, p. 385-393.

The print of Christ harrowing hell, published by Hearne, and the unique illustration which it affords to two passages in Shakespeare, are too well known to require a more particular notice.

P. 338. THE RESURRECTION.] The writer of the sermon against mysteries before quoted is very severe on the performance of so sacred a subject as the present. "In the dayes of ceremonial religion," says Lambarde, "they used at Wytney to set foorth yearly in manner of a shew or interlude, the Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Chryste, partly of purpose to draw thither some concourse of people that might spend their money in the towne, but chiefly to allure by pleasant spectacle the comon sort to the likinge of Popish maumetrie; for the which purpose, and the more lyvely thearby to exhibite to the eye the hole action of the Resurrection, the pristes garnished out certein smalle puppets, representinge the persons of Christe, the watchmen, Marie, and others, amongst the which one bare the parte of a wakinge watcheman, who, espiinge Christ to arise, made a continual noyce, like to the sound that is caused by the metinge of two styckes, and was thereof comonly called Jack Snacker of Wytney."—*Dictionary Angliæ Topographicum et Historicum*, Lond. 1730, p. 459.

P. 346, l. 11, 12. Harde gatys have I gon,

And peynes sofryd many on.

These lines bear a very remarkable resemblance to two others in the early mystery of the Harrowing of Hell, recently printed, and would lead us to think that the author of the Coventry play had had the other in his recollection:—

"Hard gates havy gon,

Sorewen soffred mony on."—p. 15.

P. 361, l. 27. To stey to my fadyr.] "Touche me not yet, for for I have not yet stied up to my fadir; but go to my brethren and seie to them, I stie to my fadir and to youre fadir, to my God and to youre God."—John, xx. Wickliffe's translation.

P. 362, l. 21. But now in herte.] This and the following twenty-one lines are repeated in the MS. in a different hand.

P. 383. THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN. The whole of this

pageant is written in a more recent hand, of the time, I should think, of Henry VIII. It will be observed that this composition differs considerably from the other plays.

P. 402, l. 1. *Clamavit.*] The Latinity throughout the MS. is very bad, but I have suffered it generally to remain as a criterion of the reliance to be placed upon the MS. text.

CORRECTIONS OF THE MS. AND ERRATA.

P. 10, l. 21. After *adultrye* add semicolon.—P. 18, l. 5. For *therin* read *ther in*.—P. 35, l. 32. For *deynful* read *deyn ful*.—P. 65, l. 13. Add a full stop after *duelle*.—P. 68, l. 27. For *shepeof* read *shepe of*.—P. 75, l. 10. Add a semicolon after *offens*.—P. 84, l. 6. Dele *with*.—P. 91, l. 31. For *grannt* read *grawnt*.—P. 96, l. 6. *Our*, forte *your*.—P. 101, l. 16. For *infere* read *in fere*.—P. 101, l. 30. For *allemanere* read *alle manere*.—P. 103, l. 13. For *besteryd* read *be steryd*.—P. 108, l. 19. Seyth be, forte *subtyl*.—P. 131, l. 25. For *ryngeweile* read *rynge weile*.—P. 145, l. 4. For *trybutehym* read *trybute hym*.—P. 154, l. 29. For *yourspede* read *your spede*.—P. 156, l. 17. For *asyne* read *a syne*.—P. 238, l. 1. For *allewith* read *alle with*.—P. 256, l. 16-19. These lines are repeated from p. 252.—P. 263, l. 8. For *behis* read *be his*.—P. 283, l. 15. As, forte *and*.—P. 385, l. 30. After *ded* add a comma.

GLOSSARY.

The Arabic numerals refer to the pages of the volume. Words of frequent occurrence have a limited number of references, and those which are exceedingly common have none. Many of the words in this Glossary may be found in Chaucer and contemporary writers.

A, sometimes signifies with, and before a verb is sometimes used for to.

A, sometimes have, as "a ffayled," 45, have failed, and in several other places.

A, sometimes a corruption of on or in, and occasionally at.

A, ah! an interjection of very frequent occurrence.

Abyde, stay, remain.

Accende, 214, animate, Lat.

Acorde, accord, agree.

Adawe, *vide* dawē.

Adown, down.

Adred, afraid.

Advowtrye, 216, adultery.

Ageyn, again.

Aglottes, 241. This word is used to denote the tags or metal sheathings of the points which were formerly so much in fashion. See Palsgrave's *Esclarcissement*, "agklet of a lace or poynt, fer."

Agresyth, 331, *Agrise*, i. e., to shudder, or to make to shudder; so "agresyth me," makes me shudder. See also p. 41.

Agryse, 159, see *agresyth*.

Agens, against.

Alye, 145, kindred.

Alle-be-dene, 4, by and by, forthwith. See Sir Fred. Madden's *Havelok*, 730, 2841, and glos. in voc.

Allether, 14, 230, gen. pl. of all.

Alleredy, all ready.

Altheris, 202, of you all.

Althing, 57, every thing.

Amat, 294, dismayed. Chaucer and Shakespeare use the verb *mate*, which is doubtlessly the same. See *The Knightes Tale*, l. 957, and second part of *Henry VI.*, act. iii. sc. i.

Amonge, at intervals. Answers to the Latin word "*mixtim*."

Amoure, 50, love.

An, and.

And, if.

Anow, enough.

Anvempnyd, 75, envenom.

Apayed, 67, pleased, contented.

Apert, open.

Apertly, openly.

Aqwyte, 335, requite.

Are, 44, hare.

Aren, *vide* arn.

Arere, 132, 215, stir up. P. 240, raise up.

Aresyn, arisen.

Areste, 91, arrest.

Arn, are.

Arnde, errand, message.

Arneys, 283, harness.

Arryn, 316, seize.

Arwe, arrow.

Asayn, assay.

Askuse, 2, excuse.

Asmatryk, 189, arithmetic. This word is used by Chaucer and Lydgate, and occurs as late as the year 1594 in John Davis's "*Seaman's Secrets*," epist. ded. See also Chau-

- our's Cant. Tal. v. 1900, ed Tyr-whitt, and note, where he quotes a passage from the Cottonian manuscript of "the Seryn Sages of Rome," in which the same word occurs.
- Anoye**, 38, resolve. Mr. Hunter, in the additions to Boucher, points out the two meanings of this word from Palgrave, viz., absolve, and resolve. It is here used in the latter sense.
- Aspye**, 249, espy.
- Astat**, 12, estate.
- Asyse**, 60, assize. Hence, judgment; as in a passage quoted by Stevenson from an Edinburgh MS. in the additions to Boucher.
- At**, that.
- Atent**, 4, intention.
- Atreyd**, 350, frightened. This may be a mistake for "afreyd." I find the same word, however, in *The Kyng of Tars*, 604—
"He sturte him up in a breyd,
In his herte sore atrayyed."
In which place it probably means vexed, angered, as in *The Seven Sages*, 1867, from "tray." Ritson absurdly explains it poison'd, from the Saxon *atred*.
- Atwin**, in two, asunder.
- Augrym**, 189, algorism, arithmetic. This is a corruption from the Arabic, and is often found in works on arithmetic after the Boetian system of contractions was superseded by the eastern notation. See the curious etymologies of this word in *Rara Mathematica*, pp. 1, 72, and 94.
- Autecer**, 88, ancestor. It here alludes to the first parent. This word is not yet obsolete in the North-West Riding of Yorkshire. See Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary*.
- Autere**, altar.
- Avantors y**, peradventure, by chance.
"Awnterowsly, forte, fortasse, forsan, forsitan," Prompt. Parv.
- Aved**, had.
- Averte**, 88, averter, turner away.
- Avyse**, advice.
- Avyse**, to consider. "Avise yow wele," i. e., look well to yourselves."
- Avoyd**, 131, move away.
- Avoutie**, vide Advowtrye.
- Avowe**, a vow. "Avowe, rotum," Prompt. Parv.
- Awey**, away.
- Awtere**, altar.
- Ay**, ever, aye, always.
- Bad**, 164, bold.
- Baftys**, 180.
- Baye**, 180, set at bay. See Sir V. Madden's *Glos. to William and the* ~~King~~.
- Bayle**, 292, custody, government. Cant. Tales, v. 7574.
- Bayn**, 173, 178, ready.
- Bale**, 30, sorrow, misery.
- Balys**, 105, plural of "bale."
- Batys**, 210, bales.
- Balke**, 343, a ridge of land between two burrowes, Cotgrave. "Balke of a londe eryd, porca," Prompt. Parv. See Boucher's Glossary, in voc.
- Bane**, bone.
- Bairn**, child.
- Barne**, 160, 168, 180, 182, &c. *Vide* barn.
- Baron**, 182, *vide* barn.
- Barrany**, barren.
- Bat**, 12, debate.
- Bath**, both.
- Batte**, 296, stroke. So it may be interpreted in this place, but see Stevenson's additions to Boucher, in voc bat. "Batte-staffe, perticulus," Prompt. Parv.
- Be-dene**, 2, 4, 7, 62, 161, immediately, moreover, collectively.
- Beetes**, 22, beets. "Betys herbe, beta," Prompt. Parv.
- Befforn**, before.
- Begchis**, 384, bitches.
- Behest**, promised. "I have beheste, voto nuncupavi," *Hormanni Vulgaria*, fol. 3.
- Behestes**, promises.
- Be-lyff**, 181, quickly, instantly.
- B-lie**, 189. To bere the belle, i. e., to carry the prize; a proverbial expression, which occurs also in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, 199.
- Belle**, 18, clock.
- Bemys**, beams.
- Benethe**, 145, begin.
- Benyson**, 86, benediction, blessing.
- Bent**, subject.
- Bent**, a bending or declivity.

Berde, 300, lady, damsel. A word often applied to a young female in old English poetry. By metathesis it is *brid*, and hence the modern term "bride." See Sir F. Madden's *Glos. to Havelok*, in *voc.* Chaucer, however, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, 1014, uses the word "birde" for "bride" in its present signification.

Beryelys, 18, tombs. See the last edition of *Dugdale's Monast.* vi. 1537, where the first portion of these mysteries has been inserted.

Berynt, 316, bear.

Berys, 352, bears.

Be-seyn, 249, appear.

Best, beast.

Be-stad, 77, 329, placed, circumstanced. I am not quite certain of its meaning in the first of these instances, but the word "accomplished" will suit the context. *Vide* Boucher's *Glossary* in *voc.*, who remarks that "no precise, constant meaning seems ever to have been attached to this word." In the *Prompt. Parv.* is the following valuable notice of this word, "Be-stad, or withholdyn yn wele or wo."

Besy, busy.

Besynes, business.

Betake, 72, deliver, commit. See Boucher's *Glossary*, in *voc.* *Vide* *be-teche*, which appears to be exactly the same word, differing only in the spelling.

Bete, 180.

Bete, bit.

Be-teche, 70, commit, recommend. To commit to the charge or protection of another.

Betyde, 47, happen.

Bett, better.

Bewray, 218, betray.

Bewté, beauty.

By, sometimes used for "in."

Byche, bitch. **Byche-clowte**, 218, baggage. It is not easy to gloss this old slang.

Bydyng, 22, dwelling.

Bylde, 20, make.

Bylle, 41, book.

Birthe, burden.

Bysmare, 140, 217, shameless person.

Generally used as an adjective, as by Chaucer in *Canterbury Tales*.

Byth, bite.

Blaberyn, 164, 384, talk idly. "Blaberyn or speke withowte resoun, blatero," *Prompt. Parv.*

Ble, 20, generally means complexion. "Bryth as ble," should probably be "bryth of ble," i. e., bright of complexion. See *Kyng of Tars*, l. 368, "Heo that was so bryht of ble."

Blenke, blink, a wink of the eye in derision.

Blere, 98, dim.

Blyff, 13, *vide* *be-lyff*.

Blyn, 338, cease.

Blythe, 24, 167, gay.

Blome, 65, bloom, blossom.

Blosme, blossom.

Blosme, to blossom.

Bobbyd, 332, struck.

Boyst, 356, box. *Fr.*

Bonden, bound.

Bondmen, husbandmen.

Bone, boon, prayer, request.

Bone, 28, order.

Boot, 30, *vide* *Bote*.

Boot, 29, bit.

Borys, 319, boars.

Borwe, borrow.

Bot, but.

Bote, 4, 162, salvation, safety, help.

Boure, bower, chamber.

Bord, table, board.

Bow, bough.

Bowne, 264, ready.

Brayde, 231, start. "Within a brayde," is a proverbial expression for rapidity, and occurs in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 1336. See also above in the note on the word "atreyd."

Brake, 22, fern. "Filix, ferne or brekans," *Ortus Vocabulorum*. "Brake herbe or ferne, filix," *Prompt. Parv.*

Brast, burst.

Bredys, 270, breads.

Breganders, brigandiers.

Breke, break.

Brennyng, burning.

Brent, burnt.

Brere, 355, briar. "Bowndyn in brere" alludes of course to the crown of thorns.

Brethellys, 308, wretches, worthless people of either sex.

- Brybours, 183, beggar.
 Brydde, bird.
 Brynys, 162, streams.
 Bryst, breast.
 Bronde, 52, brand.
 Brothel, 217, *vide* brethellys.
 Buske, 158, go.
 But, without. "By" and "with" are often synonymous with this preposition.
 But, except, unless.
 Buxum, 22, 52, obedient, courteous.

 Cadace, 241, Cadiz.
 Cadens, 189, cadence.
 Caesar, *vide* Kayser.
 Calabere, 242, cloth of Calabria.
 Calde, called.
 Cammaka, 163, a kind of cloth. See Spelmanni Glossarium, pp. 88, 97. In the time of Edward III. they made the church vestments of this material.
 Careyn, 48, carriage.
 Carys, 218, cares.
 Carnalle, 194, earthly.
 Carpynge, 166, talking, speech, narration.
 Cast, 129, plan.
 Caton, 189, the Disticha Catonis, a book greatly read in the middle ages.
 Cessacion, 107, ceasing.
 Ceteceyn, citizen.
 Chaffare, 266, barter, generally used a substantive, meaning "merchandise."
 Chalys, 276, chalice.
 Chare, 325, 359, frighten, scare.
 Charle, 139, churl, slave, villain.
 Chase, 23, enchase.
 Chawmere, 115, chamber.
 Chavyll bone, 37, cheek bone. Prompt. Parv. Mandibula, i. e., maxilla.
 Cheke, 306, check.
 Cheselys, 56, gravel, sand. Wickliffe uses the word "gravel" for "sand," in Gen. xx. "Chysel or gravel," Prompt. Parv.
 Cheve, 160, succeed.
 Cheverelle, 241, kid leather, leather made of goat's skin. "Cheverell leather, cheverotin," Palsgrave. "Cuir chevreal," Cotgrave. "Cheverelle leddare," Prompt. Parv. Used by Shakespeare, Twelfth Night, act iii. sc. 1, and frequently in an allegorical sense.
 Chevesauns, 242, provision. Explained in the Promptorium Parvulorum by the word "providentia," i. e., studium.
 Chevetyn, chieftain.
 Chyse, 180, choice.
 Claryfieth, 103, lighteneth.
 Clenche, 385, cling together.
 Clepyd, 113, called.
 Clergye, 193, erudition.
 Clyne, 114, incline.
 Clowdys, 402, clods.
 Clowte, 98, 139, knock.
 Clowte, 218, a term of reproach, *vide* Byche.
 Comeryd, cumbered.
 Comperycion, comparison.
 Conceyte, 70, conception.
 Conseyll, counsel.
 Conserve, 70, preserve.
 Contrye, country.
 Cordewan, 241, Cordovan, a Spanish leather, so called from Corduba. "His shoon of Cordewane," Sire Thopas. Shoes made of this leather were articles of luxury.
 Cors, 342, corpse.
 Cost, coast, region.
 Costjons, 241, costly.
 Cote, 96, cot, cottage.
 Countyrfe, 241, contrive.
 Coverte, 140, covering.
 Covnawnt, 299, covenant.
 Cowdel, 139, candle.
 Cownce, 313, counsel.
 Cowthe, 103, kind.
 Craftys, 180.
 Crenseyn, 241, crimson.
 Cressetys, 270, 283, cressets. "Crucibulum, a lanterne or a cresset," MS. Harl. 1000. An open lamp, exhibited on a beacon, carried upon a pole, or otherwise suspended. "Falor, a cressit light (such as they use in play-houses) made of ropes wreathed, pitched, and put into small and open cages of iron"—Cotgrave.
 Crofte, 36, yard.
 Crook, 209, *vide* Kyng Alysander, 6193.
 Cunnyng, 2, knowledge.
 Curyng, covering. "Curyne or hyllynge," Prompt. Parv. *Vide* Hylle.

Cursyd, accursed.
Curteys, 161, courteous.
Cus, 88, kiss.

Dalyawnce, 135, 369.
Damisele, damsel.
Dawe, 291, 294, down.
Dawe, 298, dawn.
Dawucyn, 319, dance.
Dede, dead.
Defawth, fault.
Defendyd, 322, offended.
Delacion, delay.
Dele, part.
Deliberacion, 130, consideration.
 "Good deliberacion" here means
 "kind consideration."
Delve, 32, dig.
Delvyng, 32, digging.
Delyre, 204, delay.
Delyte, delight.
Dem, 250, condemn.
Demyd, 29, judged, condemned.
Dempt, damned.
Dene, den.
Dentys, blows, strokes.
Dere, dear.
Dere, 61, 63, injure.
Derrere, dearer.
Dette, due.
Deve, 166, deafen.
Develys, devils.
Devyd, 348, deafened.
Devys, device.
Devoyde, 243, absent.
Dew, due.
Dyght, 94, prepared.
Dymysellys, 100, damsels.
Dyng, 31, strike down.
Dyngne, 164, worthy.
Dyntys, blows, strokes.
Diplois, 217. See notes, p. 414. "Lyn-
 nyng of clothe, deploys-dys,"
 Prompt. Parv. "Surtout double,"
 Gall. *Vide* Ducange, in voc.
Dyrthe, 186, dearth.
Dyscres, decrease.
Dyscryve, 190, descry.
Dispite, 2, contempt.
Dysprave, 285, 350, disprove.
Dyspice, despise.
Dysteyn, 61, 215, disdain.
Dyswary, 383, doubt.
Dyth, 18, prepare, make ready.
Do, don. The various uses of this
 verb in English and Scotch, in an

auxiliary, active, and passive sense,
have been pointed out by Tyrwhitt,
in his Essay on the Versification of
Chaucer. See also Sir Fred. Mad-
den's Glossaries to Havelok, and
William and the Werwolf.
Doctrynal, 189, a popular book of the
middle ages.
Doyl, 47, dole, sorrow.
Dolfoly, 35, sorrowfully.
Dolowre, grief.
Dome, 349, judgement.
Domys, 189, judgments, opinions.
 "Dome, judicium," Prompt. Parv.
Dompnesse, dumbness.
Donjoone, 21, dungeon.
Doungenys, 308, dungeons.
Douteres, daughters.
Dowcet, 24, dulcet, sweet.
Dowe, dove.
Dowse, 90, *vide* Dowcet.
Dowte, 5, 10, fear.
Dowtere, daughter.
Dowty, 163, mighty.
Downtynes, 161, mightyness.
Dreynt, 43, drowned.
Drepe, 170, drop. I believe this to
be the right interpretation, although
it may possibly be a singular in-
stance of the primitive meaning of
the verb "drepe," which frequently
occurs in early English writers,
meaning "to kill." If the writer
of this passage means to say that
the three kings were drowned in
oblivion, it would almost realize
Lye's interpretation of the Saxon
"dresse," which he explains by
"lethi causa." In Cædmon we read
"on gemynd-drepend" applied to
Noah in his drunkenness. See
Thorpe's edition, p. 94.
Dresse, 217, prepare.
Drewe, 36, 405, love, friendship.
Drowe, 239, drew.
Dulfulle, 228, doleful.
Dwelle, 3, dwell, give attention. So
in the Sevnyn Sages, 1,
"Lordynges that here likes to dwell,
Leves yowr speche and heres this
spell."
Dwere, doubt.
Echone, each one.
Edyfy, 252, 256, edify.
Efne, 278, heaven.

Este, again.
 Eyd, 325, heed.
 Eyen, eyn, eyne, eyes.
 Eysum, 93, wholesome, sound.
 Eyte, 129, eight.
 Eyted, 83, eighth.
 Eyzil, 325, vinegar.
 Empere, 201, emperor.
 Enchesone, *vide* incheson.
 Ende, *vide*, Hende.
 Enseus, 162, incense.
 Euspyre, inspire.
 Erbys, herbs.
 Erdon, 282, errand.
 Erst, 105, else.
 Brtheleche, earthly.
 Barthepwave, 331, earthquake.
 Everyche, every.
 Everychone, every one.
 Evy, heavy.
 Exys, 270, axes.

Fed, 24, fed.
 Fader, father.
 Fay, faith, truth.
 Fayer, fair.
 Fayn, glad, joyful.
 Falsage, 39, a mistake in the MS. for "falsage."
 Fals, false.
 Falsed, 10, baffled.
 Fame, 139, defame.
 Famyt, 105, famished.
 Fare, 162, go. This word is very common in early English.
 Faryn, 89, fare.
 Faryn, 163, gone.
 Fawe, 293, glad. *Vide* fayn. The same form of the word occurs in Kyng of Tars, 1058.
 Fawte, fault.
 Fawth, want.
 Fe, 183, money. Tyrwhitt says that this word is sometimes used to signify inheritable possessions, in contradistinction to money or moveables. See Lydgate's Minor Poems, p. 117.
 Feble, feeble.
 Feetly, 135, fitly, properly.
 Fey, faith.
 Feymesse, feebleness.
 Feythful, 375, believing.
 Feythnesse, 44, feebleness.
 Felachep, fellowship.
 Felawes, fellows, companions.

Fele, many, often.
 Fele, very.
 Felle, 188, skin.
 Felle, fierce.
 Felle, 65, overcome.
 Fellere, 159, destroyer.
 Fenaunce, 223, end.
 Fend, hand.
 Feone, 166, 264, fen. "Fenne, le-bina," Prompt. Parv.
 Fer, far.
 Ferl, feared.
 Ferde, 117, fared.
 Fere, 91, companion.
 Fere, fire.
 Pere, fear.
 Fere, far.
 Ferforthe, 126, henceforth.
 Feryng, fearing.
 Ferly, 17, wonderful.
 Feste, feast.
 Fett, fetch.
 Fygwryth, figureth.
 Fylt, 112, filled.
 Fise, 385.
 Fyth, fight.
 Fytt, 186, a division or part in music. See Percy's Reliques, Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, gloss. in voc. fit., Sir F. Madden's gloss. to Sir Gawayne, in voc., and the old ballad of King Estmere.
 Flem, 280, banish. *Vide* Chaucer's Manciples Tale, "and appetit fle-meth discretion."
 Flyth, flight.
 Flom, river.
 Florens, 167, florins, francs. Ancient French coins.
 Floure, flower.
 Flowe, 3, flowed.
 Foyson, 66, 89, abundance.
 Fols, fools.
 Folwe, follow.
 Folwyth, followeth.
 Fomen, 66, foes.
 Fon, 12, foes.
 Fond, 25, try.
 Fonge, 41, 243, undertake.
 Fonnyug, 304, temptation.
 Fonnys, 367, foolish.
 Food, 149, offspring.
 Fop, 295, fool. "Foppe, folet, fatuel-lus, stolidus, follus," Prompt. Parv.
 For, notwithstanding.
 Fordere, 240, further.

- Fordone, ruined, destroyed.
 For-fare, 47, perish.
 Forgeten, forgot.
 Forlorn, 7, utterly lost.
 Former, 159, creator.
 For-than, 64, therefore.
 For-thy, 120, therefore, on this account.
 Foulyug, 306, wretch.
 Frayth, 15, affrayeth, caused fear to.
 Fre, 3, 8, noble.
 Freke, 30, fellow. This word generally occurs in a bad sense.
 Freines, 108, frailty.
 Frenchep, friendship.
 Fryth, 264, an inclosed wood. See Sir F. Madden's gloss. to Sir Gawayne, in voc.
 Frythtis, 167, 183, possessions, as distinguished from money.
 Fro, from.
 Fruyasyon, fruition.
 Fullyllyd, 125, 127, filled full.
 Fullyche, fully.

 Gadere, gather.
 Game, 133, sport.
 Gan, began.
 Gate, 51, way.
 Gatys, 346, ways.
 Geawant, 15, giant.
 Gebeltys, 290, gibbets.
 Gendyr, 61, engender.
 Gent, 135, gentle.
 Gerlys, 181, children (of either sex).
 Knave gerlys, male children.
 Gerthe, 186, girth.
 Gesyne, 150, parturition, childbirth.
 "Gesne, a lying in childbed, a lying in," Cotgrave.
 Geste, guest.
 Gett, gotten.
 Gyde, guide.
 Gyldyn, golden.
 Gyone, 44, trap.
 Gynne, begin.
 Gyunyng, beginning.
 Gyse, 118, fashion.
 Glade, 168, fine.
 Glathe, 171, welcome.
 Glote, 165.
 Glevys, 270, glaives, swords.
 Glose, 9, gloss.
 Godys, 34, goods.
 Gomys, 384, gums.
 Gouge, 345, little house.

 Gost, spirit.
 Governawns, 135, conduct.
 Gowys, 179, ride Golkys.
 Graine, 2, 27, anger.
 Gramercy, 56, thanks.
 Grave, 227, buried.
 Gre, great.
 Grede, 181, cry.
 Grees, 82, 85, steps. "Siate gradum, a hale thor at grees," Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 8.
 Greff, grief.
 Gres, grass.
 Gyrle, 230, angry.
 Grym, 69, cruel. "Gryme, gryl, and horrible, horridus," Prompt. Parv.
 "He loked grymly or angerly," Hormanni Vulgaria.
 Gryscysme, 189, an educational book of the time.
 Gryse, ride agryse.
 Grythe, 7, peace. Perhaps it ought to be spelt gyrtbe, which would complete the rhyme, and yet it occurs similarly in the Townley Mysteries, p. 140.
 Gronyn, 95, groan.
 Groundyd, 1, foundation.
 Grugge, 228, grumble. See "The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeveile," ed. 1839, p. 57.
 "Grucchyd, murmuratus," Prompt. Parv.
 Grw, 179, Greek.
 Gun, 11, began.

 Ha, 163, hedge.
 Halle, 303, all.
 Hals, 342, neck.
 Halse, 323, embrace. From the Saxon hals, i. e., the neck, but used generally.
 Halwe, 61, hallow, sanctify.
 Happys, 182, fortunes.
 Haras, 147, a stud of horses. "A hous of haras" merely means a "stable." The following definition of this word is given in a poem of the reign of Edward II., MS. Trin. Coll. Cantab. B. 14, 40:—"Haras seyth man of coltya."
 Hardaut, 15, courageous.
 Harlot, 217. This word is applied to either sex. "Scurra, a harlotte," Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 7.

- Harpe, 181.
 Harwere, 160, harrower.
 Hastow, hast thou.
 Hat, 13, bast.
 Hatede, hated.
 Hede, hide.
 Hedyr, luther.
 Hefly, 255, heavenly.
 Hefne, heaven.
 Heyde, hide.
 Heylyght, 139, aileth.
 Heyn, 237, heaven.
 Heyn, 179.
 Hele, health.
 Helme, helmet. "Galca, a helme, Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 7.
 Helmes, alms.
 Hem, 30, home.
 Hem, them.
 Hende, 5, 174, fair.
 Hendyng, ending.
 Hendyr, 89, more gentle.
 Hens, hence.
 Hent, 12, 94, taken, take.
 Herborwe, 147, habitation, lodging.
 Used by Chaucer. See Cant. Tales, ed Tyrwhitt, glos. in voc.
 Herdys, 159, shepherds.
 Here, their.
 Here, 6, hear.
 Here, her.
 Here, 226, hair.
 Hest, 17, command.
 Hete, 185, hit.
 Hevy, sorrowful.
 Hevly, sad.
 Hevyn, heaven.
 Hey, high.
 Hy, he.
 Hy, high.
 Hyzer, higher.
 Hyght, 6, be called.
 Hylle, 38, 253, cover, conceal. A Somersetshire word.
 Hylte, 401, concealed.
 Hoberd, 179, 325, a satirical term. It is used also in the curious old poem on the Man in the Moon, printed in my Introduction to Shakespeare's *Mids. Night's Dream*, p. 54.
 Hol, 284, whole.
 Hoo, who.
 Hool, whole.
 Host, 282.
 Howe, 99, ought.
 Howy th, 97, ought.
 Howlott, 179, owl. See Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary*, p. 52.
 Howte, 182, howl.
 Howtyn, 179, hoot.
 I or Y, at the beginning of a word, represents the Saxon prepositive "ge," and, when it occurs, is most frequently prefixed to the participle past. See Sir F. Madden's *Gloss. to Wilham and the Werwolf*.
 I-crake, 342, probably a mistake in the manuscript for "to crake," which will make better sense.
 I-fownde, 158, 179, found.
 I-knowe, 141, known.
 Inbasset, 77, embassy.
 Incheson, 116, cause. "Eachesone or cause," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Indute, 204, clothed, indued (*indutus*, Lat.)
 I-now, 385, enough.
 Inportable, 291, unbearable.
 Intille, into.
 I-prest, 384, pressed. Perhaps this is an error in the manuscript for "and prest."
 I-wys, truly, certainly. The Saxon adjective *gewis*, used adverbially. Sir Frederick Madden "doubts whether it was not regarded as a pronoun and verb by the writers of the fifteenth century." *V. Gloss. to Sir Gawayne*, in voc.
 Jape, jest. Sometimes, as at p. 118, used in an obscene sense. "Mok-kyn, or japyn, or tryfelyn, ludifico," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Jebet, gibbet.
 Jematrye, 189, geometry. A curious document, which affords a very good illustration of geometry in England at this period, is printed in *Rara Mathematica*, p. 56-71.
 Jentylle, gentle, of noble birth, or breeding.
 Juré, Jewry.
 Jurediccyon, 302, jurisdiction.
 Kage, 162, 166, cage, stall.
 Kayser, 183, emperor.
 Kende, kind.
 Kendely, 34, natural.
 Kerchere, 54, kerchief.
 Kerchy, 318, kerchief.

- Kydde, 49, known.
 Kyknytes, 180, knights.
 Kynrede, kindred.
 Kyrke, 178, church.
 Kyrtyl, 163, 310. "Kyrtyl, tunica,"
 Prompt. Parv. See Gifford's Jon-
 son, vol. n. p. 260.
 Kyth, 159, native country.
 Kythe, 180, make known.
 Knad, 384, knife.
 Knaggyd, 384, hanged.
 Knave, 151, servant.
 Knelende, 74, kneeling.
 Knyt, 19, joined.
 Knytes, knights.
 Knop, 245, knob.
 Know, 169, acknowledge.
 Knowlage, 123, acknowledge.
 Kold, 168, slain.
 Kok, cock.
 Kow, 299, cow.
 Krepe, creep.
 Kure, 54, cover.
 Kusse, 78, kiss.
 Kutte, 218, cut.

 Lacche, 29, catch, take.
 Lay, 161, law.
 Lake, 387, den.
 Langage, language. Hence, 40, dis-
 pute.
 Lappyd, 125, were enfolded. "Lap-
 pyd or whappyn in clothys, invol-
 vo; lappyn as howndys, lambo,"
 Prompt. Parv.
 Las, 29, lace.
 Lave, 98, washed.
 Leche, physician.
 Ledys, 183, people.
 Lef, leave.
 Leff, 267, well.
 Laysere, 321, leisurely.
 Lende, 169, tarry. See Sir F. Mad-
 den's *Glos. to Sir Gawayne*, in voc.
 Lennyalle, lineal.
 Lent, 190, given.
 Lere, learn.
 Lernyst, 103, teachest.
 Les, falsehood.
 Lesyng, lying.
 Lesse, 223, be lessened.
 Lest, 333, list, desire.
 Lestyght, lasteth.
 Lestyng, lasting.
 Lete, 25, lose.
 Lett, 121, 369, hinder.

 Lettyng, 5, 33, hindrance.
 Leve, 31, dear.
 Levyn, 156, sky.
 Levyng, living.
 Levyr, 120, rather.
 Levys, leaves.
 Lyberary, 88, bible.
 Lycorys, 22, liquorice.
 Lyff, life.
 Lyme, 170, limb.
 Lymyd, 63, ensnared, caught as with
 bird-lime. Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*,
 6516, uses the word in the same
 manner.
 Lympe, lump.
 Lynage, lineage.
 Lyne, lie.
 Lyuyacion, 189, measuring.
 Lyste, 154, listen.
 Lyste, 171, pleasure.
 Lythe, 166, lies.
 Loffyere, 161, more lovely.
 Lofsumere, 161, more worthy.
 Logge, 29, lodge.
 Logyd, 11, lodged.
 Lokyn, 19, 29, &c., locked.
 Lombe, lamb.
 Longe, belong.
 Lore, 37, doctrine.
 Lorn, 55, destroyed.
 Losel, 37, wretch. The word occurs
 as late as the year 1627 in the old
 play of *Apollo Shroving*, p. 80, and
 once in *Shakespeare*, *Winter's Tale*,
 act ii. sc. 3.
 Loth, loath.
 Lothfoiest, 75, most loathsome.
 Loveday, 111. A day appointed for
 the amicable arrangement of dif-
 ferences. See Tyrwhitt's *Notes to*
 Chaucer, v. 260. "Loveday, dies
 sequestra," Prompt. Parv.
 Lovely, 1, good people. The latter
 word is understood.
 Lovelyest, 183, most dear, precious.
 Loverd, lord.
 Lowb, 24, smites.
 Lowlyte, 355, loyalty.
 Lowte, 59, 206, bow, bow down.
 Lowth, 137, 166, obey, worship.
 Lullyd, 182, lolled.
 Lullynge, 182, lolling.
 Lurdeyn, 45, clown. Generally used
 as an expression of contempt, as at
 p. 184.
 Lusty, 74, pleasant.

- Maculacion**, 138, spot, stain, Lat.
Mahownde, Mahomet. *Vide Ducange*,
in voc
Mayn, might, strength.
Maystryes, 211, skill.
Make, mate, companion.
Males, 106, evils.
Manace, 41, danger.
Manas, 21, *vide manace*.
Mansclawth, 312, manslaughter.
Maryn, 99, marry.
Marryn, 163, hurt.
Masangere, messenger.
Matere, matter.
Matere, 383, womb.
Mawndé, 11, 259, Maunday.
May, maid.
Mede, 55, 352, merit, reward.
Medys, 183, rewards, merits.
Medyl-erth, 30, world.
Meef, 243, move.
Mekyl, much.
Melle, 21, mix, join.
Mende, wind.
Mendys, 240, remembrances.
Meny, 270, company, followers.
"Meny of howsholde, familia,"
Prompt. Parv. This word, says Sir
F. Madden, is to be found in every
English writer from the time of
Layamon to Shakespeare.
Menyht, meaneth.
Mere, 171, 355, place, boundary.
"Meer-marke betwene ij. londys,
meta," Prompt. Parv.
Meryer, merrier.
Merthis, mirths.
Merveylid, marvelled.
Mete, 101, measure.
Methe, 157, mouth.
Myre, 169, myrrh.
Myrkenes, 230, darkness. "Myrke-
nesse, or derkenesse, tenebrositas,"
Prompt. Parv.
Myschevyd, 107, wicked.
Myse, 43, wrong.
Myth, might.
Mokador, 190, a bib. "Baverette, a
bib, mocket, or mocketer, to put be-
fore the bosome of a (slaving)
child," Cotgrave.
Mulde, earth.
Mone, moon.
Moote, 4, contention.
Morny, 104, mourning.
Mornyng, mourning.
Morwy, morning.
Mot, must.
Mot-halle, 298, court, judgement-
hall. "Moote halle, prætorium,"
Prompt. Parv.
Mowe, 325, mouth.
Mullynge, 160, pretty boy.
Muste, 382, new wine. See Wick-
liffe, Acts ii. 13, ap. Collier's Hist.
Dram. Poet. vol. ii. p. 221.
Nale, 61, ale-house. See Tyrwhitt's
Gloss. to Cant. Tales, in voc. This
author supposes "at the nale," in
the few passages in which it is
found, to be a corruption which has
arisen from the mispronunciation
and consequent miswriting of atte
nale for atten ale.
Negremauncye, 189, necromancy.
This does not exactly imply the
modern term "He is all sette to
nygrymancy and conjuryng, addic-
tus est mathematicæ," *Hormanni*
Vulgaris.
Neyhand, 172, approach, nigh at hand.
Nempe, 53, name.
Nesche, 32, tender.
Nevene, 173, name.
Ny, nigh.
Nome, 96, taken.
Norche, 208, nourish.
Norebych, nourisheth.
Noth, nought.
Nowthty, naughty.
Num, 158, took. See *Nome*.
O, one.
Oblocucion, 70, interruption, Lat.
Oyn, 14, eyes.
Olyft, 196, in life, alive.
On, in, as "on sondyr," 45, and other
places.
Onbokylle, 200, unbuckle.
Onethys, 147, &c., scarcely, with dif-
ficulty.
Onhangyd, 305, unchanged.
Ony, 103, honey.
Onys, once.
Onyth, 242, in night, at night time.
Oo, one.
Or, before.
Ordenaryes, 87, ordinances.
Ore, 78, mercy, grace, favour. "Thyn
ore," a common expression, signify-
ing "with thy favour." See Chau-

- cer's *Canterbury Tales*, ed. Tyrwhitt, v. 3724, and notes.
 Ortografye, 189, orthography.
 Ostage, 147, hostage, lodging.
 Over, 385, too.
 Overest, 307, uppermost.
 Over-throwyht, 74, overthrows.
 Ovyr-lede, 262, over-reach, overbear.
 "Do not the people oppresse, nor overlede," Lydgate's translation of Boccace, v. 104.
 Ovyrsen, oversee.
 Ovyth, 52, behoveth.
 Owe, 28, own.
 Owyn, own.
 Owtrage, 62, outrageous.
 Oyn, eyn, eyes.

 Pace, 14, 120, pass.
 Pad, 164, toad.
 Padde, 185, *vide* pad.
 Paddok, 164, a large toad. A distinction is here drawn between the "paddok" and the "pad," the meaning of which is obvious. "Vana, paddoke," *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 8.
 Paphawkes, 179, parrots. I give this interpretation on the conjecture of a gentleman well skilled in the language, but I cannot find any authority for it.
 Parayl, 246, 269, apparel.
 Par-dé, 122, by God! verily. A common French oath.
 Paramowre, love. See *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 27.
 Parfyte, 115, perfect.
 Parochoners, 71, parishioners.
 Partabyl, 275, partaker.
 Pay, 49, pleasure.
 Pawsacion, 89, pause.
 Peyr, pair.
 Peys, 236, weight.
 Pelle, 167, fur. "Wurth pelle" is a tautology.
 Pellys, 246, furs. The notice in this place of "pellys after the old gyse" is curious.
 Perchyn, 238, pierce.
 Perdure, 254, endure.
 Pere, equal.
 Pere, 131, appear.
 Pertly, 1, openly, promptly.
 Peté, pity.
 Pete, 29, 165, query to pitch or throw.
 Peusawns, 261, power.
 Phasmacion, 191, formation.
 Pyan, 22, "Pyony herbe, pionia," *Prompt. Parv.* "Pionia, pentorobinam, pioyné," MS. Sloan. 2478, fol 210.
 Pychyn, 179, pick.
 Pygth, *vide* Pyth.
 Pylle, 297, rob. "Pyll, or make bare," Palsgrave.
 Pillid, 384, bald. So Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, v. 3933, says "As pilled as an ape was his skull."
 Pyne, 151, pain.
 Pynne, 28, pine.
 Pyth, 2, 6, pight, arrayed, fixed.
 Pleand, 70, playing.
 Pleyn, 14, playing.
 Pleyn place, 14, playing place, theatre. "Pleyng place, diludium," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Pleyn, plain.
 Plesawns, pleasing.
 Plesynge, 73, pleasure.
 Plete, 185, plead.
 Plyth, 2, plight, pledge.
 Popetys, 179, puppets.
 Portature, 34, likeness.
 Possede, 56, possess.
 Pousté, power.
 Prate, talk.
 Pray, 216, prey.
 Prendyd, 185, pricked.
 Prent, 18, 60, imprint.
 Prese, 1, crowd, throng.
 Presonde, 312, confined.
 Prest, 13, ready.
 Pretende, 82, put forward.
 Preyn, 320, pray.
 Prevyn, 179, prove.
 Pryk, sting.
 Prynspal, 377, principal.
 Prise, 41, price, value.
 Promysyon, promise.
 Prophete, 261, profit.
 Prow, 119, 333, profit.
 Prune, 164, cut.
 Punchyth, 75, punish.
 Purpure, purple.
 Purveyd, 123, provided.

 Qwalle, 67, whale.
 Qwarte, qwerte, 202, 225, 372, good spirits, joy. Sometimes, as at p. 372, used as an adjective.
 Qwed, 15, wicked.

Qwedyr, 122, shiver.
 Qweke, quake.
 Qwelle, 13, destroy.
 Qwelp, 51, whelp.
 Qwen, 80, queen.
 Qweme, 109, please.
 Qwerte, *vide* Qwarte.
 Qwethe, bequeath.
 Qwyght, 44, reward, pay off.
 Qwyl, while.
 Qwyppa, 315, whips.
 Qwyte, 22, white.
 Qwyte, 18, requite.

Race, 136, break.
 Raftys, 180, rafts.
 Rake, 183, rack (?) This word is here dragged in to preserve the alliteration, a practice very common with the writer of these mysteries.
 Rakyl, 24, rash.
 Rakyng, 180, violent. "Rasco, rakny," *Ortus Vocabulorum*.
 Rape, 179, 231, haste.
 Reast, 124, rest.
 Rebate, 76, abate.
 Rebawdys, 183, ribalds.
 Recke, 182, care. *I ne recke, i. e., I don't care*.
 Reclyne, 141, return.
 Recorde, witness.
 Recure, 93, recover, obtain.
 Rede, counsel.
 Redrure, 254.
 Regne, 161, kingdom.
 Reynenge, reigning.
 Reynes, 241, 273.
 Relieves, 89, remnants.
 Rem, 156, realm.
 Rennyn, 16, ran.
 Renogat, 384, renegade.
 Repreff, reproof.
 Resche, 170, rush.
 Restyth, remaineth.
 Reve, 175, bereave.
 Reryfe, revive.
 Rewe, 11, row.
 Rewly, 8, rueful.
 Rewlyd, ruled.
 Ryal, 161, royal.
 Ryalté, 161, royalty.
 Ryff, 4, 6, 7, 13, speedily. *Vide* *Ihre*, and Sir F. Madden's gloss. to *William and the Werwolf*, in *voc*.
 Rynggyng, 308, noisy.

Rys, 22, twig, bough. See *Lydgate's Minor Poems*, pp. 105, 269.
 Ryte, right.
 Ryth, right.
 Rythful, 13, righteous.
 Roberych, 277, rubric. This of course refers to the directions given immediately previously.
 Rochand, 308, ruler.
 Roache, 32, rush.
 Rote, root.
 Rought, 183, ront.
 Rowel, 179, point of a spur. "Rowel of a spere, stimulus," *Prompt. Parv*.
 Rowncys, 180, steeds.
 Rowte, 40, assembly.
 Rowth, 177, suffer.
 Ruly, 14, 67, *vide* Rowly.
 Rustynes, 47, long continuance.
 Sadelys, 353, saddles.
 Sadly, 145, gravely.
 Saff, save.
 Say, 356, saw.
 Saylle, 45, assail.
 Same, 22, together.
 Savyn, save.
 Sawe, 301, 352, speech, discourse. It is employed by more recent writers in the sense of a proverb.
 Sawys, 88, sights.
 Sawtere, Psalter.
 Schadu, shadow.
 Schaffty, 180, shafts.
 Schape, 141, escape.
 Schapman, 268, merchant.
 Scharlys, 181, *vide* Cherlys.
 Scharpe, sharp.
 Schelchowthys, 180, wonders.
 Schep, 148.
 Schep, sheep.
 Schet, shut.
 Schon, 59, shoes.
 Schonde, 342, destruction, ruin.
 Schryve, 86, confess.
 Schrowde, 28, shroud.
 Sclawndryd, slandered.
 Sele, 52, slay.
 Sclepyr, 100, slippery.
 Scleppe, sleep.
 Sclow, slew.
 Scowte, 136, 217, 218, 219, scout. A term of reproach and contempt.
 Se, 20, throne.
 Se, 3, 57, sea.

- Sefne, seven.
 Sefut, seventh.
 Seyd, said.
 Seyd, 133, seed.
 Sel, 284, 295, time. "Seel, tyme, tempus," Prompt. Parv.
 Semely, comely.
 Semlant, 163, similar.
 Sene, 4, see.
 Senstere, 385, sempater.
 Senues, 319, snaws.
 Serge, 292, search.
 Seryattly, 273, separately, one by one, in order.
 Serteyn, certain.
 Sertya, 91, &c., certainly.
 Ses, cease.
 Sesare, Cæsar.
 Sese, 1, seeth.
 Sesyd, 121, received.
 Sett, 242, abide.
 Sew, 15, 244, follow.
 Sewyng, following.
 Sewre, sure.
 Sewte, 193, suit.
 Shende, 19, 38, &c., ruin, destroy.
 Shenshipp, 50, 104, ruin.
 Shent, 26, ruined.
 Shert, 310, shift.
 Shynand, 177, shining.
 Shyrlyng, 180.
 Shytt, shut.
 Sho, 28, shoe.
 Short, 234, shorten.
 Shray, 180.
 Shrewe, 206, curse.
 Shrewyd, 309, cursed.
 Sybb, 54, relation.
 Sybbest, 226, nearest in relationship.
 Syeng, sighing.
 Signifure, 367, signification.
 Syndony, 336, cloth.
 Synfolest, 75, most sinful.
 Syse, 13, 233, assises.
 Syte, sight.
 Syth, sight.
 Sythe, since.
 Sythe, 249, sayeth.
 Syttenge, 209, seemly, becoming.
 Skafhald, scaffold.
 Skaypst, escapest.
 Skylle, 36, 55, &c., reason.
 Skore, 128, scour.
 Slawe, slain.
 Sle, *vide* sole.
 Sleytys, 211, sleights, decepts.
 "Sleythe, astucia," Prompt. Parv.
 Smerly, 51, quickly.
 Smyght, smite.
 Smyth, 269, deliver. "Smyth up" would here be equivalent to "pay up."
 Smytyht, 81, smiteth, pierceth.
 Snelte, 121, quickly, suddenly.
 Socowre, succour.
 Socurraunce, 220, salvation.
 Soferauns, sufferance.
 Sokyn, 28, sucked.
 Solas, 87, solace.
 Somowne, summon.
 Sond, 95, messenger.
 Sonde, 32, 52, providence.
 Sonde, 42, sand, i. e., earth.
 Sondys, 170, messengers.
 Sone, soon.
 Sone, son.
 Sorwatori, 333, place of sorrow.
 Sorwe, sorrow.
 Soserye, 304, sorcery.
 Sote, sweet.
 Sothe, truth.
 Sotylly, 270, shily.
 Sotylté, subtilly.
 Sotyl, subtle.
 Sottys, 163, fools.
 South, sought.
 Sowe, 269, saw.
 Sowght, 74, soweth.
 Sownd, sound.
 Spedful, 93, expeditious.
 Sperd, 66, 309, bolted.
 Spylle, 13, destroy.
 Sprad, spread.
 Spryt, 68, spirit.
 Starkly, 124, stoutly.
 Stavys, 271, staves. The old form is still retained in the English version of the gospels.
 Sted, 27, moment.
 Stey, 361, rise up.
 Stelyn, 179, steal. Stelyn away, i. e. "go away privily," as in our translation of the Bible.
 Steracle, 208, sight. A poem in the Appendix to Walter Mapes, ed. Wright, p. 297, says of women, "They hem rejoise to see and to be sayne,
 And to seke sondry pilgrimages;

At grete gaderynges to walken upon
the playne,
And at *staracles* to sitte on high
stages."

Sterre, star.

Stevenne, noise. A time of performing
any action, previously fixed by mes-
sage, order, or summons. See
Tyrwhitt's Chaucer.

• Styte, 17, mount.

Styed, 16, mounted.

Styk, stick.

Styward, 8, steward.

Stomele, stumble.

Stondynge, 190, notwithstanding.

Stotte, 217, stop.

Stow, 217, stop.

Stownde, 14, 36, time.

Sudary, 358, napkin. "The sudarie
that was on his heed not leid with
the shetis, but by itself wrappid
into a place," Joh. cap. xx. Wick-
liffe's translation.

Suerd, sword.

Sumdele, 149, somewhat.

Supportacion, 130, support.

Sustentacion, 87, support.

Suture, 201, sutor.

Swap, 8, blow

Swappyng, 182, striking.

Swem, 72, sorrow.

Swemful, 72, sorrowful.

Swemyng, 81, sorrowing.

Swetyng, 160, 196, darling.

Swiche, such.

Swynk, 30, 36, labour.

Swythe, 43, immediately.

Swonge, 321, swoon.

Swoot, sweat.

Swowne, 14, swoon.

Tabbard, 244, coat. "Tabbard, col-
lobium," Prompt. Parv.

Take, 22, give.

Talkyn, 69, conversation.

Tan, taken.

Tast, 152, try, feel.

Tee, 33, go, draw towards. Sax.

Tekyl, 134.

Teyl, 30, reckon.

Tene, 7, 9, 18, injury.

Tent, 93, heed.

Teryng, 80, tarrying.

Testificacion, 69, testimony.

Tharalle, 209, thrall, slave.

The, thrive. The phrase "so mot I

the," meaning "so may I thrive,"
an expression of confidence, is of
very frequent occurrence.

The, 152, that.

Thedom, 139, prosperity. So also in
the *Sevyn Sages*, 587, "That but
mai have no thedom." See my note
on this line, p. 416.

Therkenesse, darkness.

Therlys, 181.

Thyrknes, darkness.

Thyrlyd, 287, pierced.

Thyrlyng, 17, piercing.

Tbo, those.

Tholyd, 183, suffered.

Thore, there.

Thorw, through.

Thralle, 351, space of time. Used
generally as "thrawe."

Thrawe, 247, thrust.

Threste, 190, thirst.

Thretty, thirty.

Throwys, throes.

Thrust, 325, thrust.

Tyde, 1, 50, 201, time.

Tyl, to.

Tylle, to.

Tyth, 18, quickly.

Tythynges, 3, tithes.

To, too.

To-breke, 157, break to pieces.

Tolle, 180, toll.

To-pynde, 32, 179, pined away, tor-
mented to death

Tormentry, 195, tormenting.

To-torn, 30, torn to pieces.

To-tuudyr, 45.

Towaly, 277, towel (bis).

Trace, 56, trace.

Tray, 345, betray.

Trayn, 350, artifice.

Trey, 7, 18, trouble.

Trepett, 186, stroke. "Trypet, tri-
pula," Prompt. Parv.

Tretable, 214, tractable.

Tretowre, 241, traitor.

Trone, throne.

Trowyste, 385, thinkest.

Turtelys, 72, turtle doves.

Tway, 373, two.

Tweyn, two.

Tweyners, 125, gen. pl. of tweyn, q. v.

Twynne, 208, twayne.

Un-ete, 272, eaten.

Undyrlyng, 30, servant, dependant.

Unhede, 27, 195, unfold, bring to light.
 Unkende, 8, 27, unnatural.
 Unknowlage, 121, ignorance.
 Unqwyt, 308, unrequited, unrevenged.
 Unterest, 176, uttermost.
 Unthende, 36,
 Upryth, 293, straight. This word does not here imply a perpendicular position, it being applied indifferently to persons lying as well as standing. See Tyrwhitt's glos. to Chaucer. "Yf thou be wyse, slepe nat bolte upright," *Hormanni Vulgaria*, fol. 39.

Vath, 321, a word of exclamation.
 Veyn, vain.
 Velony, villany.
 Vengeable, revengeful.
 Verament, truly.
 Verray, true.
 Vervent, fervent.
 Vervently, fervently.
 Vesytation, visitation.
 Vest, 114, covered.
 Voydnes, 127, emptiness.
 Vowchesaff, vouchsafe.

Wace, 284, was.
 Wayle, 257, bewail.
 Wayten, 340, watch.
 Walkyn, 21, sky. This word is used by Shakespeare and a few later writers.
 Wantruste, 225, want of confidence.
 War, 5, aware.
 Ware, 197, work, business.
 Warly, 334, sily. "Warely or silyly," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Wast, 31, wasted.
 Watt, 294, fellow.
 Wawys, waves.
 Weche, which.
 Weche, 338, watch.
 Wede, 28, clothing.
 Wele, 24, wealth.
 Weleaway. Probably the burden of an old song: see *The Geste of Kyng Horn*, 1499,
 " He made Rymenild a lay,
 Ant hue seide Weylaway."
 Welsom, 31, sorrowful.
 Wem, 5, blot, blemish.
 Wen, weene, 5, doubt.

Wenche, a young woman. It is sometimes used in an opprobrious sense.
 Wende, go.
 Wene, 1, ween, think.
 Wenyth, thinketh.
 Werche, work.
 Werd, world.
 Werdly, worldly.
 Weré, 147, weary.
 Werme, worm.
 Wete, know.
 Wethys, ways.
 Weylle, well.
 Whanhope, 13, despair.
 Whele, wheel.
 Why, 46, cause.
 Whight, *vide* wight.
 Whylys, wiles.
 Whyll, whilst.
 Whyllum, 203, doubtful. "Wylsome or doweftulle," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Whyt, 298, quick. "As whyt as thought," a proverb common at the present day.
 Whoys, whose.
 Whonde, 123.
 Whoo, woe.
 Wight, person.
 Wyghtly, 161.
 Wyk, wicked.
 Wylys, wiles.
 Wynde, 50.
 Wyst, known.
 With-sett, 212, withstand.
 Wytys, creatures.
 Woke, 4.
 Wolde, 16, dominion.
 Wone, dwelling.
 Wood, 3, wide.
 Wood, mad.
 Wost, knowest.
 Woundyn, wound.
 Woundyr, 214, wonderful.
 Wrake, 94, 137, 200, mischief.
 Wrecche, wretch.
 Wreke, 163, 181, revenged.
 Wrokyn, 29, avenged.
 Wrowth, wrought.
 Wundyrfoille, wonderful.
 Wurchepyd, worshipped.
 Wurchep, 218, good reputation.
 Wurdys, words.

Xad, 275, shed. See notes, p. 416.
 Xal, shall.

Xulde, should.

ȝatys, gates.

ȝemaury, 1, yeomanry. See Tyr-
whitt's note on v. 101 of the Can-
terbury Tales, for an account of
this class of persons.

ȝerdys, rods, wands.

ȝeven, given.

ȝeven, even.

ȝevyth, givith.

ȝitt, yet.

ȝonge, youth.

THE END.

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Richard Halliwell Esq
from his affectionate brother
The Editor.

LETTERS
ON
SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

"I am fully perswaded that our countrie is not inferiour to any for men of rare knowledge, singular explication, and exquisite execution of the artes mathematicke, for what strangers may be compared with M. Thomas Digges, Esquire, our countryman, the great master of archimastrie² and for theoretical speculations and most cunning calculation, M. Dee and M. Thomas Hariotts are hardly to be ma'ched."—*The Seaman's Secrets*, by John Davis, 1594.

Historical Society of Science.

A

COLLECTION OF LETTERS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PROGRESS

OF

SCIENCE IN ENGLAND

FROM THE REIGN OF

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THAT OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

EDITED BY

**JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S.,
F.S.A., F.R.A.S., &c. &c. &c.**

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY,

BY R. AND J. E. TAYLOR, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

M.DCCC.XLI.

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P R E F A C E.

THE contents of the present volume are so very miscellaneous, that it would be a difficult task to give a satisfactory analysis of them within the limits of a few pages. Perhaps it may be sufficient to state that the Editor has endeavoured to form such a collection of early letters on scientific subjects as would be likely to assist any future author of a critical history of English science, and that from the very limited number of such letters which now remain he has attempted a selection which he thinks will be considered a valuable addition to the few materials of this class already published. The libraries of the British Museum, Sion College, Lambeth, and Oxford have been found to contain documents suitable for this purpose, and the reader will find that the following volume includes letters from all these depositories.

To the cursory reader any illustration of the progress of science in this country during the reign of Elizabeth will be a novelty; and even those who have paid more particular attention to the subject will, we think, be surprised to find scientific correspondence

of so early a date still preserved. Thanks to the venerable Lord Burghley, a few fragments are still preserved, which, though often individually of no great importance, are very curious illustrations of the state of English science at that period. For instance, the letter of Emery Molineux to Lord Burghley, printed at p. 37, is in itself of little interest or value; but when joined with the fact that it is the only known memorial respecting one who was distinguished as the first mathematical instrument-maker* of his day, it becomes a document at once curious and valuable, and well worthy of preservation in an available form.

Before the publication of a very able and interesting paper on the early English mathematical and astronomical writers in the Companion to the British Almanac for 1837, written by Professor De Morgan, nothing had been attempted towards even a connected sketch of the scientific labours of our countrymen during the latter half of the sixteenth century. "Far from having," says Professor De Morgan, "such a work as those of Montucla or Delambre in our language, we have not even a chronological compendium like that of Weidler, Heilbronner, or Gerard Vossius." But necessarily imperfect in its details as Prof. de Morgan's sketch is, yet it may fairly rank with its continental companions, and gives, we may safely say, a

* Davis, in the *Seaman's Secrets*, 4to. Lond. 1594, bestows the like praise upon him. According to Maunsel's Catalogue he was the author of a treatise on the use of the globes, but I have never been fortunate enough to meet with a copy.

correct and impartial account of almost every work that holds any importance either among the discoveries or mere elementary assistances of science. If we add to this, three articles in the Magazine of Popular Science, by the Editor of this volume, we shall have enumerated, we believe, every published contribution to the subject. It may, however, be mentioned, that Mr. Hunter discovered that John Field and John Dee adopted the Copernican system as early as 1556 ; and Professor De Morgan has shown that Robert Recorde was a convert to the heliocentric theory at nearly the same period. But these discoveries seem to have attracted little attention from scientific men, either on account of that lamentable apathy towards matters of history which is too frequently characteristic of the lover of demonstration, or perhaps, let us hope, from a want of some general channel of communication, such as the Historical Society of Science now affords.

The letters of Sir Charles Cavendish, which are, with two or three exceptions, now published for the first time, will, we think, enable the reader to form a tolerably correct idea of the extent to which the study of analytical science was then carried in England. If we give a glance at the state of this branch of science a short time anterior to that period, we shall be rather at a loss to account for the number and success of its English cultivators, who seem to have arisen on a sudden and at the same time with efforts sufficient to produce works equalling, if not surpassing, those of their continental neighbours.

Robert Recorde may be considered as the founder of analytical science in England. The author of the first English work on algebra (1557) has not, however, as might have been expected, produced a mere elementary compilation, but a work that ranks, for originality and depth, with the ablest foreign contemporary productions on the same subject. What is rather inexplicable, this book by Recorde appears an oasis in a century deficient in this science, and no Englishman is known to have pursued the study of algebra to an equal extent before the time of Harriot. With the exception of a trifling essay by Thomas Digges in the *Stratoticos*, and a few memoranda in a MS. of Blagrove's in Lambeth Palace*, we scarcely know of anything connected with this branch of science that is worthy of notice, and even these include only the simplest elementary principles.

It is somewhat remarkable that this dearth of analytical science was not the result of a prejudice in favour of the geometry of the ancients. We have, it is true, an elaborate edition of Euclid by Dee and Billingsley, but with this the taste for geometry appears to have expired. We do not find that Harriot and the contemporary English analysts were fettered by a prejudice in favour of the old geometry, such as for a length of time pervaded the writers of the continent; although, indeed, it appears from Harriot's

* This is No. 280, which is classed anonymously in the printed catalogue. Blagrove has given in this volume the well-known algebraic question relating to the cocks of a cistern, besides several astronomical notes. It appears that Blagrove studied under John Field, whom we have mentioned above.

papers in the British Museum that he was well acquainted with Pappus and other geometrical works which had then been recently published abroad. There is a remarkable note of Sir Charles Cavendish at p. 84, who says, “ Dr. Jungius prefers the analitics of the ancients before Vieta’s by letters, which he saies is more subject to errors or mistakes, though more facile and quick of dispatch, *but I conceive not yet whye.*” This serves to show that the *τοπος αναλυομενος* of the Alexandrian school still held its sway in the minds of foreign mathematicians, notwithstanding the writings of Vieta and Descartes ; but we find no traces in this country of its influence over the new analysis before the time of Robert Simson, that is, nearly a century afterwards.

The science of the seventeenth century possessed one feature which is now obsolete, and which probably contributed, in a great measure, to preserve and foster a taste for analytics. We allude to the practice of publicly proposing problems for solution—a kind of challenge from individuals to the science of all Europe—and thus exciting an emulation which, perhaps, would otherwise not have been felt. The superiority of the new analysis over the ancient geometry was soon acknowledged, and although some questions were required to be solved *geometrically*, yet mathematicians soon evinced their dislike to a system of attaining by a long and tedious method that which was often capable of speedy and easy resolution by another analysis. Specimens of these challenges are preserved among Pell’s papers in the

British Museum, printed on narrow slips of paper, and evidently intended to be pasted *pro bono publico* in conspicuous situations. We have little doubt that the celebrated problem, generally known as Colonel Titus's problem, was originally proposed in this manner. We have already intimated that this problem is attributed to the wrong person*, and we have since discovered a note in MS. Birch, 4411, which expressly states that it was "put by Colonel Titus, who had received it from Dr. Pell." The problem in the most general form is as follows :

$$\left. \begin{aligned} a^2 + bc &= \alpha \quad (1) \\ b^2 + ac &= \beta \quad (2) \\ c^2 + ab &= \gamma \quad (3) \end{aligned} \right\} \text{to find } a, b, \text{ and } c.$$

Collins has given a solution which occupies fourteen closely written folio pages, and the more modern solutions have not been comprised in a much shorter compass. Wallis's solution is in the same manuscript. Pell, however, criticises Collins's solution very severely, and ridicules him for not observing that the roots will admit both of positive and negative values.

The problem is generally given with numerical values for α , β , and γ , and the only possible chance of a short solution is a case in which these numbers bear some definite relation to each other, so as to obtain an equation independent of the given quantities. For instance, Pell gives one wherein $\alpha = 15$, $\beta = 16$,

* Life of Sir Samuel Morland, p. 28.—"From No. 4413, fol. 24, it appears that the problem generally ascribed to Colonel Titus was proposed to Pell in 1649 by William Brereton, who very probably had it from Harriot."

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graphy than the history of science ; and yet we think that they will be acceptable to the lover of familiar history. Similar remarks may be made of others*.

In the appendix to Dr. Vaughan's " Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell," are printed several letters from Pell's MS. collections, a few of which we have found it necessary to reprint in this work. Unfortunately no references whatever are given to the places whence these letters are taken, and amidst the very numerous volumes which compose Pell's collections, it is no easy matter to find the deposit of any particular one. Owing to this arrangement, we have been quite unable, although we have spared no exertions, to find the original of a very curious letter which Dr. Vaughan has printed at p. 347. It is written by Dr. Pell, and dated Oct. 12th, 1642 ; and we are unwilling to neglect the opportunity of extracting the following passage :—

" I can hear of nothing of Vieta's in manuscript in England, but such pieces of his as are already printed, and were transcribed for the most part out of the printed books, because they could not be had for money. Here is also a manuscript of his *notæ priores ad logisticen speciosam*, transcribed many years ago at Paris out of a written copy ; but since that time, le Sieur de Beaugrand hath caused it to be printed in 24mo. at Paris, *anno* 1631, with a few notes of his own thereon. It

* We have neglected to say in the proper place (p. 31), that " a copie of the speache made by the mathematicall lecturer unto the worshipfull company present, at the house of the worshipfull Mr. Thomas Smith," was published at London in 1588, small 4to. From the title-page to his treatise on the Cross-staf, it appears that Hood was mathematical lecturer in 1596 ; but in his work on the Sector, published in 1598, this title is omitted. We also omitted to remark, that from MS. Harl. 7523, fol. 206, it appears that Pell in 1650 had a design of publishing commentaries on the works of Descartes.

is true I have in mine own hands an imperfect astronomical manuscript of six sheets of paper, entitled *Hypothesis Francelinis*, said to be a piece of a great work of Vieta's, called by him *Harmonicum Cæleste*, which may, perhaps, be found complete in France, whence mine came. I have been told here that the Englishman that, at the time of Vieta's death, served him as a scribe, under the counterfeit name of John Poltrier, being kindly offered by Vieta's heirs to take what he pleased to keep as a remembrance of him, took not a leaf of any of his writings. And Thuanus tells us that the heirs did put all his papers in the hands of Peter Alelmus of Orleans. I never enquired whether this Peter were the father to Jacobus Alelmus, the French king's engineer; from whom, fourteen years after Vieta's death, Alexander Anderson acknowledgeth that he had those two tracts, *de æquationum recognitione et emendatione*, which he first published at Paris, anno 1615. And though it is likely that Monsieur Aleaume (for so I think the French call him) be now dead, yet I hope a diligent enquirer may learn who was his heir, and what is become of Vieta's *Adversaria*."

We consider this a most important testimony in favour of Nathaniel Torporley, who, according to Anthony à Wood, attacked Vieta under the name of *Poultry*. We now see the truth through Wood's mistake,—a mistake that has puzzled Professor Rigaud and other writers on the scientific history of this period. Perhaps Poltrier may be a mistake for Poltroyer, and intended for an anagram of the name of Torporley. This letter is also curious for the mention of Vieta's *Harmonicum Cæleste*, which has been but recently discovered, and is now in the course of publication at Paris by M. Libri.

We cannot conclude these few memoranda without offering our respectful thanks to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, with the greatest liberality, has afforded us every facility for consulting the manuscripts in the library at Lambeth Palace.

The Historical Society of Science is indebted to J. H. C. Wright, Esq., of St. John's College, Cambridge, for the transcripts of several of the letters contained in this volume, which were most kindly presented to the Society by that gentleman, whose zeal and knowledge of science and its history are deserving of the highest praise.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

35, Alfred Place, Jan. 15, 1841.

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1



LETTERS ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

RICHARD EDEN TO LORD BURGHLEY.

[MS. Lansd. No. 101. Art. 5. Orig.]

August 1st, 1562.

THE only searcher of mens harts, the eternall God, I take to wytnesse (right honorable) that never the greefes of adverse fortune (wherof I have had my parte) dyd so muche prostrate my mynde and pearce my harte with sorowes, as the understandinge of your honours favour and goodnesse towarde me in your lately earnest travaile in my behalfe (as I was informed by the Mr of Savie) hathe rejoised me and revived my discouragied spirites, heretofore no lesse languysshed for lacke of suche a patrone, then nowe encouraged by the favoure of suche a Mæcenas, as I have just cause to name your honoure. Syth only the respecte of suche vertues as it hathe pleased yow to thinke commendable in me, hath moved your honour not only in maner to seeme carefull for me howe I maye hereafter with quietnesse spende my tyme in studie, as is my most desire; but also to be more earnest in folowing the same, then I might without presumption demaunde, and muche lesse without desertes dequire. As touchinge the which matter (right honourable) as it was no parte of my devise, but suche as the Mr of Savoy had then in hande, as I suppose no lesse to pleasure hymselfe and his frende then for £20 therof to be lotted to me for an earnest peny to begyne the booke (as he saith). Even so am I right sorie that for so smaule a matter, and not so favorable a sute as I wolde have wysshed, not only your honour hathe taken suche paynes, but that also suche contention is rysen therof betwene the Mr of Savoy and Mr Baptist of the privie chamber, that by reason thereof the pardon being steyed be your Honour, the younge gentleman his kynsman (as he hathe informed me) is in daungiour of his lyfe. But under your

honours favour to speake playnelye as I thinke, I suppose that here *aliquid latet quod non apparet*. For as this sute, for dyvers consyderations, at the first dyd not greatly like me, yet perceavinge his earnestnesse therein, for the safeguarde of his kinsmans life and gratifying his frendes, I, no lesse willing therin to do hym pleasure, also was well contented to assent to his request, and to stande to his appoyntment; not suspecting his frendeshippe, but rather commend- ing his wysdome, so to doo for his frende as therewith not to forget hym selfe, *quia nihil sapit qui sibi non sapit*. But if at that tyme I might so boldelye have presumed uppon your honours favour, as by your earnestnesse in my behalfe I nowe perceave I might have doune, I wolde have moved your Honour of an honeste sute (for a lease to be had at the Queenes hands) whereof I made hym privie, and was longe sense so mynded to have donne, but that he deterred me frome the same, alleaging certen commissioners to have the doinges therof, and that therefore no suche thing might be had at her Majesties handes: albeit, I have sythens harde of dyvers that have obteyned the like. Notwithstanding (as in my former letters I wrotte to your honour) my meaning is so to move your honour hereof, as neyther to be an importunate suter, or otherwise to thinke the same to be folowed then shall seeme good unto your honour, unto whose will I submitte myselfe in all thinges; only putting your honour in remembrance of the commodious place and tyme that I nowe enjoye for that purpose: for the contynuance wherof, I was a suter unto your Honour for your letters unto the gentleman (my frende) in whose house I yet remayne, who also being one that favoureth learninge and my greate frende, and no lesse gladde to further so good a purpose, is well willing the rather to my use to departe frome a piece of his commoditie, in suche sorte as appeareth by the byll herein inclosed. Whereof further to advertyse your honour, if you shall so thinke it convenient, he will himselfe repayre unto your honour to give you perfecte informacion of alle thinges as touching the same. And wheras the Mr of Savoye tolde me that your honour sumwhat doubted that the booke coulde not be translated into the Englisshe toonge, I assure your honour that this I dare saye without arrogancie, that to translate the variable historie of Plinie into our toonge, I wolde be ashamed to borowe so muche of the Latine as he dothe of the Greke; althowgh the Latine toonge be accompted ryche, and the Englysshe indigent and barbarous, as it hathe byn in tyme past muche more then it nowe is, before it was enriched and amplyfied by sundry bookes in maner of all

artes translated owt of Latine and other toonges into Englysshe. And it is not unknowen unto your Honour that the Latins receaving bothe the science of philosophie and phisike of the Grekes, do still for the most parte in all ther translacions use the Greke names, insomuche that, for the better understanding of them, one Otto Brumfelsius, a learned man, hathe writen a large booke intituled, *Onomasticon Medicinæ*, where he hathe these woordes, *Res ipsas atque artium vocabula, scite, apposite, designateque efferre, atque ad Polycteti regulam (quod aiunt) exprimere, res est non minus difficilis quam gloriosa. Quo, nullum studii genus majori constat molestia. Id quod in causa esse reor, quia hodie tam pauci in ea palestra sese exercent.* &c. Agen, it is not unknowen unto your honour that ons all toonges were barbarous and needie, before the knowlege of things brought in plentie of woordes and names; wherby it maye well appeare that men, in the first age of the worlde, had a shorte language consistinge of fewe woordes, which ever after increased by the knowlege and invention of thinges. Exercise also maketh suche woordes familier, which at the first were difficulte to be understode; for children at the first (as saithe Aristotle) caule all men fathers; but shortely after by exercise caule them by there names. And I have learned by experience that the maryners use manye Englysse woordes, which were as unknowen unto me as the Chaldean toonge before I was conversant with them. It maye therefore suffice that the woordes and termes of artes and sciences be knowen to the professors therof, as partely by experience and partely by the helpe of dictionaries describing them *per proprium genus et differentiam*, as the logitians teache, and as Georgius Agricola useth to do in the Germaine toonge, which, as well in that parte of philosophie as in all other, was barbarous and indigent before it was by longe experience brought to perfection. But not to trouble your honour any longer with this matter, one thinge remaineth wherof I wolde gladlye have certified your honour at my last being at the courte at Grenewich, if I might have had convenient accesse unto yow; And this is, that, perceavinge your honour to take pleasure in the wonderfull woorkes of arte and nature (wherin doubtlesse shyneth the sparke of the divine spirite that God hathe gyven you) I was then mynded to have delyvered unto your honour this philosophicall booke, wherin is described (as appeareth in folio ij.) so excellent and precious an experiment, wrought by arte to the similitude of the universall frame of the worlde, made by the omnipotent and greate God of nature, that I beleve the like was never doonne synse the creacion of the worlde.

And maye therefore in my judgement more woorthely be cauled *Michrocosmos*, then eyther man or any other creature that ever was made of corporall substance. Angelus Politianus in his epistells describeth an instrument cauled *automaton* made in his tyme in the citie of Florence, observing the exacte moving of *Primum Mobile* and *Octava Sphæra*, with also the movinges of the 7 planetes in there spheres, in all poyntes agreable to there moving in the heaven. Of the like instrument also our Roger Bacon wrotte longe before in his booke *de Mirabili potestate artis et naturæ**, where he writeth in this maner, *Majus omnium figurationum et rerum figuratarum est, ut cœlestia describerentur secundum suas longitudes et latitudes in figura corporali, qua moventur corporaliter motu diurno, et hæc valere[n]t regnum [unum] homini sapienti, &c.* The which instrument doubtlesse, although it be of a divine invention, yet dothe this *Michrocosmos* so far surmount it, as nature passeth arte, and as *motus animalis* passeth *motus violentus*, for as the other is moved only by waight or wynde inclosed (as is seene in clockes and organs) so is this moved by the same spirite of life, wherby not only the heaven, but also all nature, is moved: whose mover is God hymselfe, as saithe St. Paule, *Ipsus est in quo vivimus, move[mur], et sumus*; as also Aristotle, Plato, and Philo, in there bookes *De Mundo*, do affirme; and especially Marcus Manilius in *Astronomicis ad Augustum Cæsarem*, writing thus:

Hoc opus immensi constructum corpore mundi,
Membraque naturæ diversa condita forma,
Aëris atque ignis terræ pelagique jacentis,
Vis animæ divina regit; sacroque meatu
Conspirat Deus, et tacita ratione gubernat,† &c.

Item Lucanus:

Aere libratum vacuo quæ sustinet orbem,
Totius pars magna Jovis‡.

And wheras the autoure that describeth the *Michrocosmos* affirmeth that the Chaos therof is *materia Lapidis Philosophorum* (which is also Chaos, *vel omnium, vel prima materia mundi majoris*) it seemeth to agre with that Cornelius Agrippa hathe written in his seconde booke *De occulta philosophia, in scala unitatis*, where he wryteth thus: *Lapis philosophorum est unum subjectum et instrumentum omnium virtutum naturalium et transnaturalium, &c.* And that this greate and divine secreate of this *Michrocosmos* maye not seeme incredible unto

* Edit. 1542, fol. 43, v°.

† Manili Astronomicon, lib. i. l. 247-251.

‡ Lucani Pharsalia, lib. v. l. 94-95.

your honour, I assure you that I, that am *minimus philosophorum*, dyd long sense (as I have to wytnesse Mr. Thomas Whalley, th' elder soonne of Mr. Richard Whalley) woorke and secreate practise sumwhat like unto this, in maner as foloweth* :—I dissolved two substances in two waters; then I put the waters togyther in a glasse, suffering them so to remayne for a tyme. Then I stilled of the water from the masse or chaos lefte of them bothe, and put it on agen, and so dyd dyvers tymes. In fine, the masse being dissolved in the water, I let it rest all night in a coulde place. In the morning, I founde swymming on the water and in the myddest therof a little round iland, as brode as riall or sumwhat more, with at the least a hundreth sylver trees about an ynche high, so perfectly formed with trunkes, stalkes and leaves, all of most pure and glystering sylver, that I suppose no lymner or paynter is able to counterfecte the like. Then shaking the glasse, all fell in pieces into the water, and filled it with glystering sparkes, as the firmament shyneth with starres in a cleare wynter night. Then putting the glasse to a softe fyre uppon warme asshes, all turned agen into clear water, which, agen being put in a colde place all night, made an iland with the like trees as before. What this wolde have been in fine, God knoweth, and not I! But of this I am sure, that if the floure or learning of our tyme, and sumtyme tutor and brother-in-lawe unto your honour, Mr. Cheeke, had seene any of these two secreates, he wolde greatly have rejoyced. As I knowe the divine sparke of knowleage that is in your honour, partely receaved of hym, will move yow to doo the like, sythe, to a philosophicall and vertuous man, there is nothing so delectable as to beholde the infinite poure and wisdome of God in his creatures, in the which his Deitie is not only visible, but in maner palpable, as sum philosophers have written. And as touching these matters, I have red a marvelous sentence in an olde written booke, where these woordes are written: *Qui potest facere mediam naturam, potest creare mundos novos*. But to discourse of this oracle, or to interpret the same, it were to muche to molest your honour therwith: and an argument muche meeter for a seconde Socrates then for me. And of these secreates, writeth Roger Bacon in his booke before alleaged, where he hathe these woordes; *Multa sunt archana admiranda in operibus artis et naturæ: Quæ licet multam utilitatem non habeant (habent vero*

* Cf. Morieni Romani de re metallica librum, 4to, Par. 1564, p. 30, et Chrysippi Paniani de arte metallica metamorphoseos librum, 4to, Par. 1560, p. 17. See also Ripley's "Compound of Alchemy," where may be seen an account of a process very similar to that mentioned by Eden.

maximum ut sapientibus cognitum est) tamen spectaculum ineffabile sapientiæ præbent et possunt applicari ad probationem omnium occultorum quibus vulgus inexpertum contradicit, et judicat fieri per opera demoniorum, &c.

And thus most humbly desyring your Honour to pardon my boldnesse in writing unto you; and, according unto your accustomed clemencie, to accept in good parte this my presumptuous attempte, which only the love I beare to your vertues hath moved me unto, my trust is that these thinges shall not be alltogether unpleasaunt unto your honour, otherwyse occupied in greate affayres bothe in the courte and common wealthe, as was Plato with King Dyonisius, Aristotle with greate Alexander, and Cicero Senator and Consul of Rome.

The eternall God and immortall mover of the greate worlde and the lesse, preserve your Honour in healthe and prosperitie!

From the Folde bysyde Barnet, the first of August 1562.

Most bownde to your honour,

RICHARDE EDEN*.

THOMAS DIGGES TO LORD BURGHLEY†.

[MS. Lansd. No. 19, Art. 30. Orig.]

14th May, 1574.

Right Honorable,—As in your Lordshippes fframe astronomically, for ornament the figures of the most notable constellations in this our visible hemisphere are pourtrayd, adourned with ther due number of hevenly lights; so, in the tables adjoyninge, are impressed sutch numbers as deliver by methode not vulgare the situations and habite which

* Richard Eden was a philosopher of good repute in his time. He translated into English, treatises on navigation by Cortes and Taisner, the former of which was exceedingly popular and went through several editions. He is also the author of a very curious little book entitled, "A Treatyse of the newe India," 1553, 8vo. At the end of this letter he adds the following sentences in Latin:—1. "Tuæ D. addictus, alios non quero penates." 2. "In secretis et occultis, secretus et occultus esto." This latter quotation is from Hippocrates.

† Thomas Digges ranks among the first English mathematicians of the sixteenth century. Although he made no great addition to science, yet his writings tended more to its cultivation in this country, during the reign of Elizabeth, than, perhaps, all those of other writers on the same subjects put together. The work he alludes to in this letter, if a printed one, is probably an edition of his father's work, entitled "Prognostication Everlasting," one of which was published in 1574 and contains an addition by himself.

our moovable horizon and meridian, together with ther manifold configurations, with the twoo cheefe lights. Whereupon sundry conclusions, both pleasant for varietye of knowledge and necessary ffor common use, are grounded. Wherof I have in 50 conclusions digested the greater part, with ther historyes poetically, and judgements astronomicalle; the which, into a little treatize reduced, I am bould to offer unto your Lordship, hopinge, ere it bee longe, to ffinishe a columnne sustayninge a regular body platonically, garnished with solar dialls, sutch as I thinke hitherto in this land hath not beene seene, to bee placed in soome of your Lordshipps gardeyns, as aptly serving for uses diurnall as that other frame for conclusions doon by night; whose archetype was longe sithens in mind conceyved, and have now at the last also attayned the hand of an hable woorkman to exsequite the same in ffoorme materiall. In the meane, I shall humbly desire your Lordship in good part to accept this triflinge testimony of a carefull mind desirouse soom waye to signifye the reverent affection I have and shall duringe life beare toward you, no lesse for private then publike respectes; Always, as becometh mee, restinge,

At your Lordshippes commandment,

T. DIGGES.

*To the right Honorable my Lord Burghley,
the Lord highe tresurer of England, these.*

RALPH RABBARDS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[MS. Lansd. No. 121. Art. 14.]

A coppie of notes delivered to her Majestie by Raphe Rabbards.*

Speciall breife remembrances of such moste pleasante serviceable and rare inventions as I have, by longe studdie and chardgeable practice, founde out, the whiche I holde my selfe bounde in dutie to offer with this learned worke unto your Majestie, as the firste fruites of my labor: the which, or any parte thereof, I shal be redy to performe and put in execution, at as smalle chardge and to as greate purpose as any other ingeniors or practitioners of Christendome, when it shall please your sacred Majestie to commaunde me, not hitherto performed by any before my selfe.

* Ralph Rabbards is not a name that has much relation with the history of the science or literature of this period. He edited Ripley's "Compound of Alchemy," 4to, Lond. 1591.

All kinde of waters of herbes and flowers are first distilled by desensory.

Waters of purest substance from odors, flowers, fruites, and herbes, wholsomest, perfitest, and of greatest vertue, are first distilled by desensory, depured and rectified, clere as christall, with his owne onlie proper vertue; taste, and odor, contynuinge many yeares. One spoonefull is better then a gallon of other for any prynce, or noble person, or any that love their healtbe; for medicyne inward or outward where other doe much more hurte then good, beinge unaptly distilled, and inveniomed by the evill qualitie of mettalyne stilles, and other defectes.

Simple and compound waters.

Water for odors, moste sweete and delicate, of many severall kyndes, bothe simple and compounde.

Water of violettis and suche like.

Water of violettis, jilly flowers, and pinckes, &c., contynue not nor retheyne not their owne proper odors and vertues, excepte they be distilled very cunningly and perfittly by desensory; or, their odors beinge holpen by other meanes, they are not medicinable.

A precious water for purifyinge and preservinge the teethe.

A moste precious and excellent water to purifie, preserve, and fasten the teethe, and with good order to keep them that they shall never decaye nor corrupte; moste wholsome, pleasant, and comfortable.

A principall water for moste outward diseases proceedinge of heate and colde.

A water that taketh awaye inflamations, rumes, swellinges, colde greifes, colde gowtes, aches, and other paynes; and healeth dangerous woundes, ulcers, sores, and the hardest diseases, with greate effecte and wonderfull speede, and in myne opinion farre exceedeth the farre fetched balmes.

Water for the eyes.

Waters for the eyes proved of many as well for preservinge and comfortinge the sighte, as to restore that which is lost.

Water to make the skynne and fleshe fayre and brighte.

Waters to clense and keepe brighte the skynne and fleshe, and preserve it in his perfitt state.

SPECIALL OBSERVATIONS CONCERNINGE THE PREPARATIONS FOR FIREWORKES.*An excellente kinde of salt-peter of greate force.*

Saltpeter mighte be so refyned that the powder made therof mighte be of double the force, so that one pounce maye serve as manye shotte and as stronge as two pounce of that that is comonly used, and lesse chardge in cariage; and many other wayes apter and better for service.

A notable peece of service for your Majestie and the Realme.

That saltpeter, minerall sulphur, pitche, aspaltum, licquidion, and drye, and many other like drugges, mighte be founde in the domynions of your Majestie, which we wante and paye most extreamely for; and God knoweth what gayne and glorie mighte redownde to your Majestie and countrey, if skilfull and honest men were imployed therein.

Oyles for fireworkes.

Oyles bothe simple and composed to be distilled for fireworkes, there is none to be boughte or had; he that will have them must make them.

A strange kinde of flyinge fire many wayes serviceable.

A flyinge fire which shall, without ordynance, and farre of, wonderfully annoye any battayle, towne, or campe, and disperse even as if it did rayne fire; and the devydinge fires, being coted and made flyinge, maye touche many places, and leave them all burninge; very terrible both to men and horse.

A tridant or mace newly invented.

A tridant or mace for many notable effectes, bothe for shotte, and to sette any thinge on fire; a very apte instrumente, and moste soldierlike bothe for horsemen and footemen.

Balls of mettle serving to many purposes.

Balles of mettle to throwe into shippes, to enter in campes in the nightes, likewise in streightes or breaches, especially in battayles; and to have the said balles of all heightes, dia-

miters, and quantities, of a righte composition to devide in as many partes, and of such thicknes as it should; and to delyver a thousand at once amonge the enemyes with small chardge of ordynance, or other instrumentes, and to powre as much fire as your Majestie will upon any place.

A shotte to fire in passage.

A shotte for greate ordynance to pierce deeper then any other shotte, and sett on fire whatsoever it strike throughe or sticketh in. A moste noble ingen, specially for sea service.

A forcible chariott for service defensive and offensyve.

A firy chariott with horses, suche as never was knowne or hearde of, for any prynce or man of greate valor or vertue to be in, in the feilde or battayle.

A firy chariott to be forc'd by engyne of greate service.

A firy chariott without horses to runne upon the battaile and disorder it, that no man shal be able to abide or come nigh the same, and wil be directed even as men will to tourne, to staye, or come directly backe upon any presente danger, or elles to followe and chase the enemye in their flighte.

Mynes for fireworke to worke strange effectes.

Mynes of fire and fireworke, bothe for sea and lande, to overthrowe or make havocke of all whatsoever a man will destroye.

A meanes to better the use of small artillery, moste serviceable.

To make that smalle shotte shall doe greater execution then the shotte that hath hetherto bynne knowne; yet where 1000 are nowe shotte, and not 10 men fall, it will appeare, by good demonstration and experience, that 10 shotte of 1000 shall hardly misse, good orders beinge observed.

A newe invented targett of prooffe.

A targett of prooffe, with his rest and loope hole, whereby men are notably defended and encouraged to the attemptinge of manye greate matters in service. Tenne of theis targettes are sufficiente to defende an hundred shotte, as if they were behinde a walle.

A rare invention.

A muskett or calyver, with dyvers strange and forcible shotte, which no armor will holde out, at three quarters of a mile or more; and will also become a most forcible weapon in the hande, as good as a pollox, and, with a teice, become a perfitt shotte agayne.

An armed pike moste forcible.

An arme pike which a weake man maye use or handle very reddily with such force as a man will not thincke, and the same pike will also become a very good shotte at all tymes. But when they come to the very pushe they be most terrible, bothe the shotte and the weapon.

An engyne of notable defence for the safeguard of mens lyves.

A cariage in manner of a walle or curteyne to defende men from shotte in approching any sconsse or other force, and wil be transformed into as many severall shapes of fortification as men will; and also be as tentes or lodgings drye above heade, and from the grounde, and also very offensyve, and of greate fury; whereof I wishe your excellent Majestie were furnished, but as secrette as I could keepe them in myne owne harte for some greate daye of service.

A speciall peece of service.

A meanes whereby our plowe-horses, carte jades, and hackneys, maye be made to doe greater service in our owne countrey, then the launces, or argulaters, or any horsemen of other nations, can possibly be able to doe in their ordinary services.

The rarest engyne that ever was invented for sea service.*

A vessell in manner of a galley or galliotte to passe upon the seas and ryvers without oars or sayle, against wynde and tyde, swifter then any that ever hath bynne seene, of wonderfull effect bothe for intelligence, and many other admirable exploytes, almoste beyonde the expectation of man.

* See *Rara Mathematica*, p. 87. William Bourne mentions a similar invention of his in the *Inventions or Devises* (Lond. 1578, 4to). How well does this meagre description suit the modern steam-boat! I may mention here that the invention of paddle-wheels is ascribed to him by some writers, and he appears to consider them as a new invention; but there is a drawing of a boat with paddle-wheels, precisely similar to our modern steam-vessels, in MS. Harl. 3281, fol. 43, v^o, written in Italy in the fifteenth century. See also the ff. 43, r^o, 51, v^o, and 57, r^o, of the same MS.

Matters to be prepared and had in readynes.

Calibashes, caces, hollowe tronckes, and other instrumentes, of smalle chardge and greate effecte for the services of your Majestie and countrey many wayes, which have bynne more chardgeable to me, then they would be to your Majestie, if good order mighte be taken therein. For some workemen have taken my money, and have spoiled my modelles and devises, and I could never gette my money, the ingions, nor yet my modelles agayne, and the devises in some sorte made publique, which I woulde have kepte secrette. But if it pleased God to put into your royall harte, bothe for his owne glorie, the glorie of your excellent Majestie, and your valiant nation and subjectes, to erecte some academy, or place of studdy and practice, for ingenious, polittique and learned men, and apte artificers, as in a corporation or bodie polittique, maintayned partly by your Majestie and partly by your nobillitie, your clergie, and your comons, for theis moste noble effectes. And whereas many corporations, societies of artes, faculties, and misteries, have bynne erected, founded, and franchised, with many honorable guiftes, liberties, and freedomes, by your Majesties moste worthy progenitors, but never any comparable to this, in glorie to your Majestie and the safetie and comforte of your countrey and people, which every vertuous and good mynded man would willingly further and maintayne for their owne good and safetie, and to the perpetuall glorie of your Majestie, and your feirce people, and valiante nation, that ingenious pollicies mighte throughly joyne with strength and valiant hartes of men. The which I referre to your Majesties moste deepe consideration, for the service of my countrey, holdinge myselfe hereby fully every waye dischargd in dutie bothe towardes your Majestie and my countrey.

Your Majesties moste loyall subjecte,
and faithfull servant,

RAPHE RABBARDS*.

* The writer has annexed the following note addressed to Lord Burghley:—

"At your Honors pleasure and leisure I shall so satisfie your Lordship, that you shall not doubte of the performance of them, which none shall knowe but her Majestic and your Honor."

DR. JOHN DEE TO LORD BURGHILEY*.

[MS. Lansd. No. 19. Art. 38. Orig.]

Right honorable and my singuler good Lord,—Whereas of late your honor very favorably used me, considering your mervailous skantnes of leysor from very waighty matters and publick: I am now, therefore, most humbly to render thanks to your honor. Sins which tyme I have som whole dayes attended at London, hoping for your lordship comming thither. And on fryday last, perceyving your honor to be almost in a redines to ride toward the court, ere I could get to London (after I hard of your lordship certayn being there) I than thowght the season to be very unfeete for my purpose. Therefore finding your Lordship, at all tymes of usuall access for suters, so fraught with matters of more importance than any of myne can justly be deemed, I thowght good (with your lordships leave and favor) thus by writing to enjoye one howre of your lordships leisour (best known to your Lordship onely, whan that is) to vew the pattern of som part of my symple sute: which hertofore I wold gladly have opened unto your honor by word of mowth; and that is this. So much of my intent and studious doings is well known unto your honor, and the most part of all universities in Christendome (and farder); that for this xx. yeres last past, and longer, it may be very truely avowched that I have had a mervailous zeale, taken very greate care, endured great travayle and toyle, both of mynde and body, and spent very many hundred powndes, onely for the attayning some good and certayn knowledg in the best and rarest matters mathematicall and philosophicall. How little or much therin the æternall God hath imparted to me (for my talent) He onely best knoweth. But certaynly by due conference with all that ever I yet met with in Europe, the pore English Bryttains (*Il favorito, di vostra Excellentia*) hath carried the bell away. God Almighty have the glory! The same zeale remayneth (yea, rather, greater is grown). But the hability, for chargis, is far lesser; and that somewhat occasioned the sooner, throwgh my frank dealing for procuring and purchasing speady meanes of good knowledg. Which also I did uppon no small hope

* This letter has been partly printed by Strype, in his *Annals of the Reformation*, vol. ii. App. xlv. The conclusion of it is a striking example of the little attention that was paid to the preservation of ancient records; it is known, from Dr. Dee's well-known memorial addressed to Elizabeth on the subject, that a MS. of Cicero "*De Republica*" was even as late as the sixteenth century preserved in the library of Canterbury cathedral.

that som nedefull supportail wolde be for me (in due tyme) devysed: eyther throwgh the meer and gracious good favour that I was perswaded the Q. most excellent Majesty did beare unto me, or els throwgh the procurement of some of the right honorable cownsaylours, which both right well knew, by how hard dealing my father Roland Dee (servant to her Majesties father the most renowned and triumphant King of our age) was disabled for leaving unto me due mayntenance: and also sufficiently understode of sundry sutes in my behalf motioned, for some ayde toward the atcheving of some of my honest intents. Of which sutes no one (hitherto) hath taken the wished for success, for any my behoofe. Nay, in the mean tyme of some my travayles beyond the seas, unleast your honor had put to your helping hand, I had byn defeated of that little exhibition, which I enjoye; being but borrowed a while, by speciall priviledge and favor extraordinary. And that unwillingly un my part, if I could other wayes have had the supply therof in like yerely value, which (as God knoweth) findeth not me, and my pore familie, necessary meat, drink, and fewel, for a frugall and philosophicall dyet. But if I may (with your Lordships favor) speak as I think, unfaynedly: unleast your honor had supposed that I had odly committed the care for my necessary mayntenance unto some other noble cownsaylour than yourself: veryly I judge, that, long ere this, your honor would have made me to have tasted of that mervaylously famous your honorable constant and lucky favour and benedicite of the Court Royall; whereby, may have bin and are made liable to dispend of their owne yerely, thre, fowre, five, &c. of hundred pownds. To compare with any of them in desert publik or lerning, I neyther dare, nor justly can. But in zeale to the best lerning and knowledg, and in incredible toyle of body and mynde, very many yeres therefore onely endured: I know most assuredly that this land never bred any man, whose accownt therin can evidently be proved greater than myne. I trust that this my simple speche, uttered in the record of my conscience, and with a sincere estimate both of myne and my predecessors doings, will not seme to your wisdom arrogantly vaunted; onely God can make the perswasion of the truth hereof to settle into the bottom of your lordships hart. And fearing to offend your honor any way, eyther with rude homelyness, or with superfluitie of wordes, I will cut of all such digressions; and committing myself, and my honest purposes, wholly to your Lordships protection and direction henceforward, I beseche your honor to accept my faithfull good meaning toward your Lordship, which, dayly and

howerly, will (by God's grace) appeare unto your lordship more and more abundantly. Returning now, therefore, to the matter wherof I last (by mowth) spake unto your honor, and which, also, was the last principall point of my speedy letter than delivered to your Lordship,—*As concerning threasor hid.* First, it may pleas your lordship to consider this clause truely by me noted out of Theseus Ambrosius, fol. 206, b. *In copiosa illa Antonii de Fantis Tarrisini librorum multitudine, magnum sane volumen repertum fuit, in quo abdita quam plurima, et satis abunde curiosa, tam ad philosophiam, medicinam, et herbarum notionem, quam etiam ad astrologiam, geomantiam, et magiam, pertinentia continebantur. Et in ejus præcipua quadam parte tractabatur de thesauris per totum fere orbem reconditis atque latentibus, quorum admodum clara atque specifica notio haberi poterat, &c.* Secondly out of Henricus Leicestrensis (I suppose) it is noted, in the summary of English chronicles, anno 1344, of a Sarazin comming than to Erle Warren, as concerning a great threasor hid in his grownd, in the Marches of Wales, and of the good success therof. Thirdly (for this xx. yeres space) I have had sundry such matters detected unto me, in sundry lands. Fowrthly, of late, I have byn sued unto by diverse sorts of people, of which, some by vehement iterated dreames, some by vision, as they have thought, other, by speche forced to their imagination by night, have byn informed of certayn places where threasor doth lye hid; which all, for feare of kepars, as the phrase commonly nameth them, or for mistrust of truth in the places assigned, and some for some other causes, have forborn to deale farder, unleast I shold corrage them, or cownsaile them, how to procede. Wherein I have allways byn contented to heare the histories, fantasies, or illusions to me reported, but never entermeddled according to the desire of such. Hereof might grow many articles of question and controversie among the common lerned; and skruple among the theologians: which all I cut of from this place, ready to answer onely your Lordship most largely, in termes of godly philosophie, whan opportunitie shall serve: making small account of vulgar opinions in matter of so rare knowledg: but making allways my chief reckening to do nothing but that which may stand with the profession of a true Christiau, and of a futhfull subject. But, if, (besides all bokes, dreames, visions, reports and *virgula divina*) by any other naturall meanes and likely demonstrations of *sympathia* and *antipathia rerum*, or by attraction and repulsion, the places may be diserved or discovered, where gold, silver, or better matter, doth lye hid, within a certayne distance: how great a

commodity shold it be for the Queenes Majestie, and the
 man weale of this Kingdome, by such a secret, not onely
 sor hid may be deciphered in precise place: but, also, it
 be disclosed where, in this land, any mynes, vaynes, or
 of gold or silver be naturally planted. And here (by the
 I must note unto your Lordship the name and argument
 one strange booke, which, in old tyme, was in this land,—
 DULPHUS DE MEATIBUS TERRARUM: qui cunctas venas, et
 atque aditus subterraneos, confectiones, specus, antra et inter
 latibula, cavernulasque terrarum, porositates, profunditates
 concavitatesque totius seculi materialis, et ambitus subter
 ranæ enumerat singillatim. So that by this and the for
 booke it may appeare what manner of philosophers and
 thematiciens have bin in tymes past. Conclusionally
 in respect of all the premisses, one part of my present
 unto your honor is that, by your lordships wisdomes,
 Queens Majestie may be induced to think somewhat favor
 (as very many other, noble and lerned, of forrayn lands
 of my great travailes, patience, constancy, costs, and care
 in matters philosophicall and mathematicall: and thereup
 in the ende of my carefull race, to let some token of her
 jesties royall good affection procede toward me, whome, y
 lordship knoweth or may know) that emperors, kin
 princes, dukes, marchises, erles, barons, and other ma
 men, of great powre and magnificent courrage, have s
 unto in my tyme to enjoye my simple talent, in their
 vice or company: to whome all, I ever have given answ
 (as my duety was, and my stomach served me therto) for
 honor of my naturall and drad soveraigne (for that tyr
 here raigning. Your honor knoweth that *thesor trouvé*
 a very casuall thing: and of which, althowgh the prerogat
 of the Q. Majestie do entitle to her a proprietie, yet how
 dome her Grace hath hitherto receyved any commodity th
 by,—it is to your honor better known, than unto me. E
 as for mines of gold and silver, to be in England or Irelan
 many have written and reported both of old tyme, and latt
 as I think, your honor hath, ere this, hard abundantly d
 coursed. The value of a myne is a matter for a Kin
 thesaur; but a pot of two or three hundred pownds, &
 hid in the grownd, wall, or tree, is but the price of a go
 booke or instrument for perspective, astronomy, or som
 of importance. And truely vulgar, obscure persons, as b
 siers and tanners, can (by colour of seking assays of metal
 for the say master) enjoye liberty to content their fantas
 to dig after dremish demonstrations of places, &c. May n
 I, than (in respect of all the former allegations of my pain

cost, and credit, in matters philosophicall and mathematicall) yf no better or easier way to serve my turn will fall to my lot from her Majesties hands; may not I than (I say) be thought to meane and intend good service toward the Q. Majestie and this realme, if I will do the best I can at my own costis and chargis, to discover, and deliver true profe of a myne, vayne, or owre of gold, or silver, in some one place of her graces kingdome and dominions, to her graces onely use; in respect, I mean, of any my demaund or part to be had therof. But uppon this comfortable consideration, that her Majesty do frely give unto me, by good warrantie and assurance of her letters-patents, her right and propriety to all *thesor trouvé*, and such things commodious, as (under that name and meaning comprised) by digging or search any where, in her graces kingdome and dominions, I, or my assignes shall come to, or finde: and with all good warrantie (for my indemnity) agayn all laws and persons, to make serch by digging, or otherwise. And this to dure the terme of my life. And in token of my hart fully bent to shew myself thankfull to your lordship for compasing eyther of these two wayes: (I mean eyther an easier means of provision, for two hundred pownds, yerely, during my life: or this casual marts of paynfull search): before God, I promise unto your lordship (or will by oth uppon the Evangelists be bownde) of all *thesor trouvé* (comming to my hands) to impart unto your lordship, or your assignes, the one half, during my life. Moreover your Lordship may be most assured that any notable benefit (through your L. meanes) bestowed uppon me now in the very pynch and opportunitie, shall not, ne yet can, be hid under a bushell: but is like with your L. famous renown, very far immortally to be blazed. The third and last principall point of this my present sute to your L., is for your L. hand to a letter directed to Mr. Harly, keper of the records of Wigmore castell, or to whome, in this case, it doth appertayn. For that, at my late being there, I espied an heap of old papers and parchments, obligations, acquittances, accownts, &c. (in tyme past belonging to the abbay of Wigmore) and there to lye rotting, spoyled, and tossed, in an old decayed chappell, not committed to any man's speciall charge: but thre quarters of them I understand to have byn taken away by diverse (eyther taylors, or others, in tymes past). Now my fantasie is that, in som of them, will be some mention made of noblemen and gentlemen of those dayes, whereby (eyther for chronicle or pedigree) som good matter may be collected out of them by me (at my leysor) by the way of a recreation. And whatsoever I shall finde in them, eyther of

your L. ancestors (in direct line, braunche, collaterall, or match) wherein I am not utterly ignorant: eyther of any other matter worthy your lordships knowledg; I will make true report, and deliver the same to your L. ordning; but els they ar to unclenly (som of them) for your L. eyes to behold. Thus, in the perswaded security of your L. favorable interpreting of all the premisses, I ende this long letter, besecching the blessed Trinity that this flourishing kingdome may long enjoye the great talent committed to your L. (from above) and, on your L. behalf, moste wisely employed to the welth and tranquilitye of this kingdome.

This 3 of October, 1574.

Your L. most bownden,
JOHN DEE.

*To the right honorable and my singular
good lord and patron, the L. Burgh-
ley, Lord High Threasurever of England.*

HUMPHREY COLE TO LORD BURGHLEY.

[MS. Lansd. No. 26, Art. 22. Orig.]

4th December, 1578.

Righte Honourable,—Whereas Mr. Edwarde Dyer presented to your honour a peece of greene owre which he had of me, yt was your honour's pleasure that I should make serche for it at my goinge into the northe, which I accomplished according to your honnour's appointement, and have brought some of it with me from the place where it was gotten; the whiche I woulde have presented to your honnour longe before this tyme, but for that I dwell in London, I durst not presume to come to the courte unto you. Wherefore I have nowe sente the same unto your honnours by Mr. Walter, one of your gentlemen, certefienge your honnour that it was founde in the digging of a quarry in the ground of Mr. Robert Bowes of Aske in the Countie of Richemonde, soe neere unto his house there (upon the which he is nowe bestowinge greate coste in buildinges) that in the digging for the same owre his howse may be undermined. Howbeit there be other places thereabout where in the same owre, or the like, in good plentie might be serched and founde; for there was plentie of it in that place where I had this, but I perceave the said gentleman dare not digge for it, for that he feareth thereby to undermyne and hurte the foundation of

his said house, and it appeareth that in old tyme there hathe bene within a quarter of a mile of the same place greate woorkinge, but noe man to this daye knoweth to what purpose. Onelic this I heare, that there was an olde recorde found mencioninge that those hilles thereaboutes were called riche mounts or *divites montes*, whereof the towne of Richmond took the name and was called Richmounts. And thus I am bolde to declare the reporte thereof to your honnour, as yt was tolde unto me; and I doubte not to discover manie profitable thinges bothe there and in other places in that countrey, if I had occasion to remaine thereaboutes. And if it please your honnour to use my service in this or anie other thinges according to my skill, I am at youre honnors commaundemente, havinge founde you my good lord at all times. For by your good meanes I was placed in the tower to serve the Quene in the mynte to doe the servyces perteyninge to the mill, that, when Eloy the ffrenchman shoulde be taken therefrom by death or otherwise, I should enjoye the same. And towarde my staie of livinge till that office shoulde fall, there was alowed unto me the ffee of the sincker of the stampes, being £20 by yere; and he that nowe exerciseth that place hath not other thing to live on but the half of my ffee. And nowe he refuseth to serve in it anie longer, wherefore I humblie besech your honour to continewe my good lorde, that I maye be established in that house, office and ffee, which the said Eloy had, which I have staid for theis xx^{tie}. yeres, and thereby spent the best of my tyme to my greate hindraunce, lackinge sufficiente maintenaunce for me and my family. Albeit that I hoped, by the service whiche I have donne and can doe, both in this respecte and in manie other thinges, if I were called thereto, to have obteigned some suche pretermente before this time, as that I should not nowe have bene destitute of livinge in this my olde age. And thus remayninge alwaies readie to serve the Quenes Majesty, and to die in hir service, I praie God that hir noble highnes maie have a longe lief, that I and manie other maie serve hir manie yeres, and that your honnours health and prosperous estate maye longe contynewe.

From London this iiij.th of December, 1578.

Your honor's mooste humble suppliante,
HUMFREY COLE*.

*To the right honourable and his singuler
good Lorde the L. Burghley, Lorde
Highe Treasurer of England.*

* Humphrey Cole was the most distinguished mechanist in England at this period. Gabriel Harvey in a MS. note on the margin of a copy of Blagrove's *Ma-*

DR. JOHN DEE TO CHARLES JACKMAN AND
ARTHUR PETT.

[MS. Laned. No. 122, Art. 5. Orig.]

Instructions for the two masters, Charles Jackman and Arthur Pett, given and delivered to them, at the Court day held at the Monchovv house, the 17th of May, anno 1580, in which instructions a new charte (made by hand) was also to each of the sayd two Masters, expressing their Comvoyage more exactly then any other yet published.

In the name of Jesus!

Yf we reckon from Wardhouse to Colgoyeve Iland myles, for allmost 20 degrees difference, only of longitude very nere east and west, and abowt the latitude of 70 $\frac{1}{2}$.

And from Colgoyeve to Vaygatz 200 myles, for 10 degrees difference (only in longitude) at 70 degrees of latitude all

And from Vaygatz to the promontory Tabin, being 60 degrees different in longitude; (the whole course or short distance betwene which two is also east and west, in the latitude likewise of 70) are 1200 myles. Then is *summa tota* from Wardhouse to Tabin, 600 leagues or 1800 myles English.

Therefore allowing in a discovery voyage, for one day w an other, but 50 myles English; yt is evident that fr Wardhouse to Tabin, the course may be sayled easily in dayes. But by God's help, it may be fynished in much shorter tyme: both by help of wynde prosperous, and by continuall for the tyme requisite thereto.

When you are past Tabin, or come to the longitude of 1 (as your charte sheweth) or 2, 3, 4, or 5 degrees farther easterly, it is probable that you shall fynde the lande on your right hand, running much sowerly and eastward, in which course you are like either to fall into the mowth of the famous ryver Oechardes, or some other: which (yet) I conjecture, pass by the renowned City of Cambalu: and that mouth be in the latitude abowt 50 or 52 degrees, and within 300 or 400 myles of Cambalu, ytsel being in latitude abowt 45

Mathematical Jewel in the British Museum, mentions "old Humphrie Cole" as a "mathematical mechanician"; and he applies the same term to him in his work entitled *Pierces Supererogation*, 4to. Lond. 1593, p. 190. William Bourne also in his *Inventions or Devices*, Lond. 1578, p. 17, makes honourable mention of him as an inventor. A mathematical-instrument-maker of the same name, living "neere unto the North dore" of St Paul's, is mentioned by Worsop in his work entitled *Discoverie of sundrie errors and faults daily committed by Land-measurers*, 4to, Lond. 1582; but I am uncertain whether this latter notice refers to the same person.

grees sowtherly of the said river mowth : or els, that you shall trend about the very northen and most easterly poynt of all Asia, passing by the province Ania, and then in the latitude of 46, keping still the land in vewe on your right hand (as nere as you may with safety) you may enter into Quinsay haven, being the chief city in the northen China, as I terme yt, for distinction sake, from the other better known.

And in, or about eyther, or both of these two warme places, you may (to great good purpose) be occupied the whole wynter after your aryvall in those quarters : as, sometyme by sea, sometyme in notable fresh ryvers, sometymes in discrete vew, and noting down the situation of cities within land, &c.: and ever assaying to come by some chartes, or maps, of the cuntry, made and printed in Cathay or China ; and by some of their bookes likewise, for language, &c.

You may have opportunity allso to sayle over to Japan Iland, where you shall fynde Christen men, Jesuites of many cuntries of Christendom, and perhaps some Englishemen ; at whose hands you may have great instruction and advise for our affayres in hand. God be favorable to these attempts, greatly tending to his glory, and the great honour of this kingdome ! Amen*.

Anno 1580. Δ. Maij. 15.

By me JOHN DEE.

STEPHEN POWLE TO MR. WEST.

[MS. Lansd. No. 100. Art. 19.]

The coppie of my letter to Mr. West whearin is the tower and fabricke of the horologe in Strasbourg described.

Right worshipfull Sir, and my moste especiall good frend ; Whereas it pleased you in your letter dated the 8. of November, moste courteously to request that of me which your manifowld desertes of right might have commaunded, I have endeavored, accordinge to the utmoste of my power, which doth shewe the smalnes of my skill, to satisfie your request therein, and have noted the particular pointes of the tower and clocke of Strasboure ; wherein, because I finde many things farr to exceed the reporte, therefore I feare to undertake this bould enterprice, to send them put downe in writinge. For as Allexander, which was the only monarch was

* Among the Harleian charters, EE. xix., is "the counterfet of Mr. Fernando Simon his sea charte, whiche he lent unto my master at Mortlake, anno 1580." In the same collection, EE. xvii., is Dr. Dee's own chart.

never pourtraced in table but of Apelles, never graven in brasse but of Lisippus, nor at any tyme praised in assemblies but of Ephestion, least by the unskillfulnes of any other the glory of his renoune might be empaiied; so of right this tower, which is the only wonder I heare of, shoold never be described but of sutehe exquisit men in paintinge, carvinge and speach, as weare those forenamed persons; and myself ought rather to be silent (beinge acquainted with mine owne simplicitie in that behalf), then by endeavoringe to describe the workmanshipp detract from the wonder and mervake that all men have so justly thereof conceaved. But as those that had the vewe of the pyramides in Egipt weare rather astonid with the sight, then able to decypher those hidden misteries covered with the shoe of hieroglificall beastes, and therefore they presented the formes and models thereof only unto there frendes at there retoorne, to procure therein also ther delight. In like sorte my self, in behouldinge theise German pyramides with an admiringe mynde, following there example, have sent you heer enclosed theise two sheetes of paper, which doe figure foorth, although obscurely, the shininge excellencye of that they represent; wishinge there all that the painters cunninge had been aunswerable to ther curious rarnes, for then your pleasure should have been in every respect equall with your desyre. But this want of his must be supplied with your judgement, which like the skilful geometrician, cann by one smale part proportionably gather the whoale boddie, or by measuringe only the shadowe discerne the heyth of the tower; and like unto Pithagoras that findinge in ludis Olympiacis but one stadium, which containned three hundred feet, therbie conceive the huge monstrous stature of the geant Hercules the measurer thereof. But yeat least you, by behouldinge theis dumme, silent and mute pictures, finde more to amaze your minde, then to delight your eye, I present myself unto you as a bashfull trushman to unfould there meaninge. Yf I interpret there wordes amis attribut that fault to my unskillfulnes of there speech, because they be Germans by nature, and myself am not perfectly acquainted with there tounge, by reason of the smalnes of my continuaunce: I might also add this for a more juste excuse, that I am not a professour of there arte, and therefore unfitt to be an expressour of there misteries. But that which embouldeneth me is this, that though I aunswere not there worthines, yet I shall after a sort observe decorum, in beinge as farr of from presentinge the veary truth by my penn, as the painter is from describinge the lively vew thereof by the draught of his pensell.

The citie of Strasbourge is called in Latin Argentina. for

the number of silver mynes which be founde in the contry of Alsatia, wherein it is seated. The which, as it hath the walles fortified with moste artificiall bulwarke for to defend them without from the force of enemies, so the houses be adorned with moste curious paintings to delight within the behoulders: for the excellencie of both which it is placed emongest the cheef cities in theise partes of Germany, and renounid through all Europe for the workmanshipp of the tower, and the artificiall mocions, morall figures and astronomicall instruments inclosed in the fabricke of a clocke. The tower is moste spoken of for the arte in rearinge up a heape of so many stones, almost contrary to nature, six hundred foote highe in the aire, so geometrically that it seameth rather to hange therein then lean on any sure fondation, and that it hath continewed almost this four hundred yeares. I assure you, sir, to behoulde the same, beinge in the topp thereof, it seameth to have threatned ruine ever since the first hower it was built. passadge lying open through every stone thereof to the winde and the weather in sutch sorte that I scarcely remember my beinge on the heith thereof without a tremblinge terror, consideringe that I might have fallen to the grownde every moment throwghe the same. There is added to this rare heith a marvelous sensible deceit of the behoulder, for it seameth not to be by the half so high, to ~~take~~ the vewe thereof from the foundation. I attribute this to the smale hould the beames of the eyes can have on the stones of this buildinge, beinge everie waie (as I before have mencioned) perflatiles, and the force of the sight beinge divided into so many and sundry partes (by the meanes of those rhiones it lighteth on when any man looketh up to the tower,) is made more weake and feable, and, therefore, cannot by reflection bringe backe to the eyes the perfect forme of the object: for the sence of seinge beinge the servaunt of the mynde, dooth represent by the eyes (which be, as Plato termeth them, *ad animam perforatæ fenestræ*;) the trew shape of that thinge it was commaunded to behould, sendinge forthe his beames, as bailifs, to arest the object to appeare before reason that keepeth his coort in man's mynde; which, beinge vearye switte, escapeth, and is not attayned to by pursute; and by that reason, lookinge on a whirlinge wheele, wee discern not the spookes thereof, nor on birdes flyinge wee see no fethers; or yf the object be veary farr of, as out of his bailiwike, he re-toorneth *non est inventus*; and therefore we attaine not by sight the grasse that groweth on mountaines farr of, nor discern branches though wee behould the trees; or if they be

but informed by others, then they reporte falsly; and therefore men behouldinge the moone in the horizon, through and by the meane of the moist and vaperous aier, the eies reporte to the minde the moone to be bigger then it is 2 howers after: and an ower to be broken in the waves that is whole; a penny in a boule of water to be a grote for bignes: or, if theise ballifes meet with an artificiall object, then as with a suptill sophister, beinge deluded, they err in there arrant likewise; and that is the reason why Zeuxis' painted grapes dasled the sighte of the birdes, and whye Parrhasius coortine deceaved Zeuxis the painter; that Pigmalion's handes, in beinge in love with his owne picture, deceaved his eyes; and to applie it to this present example, this seameth to me the reason why this artificiall tower deceaveth the behoulder.

In the fabricke of the clocke which standeth in the church, nature for geavinge sutch an excellent subject to woork on, the will of the devisor for his invention and disposition, and the handes of the artificers for there exquisitenes in gravinge, carvinge and paintinge, and all three for the consent they had in the perfettinge this rare devise, are so much to be wondered at, that the behoulder remaineth doughtfull to which he shoold geave the glory or praise, for it should seem they all contended for the highest point of wonderfull admiration. Nature hath geaven a kinde of woode, called Zilly, which hardly can be discerned from stone. The devisor hath placed in this, besides divers incredible motions, the best instruments of astronomy; and the painters hath bestowed thereon the summe of their cuninge and the perfection of there arte. To retoorne to the devise, therein is to be seen a shoe of eternitie; the beginninge of Tyme and a vewe of Age; the periods of the planetes; the yearly and dailie motion of the soonne in the zodiake; the conversion of the moone in her cycle, and a more particular distinction of tyme by motions artificiall of weakes, daies, howers, quarters and minutes: adorned also it is with beautifull pictures of holly and prophane stories, and with admirable motions of men, beastes and birdes. To entreat of theis partes in order doth cause me to be preposterous, for first I must describe the heele and after, last of all, the heade. Eternitie is partly figured by the begininge, and partly also by the laste parte of the fabricke. The pellican that supporteth the globe dooth represent the poet's Atlas, whome they fained to beare the woorld on his shouldiers; but Christians do resemble it to our Saviour, by whome all thinges have there life, as the globe hath hir motion by the instrumentes conveyed in the belly of the pellican. Tyme is figured

by the heavenly globe; for as by the one wee knowe the revolution of the moveable yeare, so by the other wee discern the distinction of all motion, for the philosophers define tyme to be *mensura motus*. Before the heavens weare created there was no naturall motion, and, by that reason, there wold be no *mensura motus*. That estate of beinge which was before the creacion of the woorld was called therefore eternitie; because therefore the pellican is placed firste, out of which proceedeth the cause of the motion of the globe which representeth the woorld, therefore the pellican figureth forth eternitie, and the globe representeth the begininge of tyme. The globe is moved every daie by a circular and violent motion, and therein the soone in his naturall coorse kepeth the eclipticall line, whoe, although he be likewise whirled about by the violence of *primum mobile* everie daie from the east to the weast, yeat in his zodiake he finissheth his naturall coorse from the weast to the easte every yeare; which tyme is said to be his period, as that also of the moone in twentie eight daies and eight minutes; that of Saturne in thirtie yeare; Jubiter in five yeare and eight dayes, and so likewise of the reste; and that of the eighth spher (which is tearmed *cælum stellatum*), where the fixed starres remayne in six and thirtie thowsand yeares, which is the period of the spher, and it is called *magnus annus Platonis*, because he held opinion that then all thinges should beginne anew. The third yallowe great compas (that resembleth after a sorte a wheele, by reason of the forme and read lines that be like spookes,) setteth forth a callander for one hundred yeares (in the 4 corners of which be described the 4 monarchies), which was called of the poetes the age of man, and therefore they fained that Nestor lived three men's lives, because he was three hundred yeares owld, and this callander doth morally signifie age, and particular describeth the daies of the moneth, the letter Domini-call, the Epact, and the goulden number, all which be shewed by the arrowe of Apollo, there painted in the left hand of the table, and by the finger of Diana on the right side thereof. The great circomperence of this circle that is coloured yalow finisheth his cours in a yeare, the inwarde part that is coloured blewe in a hundred yeares retourneth to his period. Over which be motions of the planetes, as they geave the denomination to the daies, as on sunday the sonne presenteth him self, drawen in a chariot with towe white horses, with his strength Leo. The moone of munday, drawen in chariot by twoe redd hartes, her strength Cancer. Mars on tewsdaie, drawen in his coach by twoe tigers, assisted with his strength Arics and Scorpio. Mercury on wednesday, drawen by twoe

redd cockes, with his strength Gemini and Virgo. Jupiter on thursdaie, in his chariot drawen by twoe pecockes, his coachman Sagitarius, his strength Pisces. Venus on fridaie, drawen in her chariot by twoe white doves, her coachman Cupid, her strength Libra and Taurus. Saturne on satterdaie, drawen in his coach by twoe greane dragons, his strength Capricornus and Aquarius; so that in the whoale weake they all shewe themselves. This motion is marvelous beautifull and veary strange, and in my opinion adorneth more than any other parte in the whoale fabricke. Those rounde spotts in the twoe sides of the callender be the notable eclipses of the soone and moone, that shall happen within this thirtie twoe yeares. The rounde blewe, havinge the center thereof redd, is nothinge but the motion of an index that sheweth the minutes of the hower; on the sides whereof be twoe angelicall boyes, the one havinge an hower glasse which he toorneth every hower, the same beinge emptied out in the lower parte thereof; the other havinge a cepter in his hande whiche he liftinge up semeth as it weare to commaunde the clocke to stricke. The next great circumpherence distinguished by twenty foure howers, is an astronomically instrument called the astrolabe, wherein be the howerly, dailie, weakly, monethly and yearly motions of the planets and starres; in the corners whereof be the foure ages of man, the foure seasons of the yeare: above this is the monethly course of the moone which doeth so wax and waine, is manifested shininge or shadowed, as the moone is in the firmament. Above this be those men which stricke the quarters, wheare the hower is resembled to the life of man, which hath his infancie like to the first quarter, which is strooken by the child; his adolescencie resembled by the second quarter, which is strooke by a yooth; his manhood resembled by an armed souldier, whoe strikes the third quarter; and his owld age resembled by a graie-bearded man, whoe striketh the laste quarter. The hower glasse beinge nowe emptied (which the angelicall boye before spoken of that sitteth belowe by the circule of minutes held in his hand), the course of man's age is by that figured to be ended, and therefore death ensueth and striketh the stroke on the little bell, as it weare to summon us to appeare before the tribunale seat of the heavenly judge, and sheweth that the lif is finisshed as the hower, whose droppes of sand be resembled to the daies, and protract our lif to our end, and that our period of abidinge heare is so shorte as the hower is in respect of eternitie. Opposite to death is Christ which reviveth and raseth up to lif everlastinge; and in this second place is eternitie signified, whoe was before all tyme, figured in the pellican belowe, and shall continew after all

tyme is ended. The motion whereby the nature of our Saviour is manifested is every moment to come forth out of that place where he is pourtraced, to signifie that he carefully provideth for all ages, and lovingly presenteth him selfe at all tymes. This is, Right Worshipfull Sir, in breef, the summe of that which is in the fabricke of the clocke containd, wherein lie hidden more misteries then I have manifested unto you in theise fewe lines, and yet so much hath been uttered as deserveth a duple and treble consideracion, for in this so many divers partes is a wonderfull consent and agreement; for heer the foure men doe soe distinguishe the continewaunce of the whole woorld, as the foure seasons doe the yeare; the ages doe the life of man, and the foure quarters doe the moone and the hower; and yeat all theise have and figured by death, all theise have originall motion by Christ, which is there lif, figured forth by the pellican, and all theise have been garded and maintained by our Saviour, the laste parte of the worke. There is also the creation of man, the fall of man, and the restoringe of man, and his resurrection, painted in the lower parte of the table, over the eclipses of the soonne and the moone. The cocke on the left hand dothe croe at three of the clocke in the afternoone. This was not devised of late, but kept in the church as a monument of antiquitie; for in tymes past they used, when the passion of Christ was celebrated, to make this cocke croe at sutch tyme as they reade in the Evangelist, Peter three tymes deniall of Christe, the which savoreth nothings of the invention of the rest of the worke. The other side is only an artificiall steare whereby men maie behould the conveyances of the motions within. In the mindes of the magistrates that founnisshed the deviser with habilitie to make shewe of his skill by magnificent expenses, there is to be considered a desyre to consecrat the memoriall of there names to perpetuall admiration of succeadinge ages, imitatinge therebie the examples of many kinges and princes that emptied there treasures on such heroicall woorkes. Some in buildinge of temples; some by inventinge of warlike engins; some by devisinge spatious and ample theatres; some by convayinge miraculously waters by aquæductes; some by buildinge of bathes; by bridges; by gardens; some by piramides; some men by obeliscy, and some by measuringe of tyme by clepsydræ, clockes and hower-glasses and sutch like, that to recite all the other kindes of inventions weare to you troublesome and to me laborious. The great Temple of Diana in Ephesus did containe in length foure hundred and thirtie twoe feet, in breadth one hundred and twenty, was supported by one hundred and twenty scaven

statly pillers, and was a buildinge twoe hundred and twenty yeares by the moste exquisite artizans in all Asia. The walles that inclosed the great citie of Babilon, built by Queen Sennacherib, weare in circute sixtie miles; in heith, two hundred feet; in breadth fiftie; weare distinguished with twoe hundred and fiftie statly towers; in one yeares space weare finisshed, but by the hand of thirteen thowsand woorkmen. The children of Israell, that lived foure hundred and thirtie yeares under the slavishe servitude of the tirannicall Pharaes in Egypt, weare busied cheefely in there latter tyme in workinge of those statly Piramides; the commen people bakinge of bricke for the foundations, and the most learned amongst them in carvinge of stones for those hyeroglyphicall misteries. Trajan the Emperure, as it weare in dispite of nature, made a stony bridge over the swifte river Ister of twenty arches, seavered by one hundred and twentie feet, in heith forty cubites, in breadth thirtie. The theaters at Rome weare capable of sixtie thowsand persons to behould, and of navis of shippes to present *navale prelium* for pleasure unto the people. Hortensiles weare no lesse admirable, that were so artificially sett on pillers, that they seamed to hange in the aire, and therefore weare called hanginge gardens. The tombe that Artemisia bwilt for the kinge of Caria is renouned through the whole woorld by the name of Mausole. The great Colossus (that was in the haven of the Ile of Rodes, was an innage of sutch a mervelous heith, that great shippes with all ther sailes, there toppes and topp gallantes, mought enter betwixt his legges,) is to be wondered at howe it stooode firme and immovable of winde and tempest, without any shrowed, so many hundred yeares. Dionisius the tiran was the inventor of the warlike engin called Catapulta; but first he, by proposinge infinite rewardes, assembled at Siracusa, in Sicily, the most rare persons for invention in all Africa and Europe. Archimedes did devise, by many yeares study and wonderfull expenses, a burninge glasse, wherewith he wold sett a fiar the Romaine shippes many leagues of, and handes of iron to lifte upp whole navies by force, and to make them as it weare flie in the aire. Nero did invent and caused to be bwilt a banquetinge howse in Rome, wherein the motions of the heavens, the conjunctions and opositions of the planettes, wear hourelly presented unto him as he sported him self with musicall instruments. Vitruvius for warlike engins is of admirable renoune. And Berosus the Caldean did first devise to measure the tyme by an Hemicycle. Aristarchus of Samos, by a dishe havinge in the center thereof a strawe directed to the zenith, and Augustus the Emperewer in Campo Martio uppon the

characters in obeliscis, did discern the shadowes, and by that meanes distinguished the howers of the daie. Papirius Cursor did the use of horologis at Rome: and Scipio Nascica did firste devid the daie into twenty foure howers by the runninge of water. And Boetius Severinus the philosopher did first invente those clockes wee daily use, that move by waighes and tourne by wheelles*.

This catologue I alleadge to shew, that in all tymes and ages moste renounied princes have contended for the prise of glory, by inventinge rare woorkes for necessitie or pleasure, and also to shew that in all tymes and ages menn have been very curious, and have bestowed great cost in distinguishinge of tymes, as a thinge that ought to be esteemed moste pretious. To imitat whose example and to exceed whose excellencie, the Senate of Strasbourge have caused this wonderfull fabrike to be made in this forme as you see, by Doctor Dassipodius, publicke professor of the Mathematickes, Wolkenstenius his coadjutor, and Stun the painter; the renoune of whose fame as it is reported in moste partes of Europe, so no doubt it wil be perpetuated by continewance of tyme to all ensewinge posterities. Thus hath, Right Worshipfull Sir, my desyre to declare the forwardnes of my good will carried me perhaps farr beyonde the compas of my learninge, in indeavoringe to include sutch an exquisite peece of woork in my rude letters, and to contayne the statlynes of the high tower within the basnes and lownes of my creapinge style. But I hope you will easily pardon this presumption, consideringe it proccadeth from an obsequious mynde to procure your contentment by this my studious travaile. And although as it was geaven for advise to a temerarious weake person, that he should abridge some what from his rasshenes or add somethinge to his strength, if he ment to attaine any thinge by his labour, so I maie be admonished that I should have with houlden some parte of my good will, or encreassed somewhat to my knowledge, before I had undertaken the description of this fabricke, yf I did desyre to make my letters acceptable to the willinge peruser thereof. Yet still I bwild the foundation of my comptorte on the assured pillers of your favorable and gracious acceptaunce.

* In the *Archeologia*, vol. 5, is a very interesting article on the introduction of clocks by James Barrington. A manuscript at Trinity College, Cambridge, O. ii. 32, contains another account of the Strasburgh clock, written in Latin in the year 1590. These two accounts seem to agree very nearly with one another.

**LORD BURGHLEY'S MEMORIAL CONCERNING
DR. JOHN DEE'S OPINION ON THE REFORMATION OF THE CALENDAR.**

[MS. Lansd. No. 39, Art. 14, Orig.]

I have perused Mr. Dee's booke concerning his opinion on the reformation of the old Romaine Calender, and I have conferred also by speche with him at good length thereon, and I find his judgment resolute for the error and inconvenience to have yt continued; but he differeth in the quantity of the error, for he hath made manie proofes by demonstration astronomically, that the superfluous nombre of daies to be abridged are xj. wheare the Gregorean judgment maketh them to be but x. I am not skilfull in the theoreemes to discern the pointes and minutes, but yet I am inclined to thinke him in the right line, for I find he maketh his roote from the verie point of the nativite of Christ in the meridian of Belem; and the Romaines have made their roote from the time of the Counsell of Nice, and, according to that, they mainteine theare opinion. But by Mr. Dee, yt appeareth the error in computation grewe betwixt the radix of Christ's Nativity and the celebration of the Nicene Counsell, which he proveth by a great nombre of good authorities, such as I thinke the Romanistes cannot denie. It weare good in mine opinion (wheareunto he also consenteth), that by hir Majesties order sum skilfull men in this science, as Mr. Digges and others, to be called owt of the Universities, might peruse his worke, and conferr the thinges by spech; and though he discovereth the x. daies to be insufficient, yet he yeldeth for conformitye with the rest of the world to assent to the reformation of our Engleshe calender, with the abridgment of x. daies onelie; so as the trewth be denounced to the world that ought to be xj. dayes, hoping that the trewth will drawe the Romanistes and other partes of Christendome to take owt their Calender hereafter the said odd daie.

Theare appeareth great cawse to have this conference accelerated, for that it is requisite, for a secrett matter, to be performed before November; so as either everie moneth from Marche till November maie beare equall defalcation, or sum one moneth maie bear the whole. Thus much have I thought good briefely to deliver you mine opinion.

THOMAS HOOD TO LORD BURGHLEY.

[MS. Lansd. No. 101, Art. 12.]

To the righte honorable Sir William Cecill, Knighte; Lorde Burleighe, Lorde Treasurer of Englande.

Maie it please you, righte Honorable, to understande, That forsomuche as the maintenance of the mathematicall lecture, and other necessities belonginge thereunto dependeth especiallie upon the execution of certaine articles confirmed by the right honorable the lords of her Majesties Privie Counsell concerninge the capitanes of the trained bandes in the citie of London, and the erectinge of a mathematicall lecture therein, I did therefore in humble manner request their favorable letters to the Lord Maior and his bretheren for the speedie execution of the said articles. To my petition I receaved this answeare: That it pleased the right honorable lords in my behalfe to directe their letters to the Lord Maior and his bretheren, requestinge them to move those which had binne contributaries to my lecture to continew their benevolence towarde the same as they had begonne. The which answeare, Righte Honorable, as it seemed greatlie to favour my preferment, so am I bownde to be thanckfull for the same. But consideringe that my wages dependeth not upon the contribution of anie certaine number of men, but upon the promise of the Lord Maior and the citie, I feared that their Honours letters so directed wolde be an hinderance to my purpose, I was bolde therefore to renew my petition unto their Lords, whereunto an answeare was retorned in these wordes. That their Honours were readie to grante the same, so farre forthe as your Honour wolde consent thereunto, wherefore my request unto you, Right Honorable, is this, That consideringe my petition containeth nothinge prejudiciall to the honour and profite of the commonwealth, or that hathe not by your Lordships hande binne adjudged convenient, and earnestlie requested by the whole citie, it wolde please your Lordship to further the same; and I doubte not but as I shall thincke myselfe bounde unto your Honour, and the rest for your greate and singuler favour, so you shall have just occasion to saie (in respecte of that good which by mine endeavour shall arise to the common wealth) that your benefite was bestowed upon a painefull thanckfull and well deservinge man*.

Your Honours,
Most humble,
THOMAS HOOD.

* Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, there was a mathematical lecture read

TYCHO BRAHE TO SIR THOMAS SAVELLE.

[MS. Harl. No. 6993, Art. 40, Orig.]

Literas tuas circa initia Septembris ad me Hamburgo per scriptas, vir præstantissime eruditissimeque, misit huc clarissimus vir D. Doctor Winshemius, easque dum peregre in Seelandia absum, die 22 Novembris recepi, quæ mihi admodum gratæ erant. Nec enim insolitum quid accidit, si viri eruditi, in variis Europæ locis utut de facie mihi ignoti, ad me subinde dent literas. Quod et ego vicissim per occasionem facere non supersedeo. Non tamen ita mihi ipsi placeo, nec tanto me dignor honore quo tu candore et benevolentia singulari erga me potius allectus, quam quod ejuscemodi quid agnoscam, me afficis. Si præsens præsentem aliquando allocutus fuisses, ex quo sic aliquoties animum induxeras, equidem tuus huc accessus mihi percharus evenisset. Solent præter alias nationes diversas tui quoque contrerranei Angli me quotannis, æstatis præsertim tempore crebrò invisere, quos et, uti par est, in pretio habeo, et prout cujusque fert ingenium atque desiderium, libenter cum illis de re qualibet proposita confero, quot et tuum non gravatim facerem, cum ex literis tuis perspiciam, tanquam ex ungue Leonem, te ingenuū acumine judicio et eloquentia præpollere, modo Æolus atque Neptunus tam averso animo mihi tuum huc adventum non invidissent. Redduntur fortè alias placatiores, nam et eos qui ventis atque undis præsunt, instar eorum mutabiles esse concedet. *Nec fera tempestas toto perdurat in anno.* Dabitur forsàn aliquando occasio, qua his faventibus et benignius aspirantibus, id quod hactenus non successit, commodius expedies. Eris mihi, ubi id evenerit, hospes apprime acceptus. Interim quod licet et decet, quodque a me tam obnixè expectis, præstare non intermittam. Mitto siquidem bina exemplaria libri nostri secundi *de recentioribus cæli phenomenis*. Licet enim non libenter hæc a cæteris tomis, nondum typis integrè absolutis, avello, tamen tuæ sinceræ et amicæ petitioni morem gerere volui. Habebis et reliquos, sine quibus hic penè mutilus est, quando typis nostris ad colophonem fuerint deducti. Interea temporis per otium hunc, quo nunc te dono, evolve, disquire, dijudica. Et si quid in hoc dubiū, aut minus apodictice prolatum adinveneris, ingenuè admone, tuamque et aliorum præstantium in Anglia philosophorum de singulis eruditam censuram, sive pro sive contra nos faciat, conquire,

in Leadenhall Chapel; in 1631 this had been discontinued, but lectures on navigation were then read in the Blackfriars, at the house of Adrianus Marius. Stowe's Chronicle by Howes, fol. Lond. 1631, p. 1080. Thomas Hood the writer of this letter, was the author of a treatise on the sector, and several other scientific works.

audacter profer, meque per literas, cum libera restituetur navigatio, de his certiores redde. Vale et magnificum spectatissimumque virum dominum Daniele Rogersium, regineæ Majestatis consiliarium atque secretarium dignissimum, (qui etiam legationis huc in Daniam munere functus, me cum suo comitatu aliquando invisere non est gravatus) meo nomine saluta, unaque illum de mihi promisso serenissimæ reginæ privilegio librario, pro quo jam aliquoties frustra ad ipsum scripsi, admone ut mature stet promissis, quo diploma illud primo vere, si antea ob hyemis asperitatem fieri nequeat, certò obtineam, cum cæteris quibusdam, ab imperatore atque aliis regibus impetratis, operibus nostris præfigendum. Aut si privilegium illud non est missurus, indicet saltem, quod et cur id non concedatur, sicque fidem datam apud me sufficienter redemerit, eritque excusatus. Saluta quoque meo nomine officiosè nobilissimum et excellentissimum dominum Johannem Dee, quem in patriam feliciter reversum audiui, ipsique hoc nomine congratulor, omniaque prospera opto. Nobilissimum quoque et pariter eruditissimum mathematicum Thomam Diggesæum* ex meo ore non insalutatum relinque, cui etiam ex animo faveo et bene cupio. Utrique autem horum librum nostrum transmissum ostende, ut et illi in eum disquirant atque suam de ejus contentis sententiam liberè pronuntient. Quod si literis ad me datis præstiterint, ego et respondere et amicitiam in posterum cum illis colere atque de rebus philosophicis et mathematicis jucunde conferre nequaquam detrectabo. Iterum atque iterum diu et bene vale. Dabantur Vraniburgi, calendis Decembris, anno 1590.

TYCHO BRAHE.

Addidi quaterna exemplaria meæ effigiei nuper Amsterodami cupro insculptæ. Si qui sunt apud vos excellentes poetæ, quales in fœcunda et facunda vestra, et terra et vena, plurimos inveniri non dubito; cuperem, ut argutum aliquod epigramma in icona hanc atque operum meorum commendationem delectationis ergo luderent. Qua in re eruditissimus dominus Daniel Rogersius, suam quoque erga me probare posset benevolentiam modo à Reipublicæ serioribus negotiis tantillulum vacaret†.

Clarissimo inprimisque erudito viro Domino Thomæ Savillo, Anglo, amico suo dilecto.

* This is the same person whose letter to Lord Burghley is printed at p. 6 of the present volume.

† Daniel Rogers was distinguished in the literature of his time. I have not been able to ascertain whether any other memorial of this application remains. A good portrait of Brahe's is inserted in the Epist. Astronom. *Francof.* 1610, from a painting taken when he was in his fortieth year.

JOHN BULKELEY TO THOMAS HARRIOT.

[MS. Orig. in Sion College.]

Erudito viro Thomæ Harrioto amico suo Johannes Bulkeley salutem dicit.

Obtemperavi tibi tandem, mi Harriote, et felici auspicio id factum sit, si tacuissem mea mihi non meruissent, aut nunc fortasse suo judicio perivit sueto. Non eo animo aut consilio hæc scripsi, quo laudem hinc mihi aliquam acquirere contenderem, si vituperim effugiam voti mei compos fiam. Legimus in proœmio quarti [libri] Conicorum Apollonii, Cononem Samium, quem Archimedes vir acertimi judicii propter ejus singularem prudentiam summis laudibus extulit, a Nicotele Cyrenæo tanquam non recte in demonstrationibus versatum reprehensum fuisse. Scripsit quoque Eutocius Ascalonita inventa initasse Erastosthenis Nicomedem; atque Socratem, Apollonio oraculo sapientissimum judicatum, nichilominus carpebat Aristophanes. Denique Archimedi ipsi quandoquidem non defuit reprehensor. Quomodo ego sperabo me posse carere calumnia? Verum si criticorum moribus dilaniare in te cudetur faba, qui tua culpa, tua, inquam, maxima culpa, præcipua causa fuisti cur hæc mea, qualiacumque sint, in lucem perclaram prodierunt, quæ antea demi in tuto silentii mœnibus defensa latebant. Quamobrem in tuam tutelam protegenda suscipias velim, quoniam tibi tuoque nomini ea dicamus tanquam amicitiae quæ inter nos mihi ob virtutem solam interessit. Hisce igitur laborantibus, ubi opus sit suppetias ferre (uti confido) ex humanitate tua et ingenii acumine non dedignabere. Vale. Ex aulula Mona, pridie calend. Martii, anno 1591*.

* This letter forms a dedication to a large work by Bulkeley on the quadrature of the circle, the original manuscript of which is in the library of Sion College, and is, perhaps, the only remaining memorial of one who appears to have been an ingenious mathematician, considering the time in which he lived. From this dedication it appears that Bulkeley, under the advice of Harriot, had intended to consign his work to the press; and the reason why the project was abandoned does not appear. This is also an early notice of Harriot as a mathematician; although Gabriel Harvey, in his "Pierces Supererogation," 4to Lond. 1593, p. 190, classes him as a "profounde mathematician," along with Digges and Dr. Dee.

EDMUND JENTILL TO LORD BURGHLEY.

[MS. Lansd. 77, Art. 59.]

October 1st, 1594.

In all humilitie (right honorable) have I presumed, upon the reportes by my poore wief of your most favorable and gracious meaninge towards my relief and release in this my distressed estate, by letter to sollicite your lordship and to confesse my fault unto your honor, to lay before you suche frutes of my studdies as maye at least attenuate the offence, and move compassion in your honors mynd for my delivery. My cryme is counterfetinge of Forren coyne not currant in this realme; urged therunto, I doe protest, not through anye vitious or lascivious kind of lyvinge, but through meere and extreame want of mayntenance to susteyne my wief in her long contynued child-birth sicknes, the relief of myself and children, buyinge of bookes, paying of debtes and triall of conclusions mathematicall and serviceable for my cuntryes good; the frutes and finall endes wherof, not suche as are common or triviall, but rare and to great use in anie state or comonwelth, not fytt for vulgar knowledge, I heere moste humbly offer in redemption of my great amisse and fault comitted, to bee performed within some smale tyme after my release and some mayntenance with the recovery of my helth.

First an instrument, wherby the distance to anything, together with the height and breadth therof, at one stacion or standinge only, shal bee obteyned.

The second, a perpetuall motion of sufficient force to dryve a myll.

The third a payer of compasses, which shall describe all sortes of figures geometricall and spiral lynes, and maye, for their excellencye, bee termed the Euclidean Compas.

Howe serviceable theis three are, and espetially the two first, for all kynd of services as well at sea as land in warr and peace, it is needles to dilate, when half a wourd doth make your honor knowe as muche. Only this I crave in regarde heerof your honorable and moste favorable meanes, either by warrant from your lordship and my honorable good māster Sir Thomas Henage, unto the Lord Maior for my libertie (beinge as muche as he requireth), or otherwise to acquaynt her moste gracious Majestie with theis my offers to whome they are wholly dedicated, and of whose moste excellent mercye and clemencye (in regarde of my soone deliverye) my soule is well confirmed through your honors mediacion,

that untymely death through sicknes and ymprisonment growinge by grief of mynd in sorrowe of my faulte prevent not these my good endeavors; besides the edition of my workes of perspective and fortification, such as hetherto hath not byn seene the like the attaynment unto the knowledge wherof, hath byn cause of my greatest wantes, and want the only cause of my offence comitted. Thus, cravinge pardon for my teadious boldnes proceedinge from a troubled contrite harte, prayinge for your lordship's helth in all honor and happynes, I moste humblye cease

Your honor's poore and distressed supliant,
EDM. JENTILL.

*To the right honorable his singuler good lord
The lord high threasurer of England.*

INVENTIONS BY EDMUND JENTILL.

[MS. Lanod. 113. Art. 4.]

Inventions founde of late by Edmund Jentill for the fortifyinge of Her Majestie's Navye and the benefitt of this countrey.

A device whereby twoe menne maye be sufficient to waye the waytiest anker in her Majestie's navye with greater expedition then it is nowe done with the nomber nowe used.

The like device is founde, for the hoystinge of the mayne yarde with the like expedition.

A perpetuall motion is allso founde out of sufficient force to drive a mill in any standinge water, or quike springe, which maie alsoe be converted to sundrie other uses comodious for all estates, which have hetherto byn supposed to be unpractyzable.

A device wonderfull strange is alsoe founde out whereby a vessell of burden maie easilye and safely by guided both against the winde and tide*.

* Nothing is more easy than to picture the results of supposititious inventions on paper; a remarkable instance may be seen in the "Famous Historie of Friar Bacon," edited by W. J. Thoms, p. 24-5:—"Art oftentimes doth those things that are impossible to arnes, which I will make good in some few examples. I will speak onely of things performed by art and nature, wherein shall be nothing magical, and first by the figuration of art, there may be made instruments of navigation without men to rowe in them, as great ships to brooke the sea, only with one man to steere them, and they shall sayle far more swiftly than if they were full of men: also chariots that shall move with an unspeakable force, with-

HENRY MARSHALL TO LORD BURGHLEY.

[MS. Lansd. 101, Art. 16. Orig.]

Right Honorable,—Forasmuch as I have of late devised two rare inventions, the which may be profitable to my contrye, and damageable to the enemyes thereof; I thought it my dutie (having found your honour alwayes my especial good lord) to offer the discoverie of the same to your lordship before anye other. The which if your honour shall thinke worthie, maye be then imparted unto Her Majestie. The first is an engine, whereby the walle of anye towne or castle maye be defended from the force of anye canon: and the other is an engyne, which shall breake the araye of anye battell being readie to joyne: the which engynes are easilie made, and yett neither verie chargeable nor paynefull to transporte. And because I understand your honour to be delighted with such rare inventions, I thought it good to make modelles of the same, whereby your lordship may the easelier conceave my intention, and the better judge of the benefitt and sequell pretended. Thus fearing to be troublesome to your honour, and craving pardon for this my rashe boldnes, I wish your honour good health and long life to God's pleasure.

Your honour's most humble in all duetifulnes,

HENRY MARSHALL.

*To the right Honorable Sir William Cecill, Knight,
Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer of England,
London, the 1st of June, 1595.*

EMERY MOLINEUX TO LORD BURGHLEY.

[MS. Lansd. 101, Art. 17. Orig.]

1596.

Right Honorable,—As I have ever receaved, so I ever acknowledge your honorable favors towards me, and where I have longe endeavored to be a helpinge member to my contry (as God enhabbleth me, by whome every good and profitable thinge is effected,) so haveinge by Him, by appa-

out any living creature to stirre them. Likewise, an instrument may be made to fly withall, if one sit in the midst of the instrument, and doe turne an engine, by which the wings being artificially composed, may beat ayre after the manner of a flying bird."

your letter, which indeed is not enough to give me satisfaction. Let Kitt, when he goes next to London, speeke to Bill, or att the Blackfriars, for a perfect copie of Petiscus; my brother the captaine will send it to me speedilie. The touch that you give of your doctrine of differences or triangular numbers, . . . me of them, wherin to understand somethinge, I shal one day bee a begger unto you. Your dog, that hunts by the sines onlie, and I am growen familiar, and he is an excellent dog; but your she bitch hath no fellow for . . . , onlie she is slow; I had not lost hir, but knew hir goodnesse wel enough: the reason why I did nott use her in the former workes, was because, beinge in way of calculation by the tables onlie in that practise, I endeavored to cleare that way of all rubbs; also because I conceived it to be the shortest, I hastned (so greedie was my desire) to see the issue of my worke; so that by the assistance of thes dogs of yours I grow so confident as to undertake to pursue in chace anie game: but then onlie I shal be sure that nothinge doe escape me, when you shall please to imparte unto me a betch of your triangular kinde.

I need not bee so curious to send you my doubts in *individo*, for howsoever you satisfie me in private as you have done now, nevertheless, because you require it, I have sente them in two supplements, the one unto my letters that you have already, the other unto thes, which, unlesse you had remembered me of, I should have omitted againe.

My worke is crowned now you allow of it, and indeed ther wanted in mee nether will nor industrie to accomplish it, nor in you will nor skill to instruct me in the sacred wayes of arte; be you therefore ever of me unconquerable respected, or be I not att all.

You have recomforted mee much to intimate that anie greate difference in my workes will discover a farther misterie; for I was almost dismayed to find thes second observations give an Aphelie different for the former 3 or 4 degrees.

Of this later worke I send you all the numbers given and found, and had also of manie more by this time, if the impossible issue of this last worke had not stayed my proceedinge till I receaved your censure of it. As you direct me I will proceede to doe them all, for I am growen verie experte in this calculation. I did not mistake that $\alpha \beta$ in the diagramme I sent you was double the eccentricitie, and therefore, before the recepte of your letter, in this second worke I had placed β att the center, and ω att the centrorde, not onlie that $\alpha \beta$ mighte still remaine with Kepler the single eccentricitie, but to make it also corresponde with your vice royall probleme beare with

this imitation. Concerninge the Joveall starres I writte nothinge of them last, because I had nothinge to writte; for indeede, although both I and the yonge philosopher att Hambesbrooke have often and in verie cleare nights (when Presepe was most plaine to bee seene without the cylinder); when wee, I say, have often diligentlie observed Jupiter, wee could never see anie thinge; I impute it to the dullnesse of my lighte, for onlie with your greate glasse I could se them in London.

That you have made so manie exellent observations of them I am most glad of, for you have gotten the starte of all in limitinge ther periods.

Ther periods are verie merveilous, especiallie that of *Jovis proximus*, whos scituation also is no lesse merveilous, beinge not one diameter of Jupiter of from him. Of thes thinges and thos other *mirabilia quæ indies juvenis*, I longe to bee with you to discourse of them. My wiffe is well. Now you know all my comfortes. I have lost my second boy also, and wel neere eighty catle of the murraine, and the die still; now you know all my discomfortes and losses. Farewell, and lett not the hugenesse of this missive discourage you from readinge of it; doe it at leisure and by peeces accordinge to your best opportunities, and sometimes use the power you have in me, which is to dispose of mee accordinge to the utmost of all or anie of my abilities.

Your faithfull frind,
WILLIAM LOWER.

By the helpe of your dogs, I will revew all thos workes of anie that exhibite the distance in the ellipses, equal or neerest to the same distance found before (for the workes uppon the former positions of δ in the eccentricke, which were onlie to find out this, I thinke you care not for); and when I have perfected them, I will send them unto you, with all the numbers given and found, whether the quesite consent or no, since you so require it.

WILLIAM LOWER TO THOMAS HARRIOT.

[MS. Addit. 6789. Orig.]

Ira' venti, April 13th, 1611.

I so overwhelmed you the last time with a longe letter as it is just I should make you amends now with one as shorte. To send you none at all (which perchance had bene best, consideringe the use you have of all your time) I could not consent unto, out of the addiction and delight I have to bee still conversinge with you; therefore I will onlie signifie how it is with us, and so an end. My course of calculation I have stopte untill I heare from you; the two greate causes of my stay I declared in my last letters. I fell since into Vieta's last probleme of his second apendicle, Apol. Gal.*, and compared his way with yours that you last gave me: but to confesse a truth I can have my will of nether; and the probleme appeares to me not universall, but requires determination; for let the ba given have the same sides ab , ac , that Vieta's hath, and lett v' s' be the same that Vieta gives; now I will give a Δ that shall have thes sides, so as it shal bee impossible to find anie pointe from whence lines drawen unto the corners be in the given rate, and that is by giving a Δ with the same sides ab , ac , but in such position as the $\angle bac$ be \triangleright or \triangleleft , then Vieta's $\angle bac$, in such measure as Vieta's two circles doe nether cut nor touch. This rubbe put me out of this course, wheruppon I betooke me to your problemes for the distinguishinge of the sides of Δ^{les} , whether the summe or difference of the sides and the angle adjacente or contained with the other side were given in this. I proceed still with much pleasure and satisfaction. I have also putt in order all thos propositions which you also gave me, but I had copied in lose papers and with ill diagrammes, so that all the thinges stand well; and so I thanke God doe we also, excepte my catle, which have al this winter bene persecuted with the murraine; since Christmas verie neere I have lost 100 beastes, —Vieta's sacrifices to the witch Melutina for the invention of one probleme. But I skarce keepe my promise with you. Farewell. I am all yours.

WILLIAM LOWER.

*To his especial good frind, Mr. Thomas
Harriott, deliver thes.*

* The *Apollonius Galhis* of Vieta was first published in 1600, and contains a restoration of the lost treatise on tangencies, which Pappus describes as forming part of the *τοπος αναλυμενος*. See the article Apollonius in the New General Biographical Dictionary, which was written by the editor of this volume. The problem which Lower refers to is one of the most general in the series.

WILLIAM LOWER TO THOMAS HARRIOT.

[MS. Addit. 6789. Orig.]

Ira' venti, Friday, July 19th, 1611.

Since you incourage me so much I will proceede in those calculations of ϕ , and as I finish anie I will send them unto you; indeed to find the issue so and in the later so impossible to be reconciled, had utterlie discouraged me, but that now by your letter I perceave ther may bee good use made even of ther discordance, therfore of this I will say no more till I send you more. The leasure that the countrie life affordeth us here, hath given me meanes to run over manie things since I left the course of calculation, but amongst others the 3 vexations of scientificall mortals hath held me most, to wit, the squaringe of the circle, the dublinge of the cube, and the philosopher's stoone. From the first I am come of handsomelie enough, and have made myselfe much sporte in the discoverie of mine owne parallogismes, but in the later I sticke still, and am like to make you sporte here. I come fairelie of, but indeed I have here much *otium*, and therefore I may cast awaye some of it in vaine pursuities, chusinge alwayes rather to doe somethinge worth nothinge then nothinge at all. How farre I had proceeded in this, I ment now to have given you an account, but that the reporte of the unfortunate Erle's relapse into calamitie makes me beleive that you are enough troubled, both with his misfortunes and my lady's troubles; and so a discourse of this nature would be unseasonable. Neverthesse, give me leave to crave a worde or two in answere of thes doubts, which I will beesilie propound as followeth:—

1. First whether \odot and ζ be bodies so difficulte to be dissolved as alchemists affirme, I meane by dissolution (as I thinke they doe), that they must bee petrified and distilled?

2. If they may bee dissolved, whether with one simple alone or with manie?

3. If they may be dissolved and petrified, whether ther rectified partes, beinge conjoynd againe, will be multiplied in virtue?

4. And lastlie, that which should have bene asked first, an sit elixir?

But at this time, this much is to much. I am sorrie to heare of the new troubles ther, and pray for a good issue of them, especiallie for my ladie's sake and her fine litle ones. So for the presente I rest, as of old,

Your true frind,
WILLIAM LOWER.

To his especiall good frind, Mr. Thomas
Harriott, att Sion.

THOMAS AYLESBURIE TO THOMAS HARRIOT.

[MS. Addit. 6789. Orig.]

Margett, April 15th, 1613.

Good Mr. Harriotts,—Bycause I have no other newes to send you, you shall only receive the bare relation of our voyage from Chatham to Margett att the North Forland, which I can tell you in breiffe, though it was to us (new seamen) very tedious. For wee went on board the sixt of April, and are but now arrived att the Foreland the 15., which you will say is very longe, but that you know the danger of the sands, and contrarie winds too, if yours att Sion agree with ours att sea. I have learned here certaine strange words amonge our mariners, which to interpret will require some tyme. If we had bene at Vlushinge, I mought perhaps have told you more, but I could forbear writinge to you noe longer, though to little purpose, savinge only to lett you understand that wheresoever I am, I am bound to remember you, and soe rest

Your very loyteringe,
but lovinge skollar,
THOMAS AYLESBURIE.

I must not forgett to tell you, your glasses have fitted my Lord excellentlie well; and soe, as I feare you will leese them both, but not without your owne consent, I have noe auctoritie to promise till you give leave*.

JOHN RUDSTON TO THOMAS HARRIOT.

[MS. Addit. 6789. Orig.]

June 9th, 1615.

Sir,—As by experience I have found your singular humaintie by our late conferences, to make good the noble fame of your great learning, so hath itt emboldened me by this my letter, to request that you would send me word by this bearer what the variation of the needle is about Mosco. For at this present I have such an ympediment fallen into my toes, that I cannot walke abroad, otherwise I had beene the presenter

* Aylesburie is frequently mentioned as one of the scientific circle of Briggs, Harriot, Warner, and others. Some of his astronomical observations are preserved in MS. Birch, 4408, and are, as far as I know, the only remaining memorials of his attachment to science.

of this my request unto you myselfe, which, if it might have beene, I should then have moved some other questions, viz. whether it is probable that the variation can be in any place of the world 180 degrees, or the north point of the needle stand directly to the south. Also whether a shippe sailing right east or west by the compasse, keepes upon a parallell, as the common received opinion amongst maryners is, which I thinke not, because the east and west of the compasse is a tangent to the parallell, but how little soever it so continues in sailing, it is a portion or arch of the great circle of the east and west, and therefore (I conceive) cannot but decline from the parallell. But ceasing to trouble you with these manner of questions, I crave pardon for this my boldnes, resting

Att your command,

JOHN RUDSTON*.

*To his very good frend, Mr. Haryott in
Black-fryars, be these delivered.*

THOMAS AYLESBURIE TO THOMAS HARRIOT.

[MS. Addit. 6789. Orig.]

Newmarkett, January 19th, 1618-9.

Sir,—Though I have bene yet soe little a while att Newmarkett, that I have not any thing of moment to ymport, yet I thinke it not amisse to write a bare salutations, and let you know, that in theise wearie journeys I am oftentimes comforted with the remembrance of your kind love and paynes bestowed on your loytering scholar, whose little credit in the way of learning is allwaies underpropped with the name of soe worthie a maister. The comet being spent, the talke of it still runnes current here. The King's Majesty before my comming spake with one of Cambridg called Olarentia (a name able to beget beleefe of some extraordinarie qualities), but what satisfaction he gave I cannot yet learne; here are papers out of Spayne about it, yea and from Roome, which I will endeavour to gett, and meane that you shall partake of the newes as tyme.

Cura ut valeas et me ames, who am ever trulie and unfaynedly yours att command,

THOMAS AYLESBURIE.

*To my right woorthie frend, Mr. Thomas
Harriot, att Syon, theise.*

* An astronomical treatise by John Rudston on the "great conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn" in 1623, is preserved in MS. Harl. 5211.

THOMAS HARRIOT TO THE DUKE OF
NORTHUMBERLAND.

[MS. Harl. 6002.]

Syon, June 13th, 1619.

Sir,—When Mr. Warner and Mr. Hues were last at Sion, it happened that I was perfecting my auntient notes of the doctrine of reflections of bodies, unto whom I imparted the mysteries thereof, to the end to make your lordship acquainted with them as occasion served. And least that some particulars might be mistaken or forgotten, I thought best since to set them down in writing, whereby also nowe at times of leasure, when your minde is free from matters of greater waight, you may thinke and consider of them, if you please. It had been very convenient, I confess, to have written of this doctrine more at large, and particularly to have set downe the first principles, with such other of elementall propositions, as all doubtēs might have been prevented; but my infirmitie is yet so troublesome, that I am forced, as well that as other traits, to let alone till time of better abilitie. In the meane time I have made choyce of these propositions, in whose explication you shall find, I hope, the summe of all that of this argument is reasonable to be delivered. And if any doubtēs doe arise either of the hypothesis therein used, or of the concomitants and consequences therein also intimated, although upon due consideration onely they may be resolved, yet because I am beforehand in consideration of these matters, I shall be ready when I have notice of them to give your lordship full satisfaction for your ease. And seeing that my purpose, God willing, is within a few days to see your lordship, I cease from more wordes, resting, &c.*

T. HARRIOT.

* The Harl. MSS., generally ascribed to Harriot, and even by the late Professor Rigaud, are in the handwriting of Sir Charles Cavendish. In MS. Harl. 6083 is a paper in the autograph of Harriot, "*de numeris triangularibus*," which appears to have hitherto escaped the notice of his biographers. According to Aubrey, the Duke of Northumberland gave Harriot a pension of £400 per annum, and to Robert Hues and Walter Warner he gave £40 (Lives, p. 368). Hues was the author of a popular little work, *de usu globorum*, which passed through several editions, and was also translated into English. I do not know whether a Mr. Hues, who is mentioned in MS. Harl. 4728, p. 5, as having been a chaplain at the Bermudas, be the same person.

SAMUEL TURNER TO THOMAS HARRIOT.

[MS. Addit. 6789. Orig.]

Sir,—These shall request you to forgive me my absence untill to morrowe; then I shall give you a more particular accounte of my discourse with Mayerne. In the meane time, I shall lett you knowe that he cannot possibly com to London, though he have manny occasions to invite him to it, but he desiers much to see you there; but betweene this and tuesday he will send you, under his hand, the methode that he wolde advise you in the cure*. Tomorrowe I shall see you myselfe. In the meane time, I remaine

Your assured frende,
SAM. TURNER.

To his very good frende, Mr. Harriot, give these.

HENRY BRIGGS TO THOMAS LYDIAT.

[MS. Bodl. 313. Orig.]

Good Mr. Lydiat,—My desire was to have seen you here this Act, and to have enjoyed your company and conference about our common business, the furthering of such as desire to understand the mathematics, and to have desired you to have holpen me to Origanus, whereof I should have some continual use. I pray you therefore send it me safe, and leave it for me, if I be not in town, with Mr. Crane of New College, my very good friend, or when you think good, that at my coming home I may not fail to have it. I am still at my logarithms, and can neither finish them to my mind nor let them alone. If your calling, being of so high a nature, would give you leave seriously to intend other business, I should intreat you to strive to get out your meditations and great pains, and to demonstrate every thing as you go, without which I think you cannot have that acceptance and applause that your great pains have deserved. But we that have no such eminent business may be busied about these

* Harriot died on the 2nd of July, 1621, of a cancerous ulcer in the lip. I give this short letter as a biographical illustration. In the same volume are drafts of two letters from Harriot to his physicians, detailing the nature of his complaint, and dated in 1614 and 1615, which shows that he must have been harassed with this disease for some years. Theodore Mayerne, mentioned in this note, was a very eminent physician at the time, but it does not appear to be generally known that several volumes of medical collectanea in his autograph are preserved in the Cambridge Public Library.

trifles in respect, though in themselves they deserve to be of good account. Thus wishing you all happiness and success to your liking, I take my leave.

Your very assured loving friend,
HENRY BRIGGS.

From Merton Coll: this 11 July, 1623.

THOMAS LYDYAT TO HENRY BRIGGS.

[MS. Bodl. 313.]

Mr. Briggs,—There was delivered to me yesterday, in the afternoon, at Banbury, by one of my neighbour ministers, a letter from you bearing date the 11 of July, i. e. Friday was sennenet, which he said was delivered to him yesterday was sennenet, the morrow after the Act. And touching that you write therein about your Origanus, for which I thank you, and your Kepler: because you signified you were likely to be from home, I have written to Mr. Crane of New College, with whom you wished me to leave them in your absence, and sent money to buy others of the same for me, or rather for yourself, because, as I told you, yours were somewhat bruised and wronged by my carriage, and peradventure might be more in the recarriage.

Now whereas you renew your motion of demonstrating, thereto I answer still, as before, bene mones. And whensoever you or any man else from generality shall proceed to particular specifying of any assertion of mine not sufficiently demonstrated and proved according to the nature thereof, I will, by God's grace, do my best endeavour to demonstrate and prove it better. But I hold not a diagramme the only way and means of demonstrating, nor so generally necessary as you seem to urge. To give you an instance; I met the other day at London, with Lansbergius his Progymnasmata Astronomiæ restitutæ, where in the 10 pag. applying the sun's parallaxe to Hipparchus his Æquinoctial observations, to make them serve his turn, he sets down a diagramme to demonstrate that the true vernal æquinox is sooner, and the true autumnal later than the apparent, in regard of the parallaxe, which to me seems superfluous. For having granted that the parallaxe makes the sun seem lower than truth, he that cannot thereupon conceive that, in his ascent, he attains the vernal sooner than he seems to attain it, and contrarywise in his descent he seems to attain the autumnal sooner than

he doth attain it; and consequently the vernal true must needs be sooner, and the autumnal true later than the appearing: say I, he that cannot conceive the necessity hereof without a diagramme, is a verier dunce than myself, and not far from that itching morbo demonstrandi that some have complained of before me. In a word, I hold it as absurd to require diagrammes where they are needless, as not to put them where is need. And if there be any that will not look upon my writings for want of diagrammes, they may look beside them, and they will for me.

Further to acquaint you with my studies, I have within this twelvemonth, since my last being at Oxford, scribbled out three inchoate and imperfect treatises of astronomy: the first, of the obliquity of the zodiak in our age, which repulsing the insensible inobservable parallaxe, and the imaginary regular refraction obtruded by Tycho, I find with Regiomontanus and the Landgrave, to be $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees at the most: the second, of the sun's apparent anomaly and eccentricity, which I have by many observations confirmed to be according as I before supposed, $18\frac{1}{2}$ days, and $333\frac{1}{2}$, whereof the radius is 100,000; with the greatest prosthaphæresis, $1\text{ gr. } 54\text{ str. } 42\text{ sec.}$: the third is of the place of the Sun's Apogæum; for the reversing whereof to the Æstine Solstice and beginning of Cancir, I have with much labour found out above fifty good observations of Waters, the Landgraves, Byrgius his, and Tycho's own last Bohemicks. But speed these as they may, with diagrammes or without, I am resolved against the bringing in of the Gregorian year and calendar into our country, to oppose my great Period or Annus Magnus; and, with God's help, to maintain against whatsoever Jesuit or Papist; and in regard of the contempt and disgrace that hath been offered my poor self and it, to stand for a reward of my pains in finding or restoring of it. But haste breaks off this idle talk. I was even chiding ripe with my neighbour minister for keeping your letter so long in his hand. I know not whether he doubted me to be the man to whom it was meant, because you endorsed it to Alkerton in Buckinghamshire. Indeed my direct way to Alkerton from London, whence I came upon Friday was sennenet, the 11th of July, which day your letter bears date, is to Ailesbury, and so all along through Buckinghamshire; but Alkerton, my native soil and dwelling-place, is in the utmost skirt of Oxfordshire northward, as I have heretofore, although not demonstrated, yet declared without a diagramme in mine Astronomical Epistle, a copy whereof I remember I gave you. And from thence at this time, I thank God, in health, I take leave of

you ; the 23 of Julian July, and 4th of *ours*, on Wednesday Morning, 1623.

Yours, THOMAS LYDYAT.

THOMAS MAN TO THOMAS LYDYAT.

[MS. Bodl. 313, Orig.]

April 19th, 1625.

Sir,—In your letter, written to Mr. Crane, and dated the 23rd of July, 1623, you made mention of a manuscript, which was a paraphrase of Ptolomie's *Almagest*, and extant in our Library*: out of which you desired to have copied out the beginning of the third book so far as to those words answering the Greek *τῶν δ' οὕτως ἔχοντων*, &c., together with the marginal notes, and if there were ought else to be found either in the beginning, or end thereof, or any where else concerning the antiquity and author of it. To give you satisfaction herein, Mr. Warden hath taken great care and pains; for he hath employed one of our fellows in copying it out, and hath transcribed it himself. You shall receive both the copies by the bearer hereof, Mr. William Griffith; but I fear neither of them will answer your expectation. For first, whereas you suppose this manuscript to be a paraphrase of Ptolomy, it appears plainly by the same book being extant in the library of All Souls' College, that it is only a mere translation. In the preface of which book, after a strong commendation of this Ptolomy and his work, there is some mention made of this translation. The words, because they are a sufficient proof hereof, and will satisfy your demand concerning the author and antiquity of it, I have sent you as I find them at the end of the preface; and they are these: *Liber hic præcepto Maimonis regis Arabum, qui regnavit in Baldath, a Alahazer filio Josephi filii Matte Arismetici, et Sergio filii Elbe Yplano, in anno 12 et 2000 Sectæ Sarracenorum translatus est; qui quidem liber est Magnus dictus Almagesti, quem Bartholomæus Bheleudensis de scientia stellarum, et motuum, qui sunt in cælo, conscripsit.* The same translation, but without this preface, is extant in the same Library, excus. à Petro Liechtenstein, Colon. Venetiis, 1515. Again, that clause which you aim at especially, as I understood by Mr. Doctor Bainbridge,

* The manuscript here referred to is probably that mentioned in Bernard's *Catalogue* (fol. Oxon. 1697, p. 37.) under the title of "*Ptolomæi almagestum ex Arabica in Latinam linguam verum.*" This forms No. 281 of the manuscripts in the library of New College.

and which in our manuscript is thus in the text, *si in considerationibus decepti fuerimus in quarta diei, ut sit inter ipsam et suam differentiam quarta diei*; this clause, I say, is not found in the manuscript or printed book of All Souls; in the printed book not at all; and in the MS. 'tis only in the margin thus: *ut sit inter ipsam et suam differentiam quarta diei*. Other diversities of reading in All Souls' MS. you shall find noted in the margin of one of these copies. As for the marginal notes in our MS., Mr. Warden hath with great labour transcribed them; they being written in a very small character, and full of abbreviations. This is all I thought good to acquaint you with concerning this matter. If you shall desire to be farther certified in any special point out of this MS., you shall find me (besides others) as willing to perform at any time, as now to promise my best furtherance therein; and so I leaving you to God's protection, rest

Your friend,
THOMAS MAN.

THOMAS LYDYAT TO THOMAS MAN.

[MS. Bodl. 313.]

Alkerton, May 12th, 1625.

Sir,—Touching the letter I received from you, dated April the 19th, almost three weeks since, together with the transcript out of the Latin paraphrase of Ptolemy, as I termed it in my letter, wherein I desired it to be sent me almost two years ago, then deeming it a matter of no greater moment or difficulty, but that I might easily have obtained it within two or three days; whereas you write, you fear neither of the copies will answer mine expectation: truly mine expectation thereof was no greater than I signified in my letter, and had before set forth in print, and given copies thereof into your library, that you needed not to be ignorant of the matter. But I must confess it fell out very greatly contrary to mine expectation, that it was so long deferred, which I imagined might have been so soon obtained; and that made me at length the more earnestly to urge not only to others of your fellows, my kind friends, according as I met with them, but in the end also to your worthy, and by me accordingly respected, Mr. Warden himself; I say the more earnestly and almost obstinately to urge that which in the beginning I did not so much respect: because I began to suspect, that not the difficulty of the matter, but some sinister surmise arising upon

the impairing of my credit amongst you was the cause of the differring of it so long, contrary to, I will not say, your promise, but my expectation. Wherein I accounted myself not a little wronged, yet not by you, but by some other, by whose means I had been so much discredited amongst you of that excellent society; whose good opinion of me I have ever yet esteemed, and so shall esteem ever while I live, as one of my greatest worldly comforts.

Now for your reasons why you fear your transcripts will not answer mine expectation: first because it appears plainly to be only a mere translation which I supposed to be a paraphrase: I termed it so by reason of the clauses here and there inserted more than the text, and for illustration of the text, which is the property of a paraphrase; and I thought I might the boldier so term it because Scaliger had likewise termed it before me, namely, in his *Tract. de Emend. Temp.*, pag. 370, calling both the author *Paraphrasten Arabem*, and the translation itself, *Paraphrasin*. As for the words you transcribed out of the end of the preface of *All Souls' MS.*, to satisfy my demand concerning the author and antiquity of it: the antiquity of the Arabique was no part of my demand or doubt: as having seen the same long since, not only in the forealleged place of Scaliger, but before in Christman's Appendix to *Alfrugan*, pag. 471, out of a MS. of the Palatine Library: neither yet the antiquity of the first Latin translation out of the Arabique: which, out of the same place, and also otherwise, is sufficiently known to have been procured by the Emperor Frederick the Second, surnamed *Siculus*: but my demand was concerning the antiquity of your own particular copy of that translation. Nevertheless you have done well that you have transcribed those words touching the Arabic, and thank you for it.

Concerning the second cause of your fear, namely the clause that Mr. Dr. Bainbridge gave you to understand I did especially aim at: neither did I ever tell him so much, nor any man else, neither is it true: neither doth that paraphrastical insertion, being either wholly or partly omitted in other MSS. or printed copies, make much either for or against the goodness of your own. But the clause which I did indeed especially aim at, and in regard whereof chiefly I did and do term your old Latin translation of the *Almagest* a paraphrase, is that immediately following those words cited by me in the top of the 32nd page of my *Astronomy epistle*, *à circulo ad circulum* [*antequam demonstraret*], have both your transcripts: but as I have read it heretofore, because I could make no sense of the other, and thereupon made an annota-

tion, which some of my learned friends have seen almost two years ago: *ad quem*, or *juxta quem*, or *quod dirigent considerationes positas*. Touching your two transcripts, I understand the fairer of them to be Mr. Warden's own handwriting: for which I request you to return him from me many dutiful thanks; withal signifying unto him that I had not so little wit or manners either, as to wish himself to be at such pains: but used his name in my letter only because I supposed he knew best whom to employ about it. Concerning the point in controversy about the confounding or dividing of two of Hipparchus his vernal observations, I pray you return my commendations to your mathematic reader, whose I understand the other transcript to be, with many thanks likewise for his pains. And whereas in the marginal notes of your manuscript there is one against the vernal observations, which either I had not before marked, or else have since forgotten, namely, *pro prima est secunda vel transposita*: I desire him to send me word whether that appear to be of the same hand and antiquity with the other. Again, whereas in his transcript against those words, *et post annum*, transcribed in the text, but afterward blotted out again, there is moreover adjoined this marginal note, *et post annum deleantur*, whether that be the ancient censure of either of All Souls' copies, the manuscript or the printed, or his own censure: because all those three words are quite left out of them both without any marginal note or censure at all. In a word, because the uncertainty which of the three copies he took for the ground of his transcript breeds some confusion to mine understanding of his diverse readings in the margin: I request him to be at so much the more pains as to transcribe all that concerns the same one or two vernal observations, being not half a score lines, from *et post hoc*, to *fere per 5 horas*, word for word, distinctly and severally out of all three copies, with such marginal notes as each of them have: and thereto to add the fourth, which I understand to be in Sir Henry Saville's Mathematic Library, and which, I doubt not, he may easily obtain in regard of his acquaintance with Mr. Briggs. And to him I desire you both to have me heartily commended, thanking him for Victa his Gregorian Calendar, which I received from him a se'nnight since: touching which I purpose, God willing (if my building hinder me not over much), to write unto him ere long. Meanwhile it is not the least cause of my writing unto you at this time, to signify unto him that I have received it, and good content with and by it.

And thereupon I request you all three, namely Mr. Briggs, together with Mr. Miller (for that I have been given to un-

derstand your mathematic lecturer's name is) and yourself, to have me commended to Mr. Bainbridge, with whom it seems you are familiarly acquainted; and tell him, whereas toward the end of his Vespers' lecture, the last act, wherein he discoursed of the reformation of the year and calendar, he very sharply and bitterly inveighed against certain absurd periods, whereby some went about to restore the same: I desire to know (which I would further have asked himself, if I could have had any more speech with him, or with Mr. Briggs at that time) whether he meant mine or no? And if mine (because I know none other that hath insisted in the same course), what it is that mislikes him in them? whether they are not framed according to the right definition of a Period or Annus Magnus? or whether they be not sufficiently demonstrated, because without a diagramme, to whit, linear, and properly so termed? which then it will be his part to overthrow by instance, propounding some other briefer or better, of another manner and structure, than of Enneadecaëterides and Hendecaëterides: not Vieta's (consisting of 3400 Julian years), as great a mathematician as he was, and as well skilled in diagramms: which (if upon such a sudden, amidst the clattering noise of my labourers about mine ears pulling down my house, and the hammering of my masons to build a new, I rightly conceive) to make a truly defined period, he must correct it by my rules, making it shorter by one whole month of 29 days than Vieta himself propounded: and so equalling it to eleven halves of my great period together with my duodenarie period. Or whether he thinks not any period at all profitable or needful for the restoring of the year and calendar? But, and if my form of calendar displease him; it may please him to understand, that the calendar is not of the essence, but an accident to the period: as whereunto any form of either lunar or solar calendar may be accommodated; even the Julian itself: as I have well-nigh two years since declared in the preface of my three Diatribæ, as some of my learned and worshipful friends can bear me witness: there being the same reason of the more ancient solar calendar of Dionysius Alexandrinus, and of the Augustan Alexandrian, with twelve tricenary months, and five or six days appendices; more commodiously to be placed immediately before either equinox, or the aestine solstice. Hereof I desire an answer with as much convenient speed as you can procure it: and so I commit you to God's gracious protection.

Yours,

THOMAS LYDYAT.

THOMAS LYDYAT TO SIR HENRY MARTIN.

[MS. Bodl. 313.]

To the right worshipful his ever honoured tutor, Sir Henry Martine, Judge of the Court of Admiralty, &c., in our Lord and Saviour Christ, health and prosperity of soul, body and whole estate.

Sir,—My request unto you is to move Sir John Wolstenham (and whomsoever else you know likely, after so many defeates and discouragements, to give yet another essay towards the finding of the Northern passage to the west of America and the East Indies, so long sought for by our English nation,) to give entertainment to a scholar, the son of a citizen of London, being sorted with a good and discreet captain or master, a skilful pilot and well experienced in the northern icy seas, and some thirty or forty other, honest, sober and industrious men, to give his best advice, and do his true and best endeavour, for the discovery of the coasts under the North pole, and within ten degrees round about, especially beyond it: and from those parts so discovered, with the trending of the land, and the channels and currents of the sea diligently observed, and the stopping and clearing thereof with and from the ice duly noted and marked, to find out the passages, and fittest passage to the aforementioned places. For which his endeavour and enterprize of discovery of those polar regions undertaken upon hope of good success through Almighty God's gracious guidance, assistance and blessing, he demands the loan of thirteen hundred pounds to be presently (within this fournight) laid down for the payment of his debts, upon good security of lands and goods pawned to the value therof, for four years. Within which time, if the same Polar regions be discovered, then all those lands and goods to be clearly released and resigned to him and his assigns for his recompense, without repay of any money: or in case he die in the voyage, yet if by the occasion and means thereof the aforesaid discovery be made, the same recompense to be made in like manner to his lawful heirs according to his last will. But, and if it please God of His infinite mercy, that by the same means the Northern passage be found out as far as to New Albion discovered from the south by Sir Francis Drake on the west part of America, or Japan on the east of Asia; then, upon the ascertaining of such discovery, there shall be added to the former sum seven hundred pounds more, to be paid to him or his assigns by his will.

And in whatsoever plantations or colonies of the British nation hereafter propagated and established upon occasion of this discovery, that is to say, in those places, and by such passage; there shall be duly and truly paid the tenth in kind of all manner commodities whatsoever accruing by sea or land, to the maintenance of an able ministry of God's word, and schools of all manner of good learning, in the same. Lastly, upon the acceptance of this offer, there shall be given to the maker thereof, in way and manner of earns, a pair of the largest, newest and best globes, and twenty nobles in money, to the furnishing him with books of like argument, for the better performance thereof.

So desireth (the 17th of October, 1626.)

Your distressed old pupil,

THOMAS LYDYAT.

Concerning the motion that was made to me the other day by Sir D. D. about going to Constantinople with the new ambassador that is shortly to go thither; I do not desire it otherwise, than there to get a pass to travel to some of the principal cities in Greece, Natolia and Syria, and to Alexandria and Cairo: and thence by means of the patriarch of Alexandria and the Abasen pilgrims, that travel yearly that way to and from Jerusalem, to go in company with them into Ethiopia, unto mount Amara, to know the truth of what hath been reported touching the library there; and thereabouts to study in divinity, history, and astronomy. If this may be effected, I shall think myself much beholden to them, by whose means it is effected. But in the meantime I want forty marks to print mine almanacks: and (I should have said first) to buy me a suit of apparel to defend me from the cold.

November 30th, 1626.

THOMAS LYDYAT.

HENRY BRIGGS TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch. 4395, Orig.]

Merton College, October 25th, 1628.

Good Mr. Pell,—I must acknowledge that I receyved your former letter, but my many occasions at that instant and my suddaine longe journey into the northe, not knowinge ether

who brought your letter or by whom to returne my answer, were the occasions, as I now remember, that you have beene put to this second trouble. Now I shall indevoure to give you suche satisfaction as I can, and seinge I do not know who brought this letter, or by whom more conveniently to sende, I purpose to sende mine answer to London, from thence to be brought to Trinity College where I hope it will finde you.

1. For your first demande (seinge I do not know whose lines you use, my answer wil be somewhat more uncertaine, and it may be the author whom you followe would satisfie you more fully,) 'tis well if I can satisfie for mine owne defectes. These artificiall numbers (injuriously named sines) are not made for degrees, minutes, &c., but for the true *sinus dati cujuscunque gradus et minuti*: therefore if you first finde the true sine of any arke, the *Nothi* may best be found by the generall rule set downe in 14 cap. of my booke, *Dato cuilibet numero absoluto, Logarithmum congruum invenire et contra*. But if this seeme too tedious, you may use the parte proportionall. If 60 minutes or secondes rather (for the minutes are expressed in the printed tables) give the whole difference *inter duos proximos*; what shal be the difference to be added or subtracted for 27" or any other number; but in the parte proportionall we muste not expect suche exact precisenes as in the former, especially if there be any notable inequality in the differences next adjoyninge: where we may not safely trust proportion, as namely in the artificiall sines of the beginninge and ende of the quadrant. But if you be willinge to enlarge some parte of your table to secondes, I have expressed the maner in my booke cap. 12, and more easily cap. 13, where first you may enlarge them to fiftes of minutes or to 12"; and if you be at leisure afterwards to 24" or to the 25 parte of a minute; then (the differences beinge brought more nere to equalitie) you may somewhat more safely trust the parte proportionall.

2. Concerninge the logar. of all fractions proper or improper, see my 10 cap. and for a generall rule take this, *Differentia logarithmorum numeratoris et denominatoris est logarithmus datarum partium*. As of $\frac{3}{2}$ 017609125905568 of $\frac{2}{3}$ —017609 etc. of $\frac{100}{13}$ 034678748622466 of $\frac{15}{100}$ —034678 etc. And contra, to finde the absolute number of any logarithme, seeke the logarithme in the tables, and if it be there you shall have the absolute number in the margent; if it be not there, then by the parte proportionall you may come nere it, so that if neede be. you change the characteristica as is prescribed in the 11 cap. de qua in 4 cap., for so there wil be lesse defect in

the parte proportionall, when the tabular differences are nerer to equalitie, by whiche meanes you shall come to the numerator of your fraction whose denominator is alwaies 1000 etc. For example, the log. of 10 is 1.0000 etc.; therefore the log. of the $\sqrt{}$ of 10 must be 050000 (for we must very warily regard the characteristica, otherwise the answer wil be false), alter the characteristic and it may be +50000 and in 32 chiliads you shall finde the absolute number next under that whiche you seeke is 31622; this must be augmented by the part proportionall, whiche is 7763, so that the number is 316227763; now seinge the characteristic is 0, till I did augment it, it is apparant that the roote of 10 is $3\frac{16227763}{100000000}$, or rather 3,16227763 as I usually write it. But this aggreethe not withe the roote sett downe in the 10th page of my booke. I must confesse it. The parte proportionall is alwaies in these cases somewhat defective: see my 16. cap.

3. Concerninge Mr. Wingate's booke I hope well that all he saithe are true; but I have not so advisedly looked on it, that I may justly ether except or approve all; but if you please to mention in your next any particular, I shall tell you mine opinion.

4. My desire was to have those chiliades which are wantinge betwixt 20 and 90 calculated and printed, and I had done them all almost by myselfe and by some frendes whom my rules had sufficiently informed, and by agreement the busines was conveniently parted amongst us: but I am eased of that charge and care by one Adrian Vlacque an Hollander, who hathe done all the whole 100 chiliades, and printed them in Latin, Dutche and Frenche, 1000 bookes in these three languages, and hathe sould them almost all; but he hathe cutt of four of my figures throughout, and hathe left out my dedication, and to the reader, and two chapters the 12 and 13, in the rest he hathe not varied from me at all.

And thus I have desired to make an amendes for my answeringe no sooner. If yet there remaine any scruple, if you please to write the thirde time I shall be desirous to give you further satisfaction. And so commendinge you and your studies to the gracious blessinge of the Almightye, I take my leave, ever restinge,

Your very lovinge frende,

HENRIE BRIGGS.

THOMAS LYDYAT TO HENRY BRIGGS.

[MS. Bodl. 313.]

Bocardo, October 31st, 1623.

Mr. Briggs,—After a full year gone and past, from the time I delivered you the two little notes in August (was twelve months) which you say you lost: I did, though with much adoe, enforce myself to make them again. The cause of my then committing them unto you, had I not told you, you must easily conceive, was to have your judgment of them, to the end that afterwards I might shew them unto others of my worshipful friends to be motives to stir them to do somewhat for me, either to the helping me out of prison, that was and is my most desire and main suit: where, through the exceeding care that I had the last year to discharge my debts as fast as I could, and indeed faster than I well could; I thank God for all! I was as near starving for hunger, about the time you were last with me, in February, as I think ever poor prisoner was that scaped it. I had sent you this copy as soon as I had new made it, but that I understood you were from home. In the meantime I sent it to New College, to Mr. Stringer, by him to be delivered to Mr. Warden: who, I thank him, the other day brought it to me again himself. As I wrote to Mr. Stringer, I dare not say it is to shew the probability of so great a refraction, for fear lest all the astronomers on this side the hither tropic have me by the ears for it: but only the possibility: leaving the full determining of the business, till I come either under the North pole, according to the letter I sent you this time twelvemonths, or over the Cape of Good Hope; whither I say, to the one place or to the other, even to the world's end, I pray God send me safe, so out of prison. I shewed it not long since to Mr. Pesor, at his kind visiting me, which, I thank him, he hath often done; at what time he told me, to my comfort, he was of my mind, that astronomy would never be perfited until there were some astronomical observations made under the æquinoctial, and beyond the farther tropic, to be compared with ours. Now I send you the same again, to the same ends that I committed them to you at the first. Good Mr. Briggs, do not lose these too: but unperfite as they be, let me have your judgment of them, within this sennenet or thereafter, as your leisure will permit. So with mine hearty commendations, and thanks for all your kindnesses, I bid you farewell.

Your's,

THOMAS LYDYAT.

A PAPER ON THE WEIGHT OF WATER, BY THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

*De pondere aquæ, quo premuntur ij., quibus altius incumbit.
Quæstio ab illustrissimo domino Henrico Comite Northum-
briæ proposita, et ventilata.*

[From Addit. MS. 6789.]

Quam sit illud verum quod vulgi sermone tritum novimus; errorem quantumvis exiguum in principio, mobilitate vigere, sed ad finem in immensum excrescere, et quotidiana experientia probat, et quæstione hac proposita dilucide constat. Namque cum initio libri, de iis, quæ vehuntur in aqua, Archimedes posuisset instar principii Postulatum quoddam, de motrice natura Aquæ, et partes ejus minus pressæ cedant loco magis pressis: ab hoc Axiomate vel non clarè ab eodem enunciato, vel perperam ab aliis intellecto, quantum in errorem præ cæteris prolapsus est Simon Stevinus, qui labi cum eo unà nolunt, mecum jam convenit, ut animadvertant. Itaque tria erunt nobis seorsim, et breviter tractanda.

Primo statuendum est, quis sit genuinus sensus ejusdem Postulati Archimedei.

Secundo manifestandus est error Stevini.

Tertio asserendus est consensus Phenomenon, experimentorumque ipsa cum veritate juxta intentionem ejus postulati idque maximè ad præsentis quæstionis solutionem.

De Primo.

Proponit Archimedes Postulatum illud suum hujusmodi. Ponatur humidi naturam talem esse, ut partibus ejus ex æquo positis, et continuis, minus pressa a magis pressa extendatur.

Omnis vero pars humidi urgetur ab humido existenti supra illud in perpendiculo, si humidum ipsum sit descendens aliquo, aut ab aliquo pressum.

CHRISTOPHER POTTER TO WILLIAM BOSWELL.

[MS. Bodl. 313.]

March 28th, 1632.

Sir,—I shall be most willing to help forward your charitable intention towards Mr. Lydyat (a man of great merit, and who might be useful to the public if he were freed from this miserable condition) and to serve you on this or any other

occasion with my uttermost forces. I have effectually treated with Mrs. Hare, and desired a worthy friend of mine, Dr. Pink of New College, and Dr. Iles of Hart Hall, who hath much power with her, to assist me in this treaty. The gentlewoman much complains of the injustice of him and his brother, and of their dealing with her, and says in effect that the sum now due to her is 200*l.*: that they are able enough but not willing to satisfy her, that they have received not long since 500*l.* for land sold, that they have defeated many other poor men in this kind, that Mr. Thomas Lydyat's personal debt to her is 50*l.*, that he threatened to feed his brother in prison with her money, that being here in Bocardo he was wont to flout and jeer her as she passed the streets, and to say he would make her jet it in one silk gown the less, that he is now building a new house upon his benefice and therefore is not so poor as he pretends, &c. All this and more she avows with great confidence, and seems more sensible of their scoffs than of any other injuries. Yet to gratify so many worthy friends as have moved her in this business, she is content to remit 120*l.*, and to take for all 80*l.*, as 50*l.* in land, and any honest man's band (but she clearly refused to deal with either of them) for the 30*l.* in some reasonable time, two or three years. Here is the utmost point to which for aught I can guess, she will be drawn. She says, further, that she is aged, and a woman not able any way to improve her small store upon which she lives: that she maintains a great number of her necessitous kindred, and is forced with her great expence by law to right their injuries: that she is charitable, but doth not believe Mr. Lydyat's fit objects of charity: that she yields all this to his friends and hers, nothing to him.

For my part I cannot believe that Mr. Lydyat, a wise man and a scholar, would forget himself so far as to taunt and flout her. Both he and she sure have been abused by some talebearer. Yet methinks it would not be amiss if Mr. Lydyat did clear himself to her for that contempt, which most deeply she apprehends, and by his letter give her fair satisfaction. Some soft words to that purpose may yet a little more mollify her. And for the main matter, you being so worthily pleased to help him so liberally, what if he laid on his benefice a pension of 10*l.* for three years to pay her, or procure his brother to pay it, as in reason and conscience (if he have any; she thinks it very small) he ought. But she will have nothing to do with them. Here's the best account I can give you of this negotiation.

When you go into the Low Countries; and when you are there, I shall ever attend you with mine hearty prayers that

you may do God and his church, and this whole state such good service as all that know you do assuredly expect.

I shall be ever, Sir,

Your most affectionate friend to honour and serve you,
CHARLES POTTER.

THOMAS LYDYAT TO WILLIAM BOSWELL.

[MS. Bodl. 313.]

Mr. Boswell,—Although the course that you have taken in my business, to treat with Mrs. Hare for some remission, be diverse from the intent of my petition, (the preferment whereof to his Majesty and procuring a gracious answer, was my whole suit unto you,) yet have I that opinion both of your true well-meaning toward me, and of your wisdom, that you did it in sincere good-will unto me, and for the best. For by this means, to move the more commiseration of my case, is the extremity of mine adversary's hard dealing with me, not only manifested and confirmed, but also aggravated, yea doubled. It is manifested and confirmed, in that she hath partly concealed and smothered, and partly altered and falsified, the true state of our controversy, and manner of my debt unto her; as you may perceive by my petition, whereunto, to avoid needless repetitions, I refer you: wherein that I have truly stated and declared the one and the other, both my brothers and nephews grants under their hands and seals, that I have to shew, will evict, and our whole country both can and will testify on my behalf. And this main wrong of her concealing and shifting and falsifying the state of the controversy, is aggravated, yea, at least doubled, by her heaping thereupon a sort of slanderous reports to my defamation, a greater wrong than my five years' imprisonment, (yet I account that so great, that although she were worth a brace of thousand pounds more than she is worth, she could not make me amends for it,) whereby she would make the world believe she hath cause to deal so uncharitably and unconscionably with me, which otherwise she would not choose but be ashamed of. The unlikelyhood of my threatening to feed my brother in prison with her money (whereof I never received nor was surety for ———) you may easily conceive by my complaining in my petition of ———, wilfully defeating me of their grant made unto me, after I had so far engaged myself in their debts. Touching my being wont in Bocardo to flout

and jeer her as she passed the streets: in the whole time (a year and three quarters) of my being there, I was never aware of her passing by, but only once, that she was shewed me, at which time the party I was then walking and talking with will testify I used no surly unseemly speeches or behaviour toward her. And as for her objecting in special, that I was wont to say I would make her jet it in one silk gown the less; she therein bewrayed herself to be a weak woman, of less wisdom than she would be taken to be. I was never thrice in her company, nor did I ever to my remembrance take so much notice of her, as that she went in a silk gown. Alas! silly woman, as if I had nothing else to busy my wits about, but to mark what gowns she and her like went in. But indeed the defecture of a silk gown is a fit object for a haughty-spirited woman's malice to work upon. That I am building a new house upon my benefice, and therefore not so poor as I pretend, is a senseless imputation: mine old house being so ruinous as that my predecessor was afraid to lie in it, I began to build a new, and raised it out of the ground girdle steed high, before my brother bewrayed his estate, or ever I had undertaken any part of his debts: at what time there was no staying of it, the old being for the most part already fallen or pulled down, and my workmen entertained for the building of the new; the building whereof nothing sumptuous, but suitable to the place and living, as every one that sees it acknowledgeth, cost and impoverished me an hundred pounds, which cost should have been at that time spared, and that business at leastwise deferred, if I had been acquainted with my brother's estate before I undertook it; and the finishing thereof, with the building of the outhouses all likewise ruined, for which I have been threatened to be sued for dilapidations, will cost me fifty pounds more; which conscience binds me to repair rather than pay another man's debt to Mrs. Hare, undertaken upon a grant whereof I am defeated. Thus I find it a calamity common to me with other of my fellow-prisoners, that our adversaries are fain to catch after and blaze abroad slanderous reports against us, to blear the eyes of the world, that they have reason to deal extremely with us. But I hope, Sir, they shall not blear yours, and much less our gracious Sovereign's; unto whose gracious answer to my petition (to be presented by your means, upon the preferment thereof to his Majesty, being my whole and only suit unto you, for which I shall endeavour to shew myself accordingly thankful,) I most humbly recommend me;

Remaining yours to be commanded in all Christian duties,
THOMAS LYDYAT.

King's Bench Prison, April 4, 1632.

THOMAS LYDYAT'S PETITION TO CHARLES I.

[MS. Bodl. 313.]

To my dread Sovereign Lord, the King's most excellent Majesty, Charles, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland; Defender of the Faith, &c.

May it please your Majesty,—Mine humble petition to your Majesty is, that you would graciously vouchsafe to grant your Royal Privilege to me and mine assigns, for our sole printing of all such books, tables and writings, as I have made or hereafter shall make ready to be set forth and published in print, and of all other such authors, not yet extant in print, or imperfectly extant, as wanting a good and proportionable part of their whole works, as I shall find and procure to be printed; as also of all such translations into Latin, English, or other languages, and commentaries and annotations, as I shall make thereupon, for their better explanation; with sufficient penalty upon the offenders within your Majesty's dominions. And moreover that your Majesty would vouchsafe me your gracious leave and license to travel into foreign parts, as I shall find fit opportunity, namely, into Turkey, and Ethiopia, or the Abyssinian Emperor's country, to search and find copies especially of civil and ecclesiastical histories, to be published in print; and whatsoever other copies may tend to the propagation and increase of good learning;

Also, that your Majesty would graciously be pleased, that where you have leiger-ambassadors and agents, with your confederates, emperors, kings and princes of the countries, they may in your Majesty's name, in the behalf of myself and mine assigns, and at our suites, move their highnesses to grant the like privileges as aforesaid to me and mine assigns, within each of their dominions. So desireth, that the whole world may worthily acknowledge your Majesty's care for the advancement of the commonweal of good learning,

Your Royal Majesty's loyal subject,
Humble petitioner and daily oratour,

THOMAS LYDYAT.

The Books and Tables that I have heretofore set forth in print, and now ready to be reprinted.

Prælectio astronomica.

Disquisitio physiologica de origine fontium.

Tractatus de variis annorum formis.

Defensio de variis annorum formis contra Josephi Scalligeri obtrectionem.

Solis et lunæ periodus octodesexcentenaria.

Epistola astronomica.

Numerus aureus melioribus lapillis insignatus.

Emendatio temporum.

Recensio argumentorum.

*Dedicated to your Majesty
dearest brother, the Most Noble
Prince Henry of blessed
memory.*

These that I have now to print, not before published.

Proœmium trium diatribarum astronomicarum.

Diatriba; et animadversiones astronomicæ.

Problema astronomicum.

Circuli dimensio Lydyatea, Archimedeæ succenturiata.

Marmoreum chronicon Arundellianum, cum annotationibus.

Divina sphaera humanorum eventuum.—*Observed during
mine imprisonment, and dedicated to your Majesty.*

THOMAS LYDYAT TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

[MS. Bodl. 662.]

May it please your Grace,—Being desirous to finish and publish, as I hope for the greater good of the church of God and of my country, and the commonweal of good learning, sundry books and treatises begun by me, partly before and partly during the time of my long imprisonment, to the finishing whereof I cannot be so conveniently provided of books at my small benefice in the country as in London, Oxford, and other like places, furnished with libraries and shops of books of all sorts; and moreover whereas the publishing of them will require my personal attendance for the correcting of the printer's press; mine humble petition to your Grace is, to grant me to that end and purpose, a dispensation for absence from my small parsonage and rectory of the parish church of Alkerton in the county and diocese of Oxford, for three years; and for the drawing and sealing thereof by the master of your Court of Faculties, to subscribe this petition with your hand, which your gracious respect I shall thankfully acknowledge.

Your Grace's humble petitioner,

THOMAS LYDYAT.

Tendered, July 2nd, 1634, and deferred till Michaelmas following.

WALTER WARNER TO ROBERT PAYNE.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4279, fol. 290, Orig.]

Westminster, October 17th, 1634.

Good Mr. Payne,—For the problem of refractions, which you write of, I pray you by any meanes send it to Mr. Hobbes, together with my most hartly love and service, or whatsoever els you shall receive from me that may be thought worth the communicating, yf it please you to impart it to him, you shall do me a pleasure. For I have found him free with me, and I will not be reserved with him, yf it please God I may live to see him again. That analogy which you have, though it be but a particular passion of the subject it concerns, yet it is very conducible to the theory and investigation of the cause of refraction, the intention whereof *ex principiis opticis* is the grettest magistery in the optik science, and for the practise it is of that consequence, as without it the table of refractions for glasse and crystall, which is of grettest vse, can never be constructed, without which table the dioptrick part of that doctrine, which begins not by reson of the glasses to be in grettest esteem, will still remayne imperfect, at best not in that degree of perfection by much, as by the help of a well constituted table of the angles of refraction the busines, as I conceive it, might be brought to. I would be very glad to see Mons^r. Mydorge's way; yf he make a secret of it, I doubt not but Mr. Hobbes will know how to trafik with him. So I rest

Your very loving and true friend,

WALTER WARNER.

ROBERT PAYNE TO WALTER WARNER.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4279, fol. 171, Orig.]

Welbeck, June 21, 1635.

Worthy Sir,—I have here returned you back your papers, containing the probleme of the mid-ship-mould. S^r Charles and myself have perus'd them, but cannot understand more of them then is written in Latine; the rest we suppose are notes of remembrance, which serve well for your use, but give us not light sufficient to understand your meaning. Only the sixtene cases we apprehend well; but the demonstrations of them we yet understand not, farther then that in the Latine

holds. We desire, therefore, you would at your leysure instruct us farther in the demonstrations of all the cases remaining, which I suppose you can easily and soone doe out of the severall figures in the English paper. We long to heare fro you and to receive those things you promis'd. My Lord would gladly be a partaker of, and a student in your philosophicall discourses, if you would impart them to him. He is much taken with the device of your perspective glasse and desires you would calculate a line for it, at a good proportion, as 40 to one, that we might see whether it would hold good in practise as well as it seems in speculation; and if it doe, he will be ready to further you in any way you shall desire. Both his Lordship and Sir Charles recommend their love to you and soe does

Your friend to serve you,
ROBERT PAYNE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO WALTER WARNER.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4405, fol 161, Orig.]

Wellbeck, May 2nd, 1636.

Worthie Sir,—Though I have had some diversions, yet I aske your pardon that I have bin so longe before I returned you thanks for the two tracts you were pleased to send me; I give you manie thanks for them, and esteem (as they justlie deserve) verie greatlie of them. I received latelie a letter from Mr. Hobbes, where amongst other things he sent me this paper heer inclosed, which is an experiment of the place of the image of a thing contrarie to the olde tenet; a candle being put into a glasse of a cylindricall forme, the image hangs perpendicularie over the candle itself, as is expressed in this figure, and not at the concourse of the perpendicular from the object with the visuall line which in this figure is at the point A. Mr. Hobbs conjectures that the approach of the image proceeds from the strength of action from the object, which is greater heere than in a plaine, by reason of the concavities of the cylinder which gathers the beames, and by that meanes makes the motion or streame of the reflected beames stronger. I desire at your convenient leasure to have your opinion of it, as also of this place of the image in convex glasses. I have

sent you by this bearer, Mr. Butler, twentie pounds as our acknowledgment of your favoure. And so wishing you all hapiness, I remaine

Your assured freind,
CHARLES CAVENDYSSHE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO WALTER WARNER.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4444, fol. 91. Orig.]

Wellbeck, September 2nd, 1636.

Worthie Sir,—I give you many thankes for the two tracts you sent me, one of the place of the image in concave and convex glasses, and the other of the making of prospective glasses. I will not trouble you with a repetition of some doutes which Mr. Payen and I have of some things in these tracts, but refer you to his letter, for he hath promised me to write to you of them. The greatest doute that I have in your tract of the place of the image is howe the eye can take notice of the laterall beames which are without the eye, for sight being made, as you write, upon the retiform tunicle, I conceive not howe we can take notice of the laterall beams which are refracted before they come thither, or, as I conceive, we take no notice of that refraction. Sir, you see the boldness I take to trouble you, which your former favours have encouraged me to doe. And so wisshing you all hapiness, I rest,

Your assured freind,
CHARLES CAVENDYSSHE.

ROBERT PAYNE TO WALTER WARNER.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4458, fol. 26. Orig.]

Wellbeck, October 3rd, 1636.

Good Mr. Warner,—Though the plague (thanks be to God) hath not yet come nere us, yett we feele the ill effects of it. One whereof is, the interruption of intercourse of letters fro' us to you, and you to us.

I had some time since written to you concerning the two tracts you sent last to Sir Charles Cavendyshe, but I was not certaine where you were, or how my letter should come at you. Now having notice of your continuance at Cran-

borne lodge, and the conveniency of a passenger that way, I have advertised these lines to you, desiring to heare from you agayne by the next opportunity you can finde.

In your tract *De Loco Imaginis*, &c., the theoremes you take for principles, undemonstrated, require demonstration, as much as the conclusion you would proove by them, which yourself having first given notice of, I suppose it worth your paines to send their demonstrations: and so to cleere the manner of vision, how it is made, demonstratively; for as yet we take all upon probability.

But suppose these theoremes were demonstrated, there is yet one maine doubt remaining; and that is, how the sense should take notice of the laterall beames, which only touch on the superficies of the eye, and enter not into it directly, but refracted. And if the sense follow the direction of the refracted beame, that leads it not to the object. As suppose the lateral beame be BO ; the refracted beame in the eye OA ; the doubt is, how the sense can take notice of BO without the eye, soe as by that to be descried in the place of the image. Whereas it seemes more probable the eye should be sensible only of the beame OA , which is within it; but then if it follow the direction of this beame AO , it will lead it to P , against all experience. But it may be, the cleare expression and good proove of the manner how vision is made, will satisfie this inquisition and cleare the doubt; I meane the manner how simple vision is made, and how in that the sense judges the object without it to be in such a place, and not short or further on; for though this forme is a thing evident of itself, yet when I consider it more seriously, I finde it not sufficiently demonstrated by any I have yett read.



Agayne, supposing the sight to be discovered on the lateral beames, yet it is not thoroughly apparent why it should judge the place of the object to be in the concurse of these beames. You will say perhaps, else it would judge the object to be in two places. This I well conceive as an absurdity crossing under experience; but the cause a priori is the thing I looke for and would have, if it may be had. And indeed this lawe well cleered would necessarily conclude the former, except single vision may be made on one line, and then the former doubt must be cleered by itself.

Concerning your other tract of the Prospective. The short time I stayd with you permitted me not to take sufficient in-

structions from you to satisfie Sir Charles in the matter of that calculation; nor the effects of the glass focus according to the measures of it. The doubts we conceive of its effects, supposing the calculations right, are these.

1. How clere vision can be made, by beames tending to an angle in the eye: for this seemes contrary to one of the theoremes undemonstrated in your other tract: but your glass drawes the beames to an angle on the eye.

2. How one beame can be sufficient to cause cleare vision of the point whence it comes; for soe your glass seemes to be calculated, to refract ordinately but one beame from one point of the object.

3. But if you say the glass so form'd will convey all the beames falling on it from one poynt ordinately to the eye, this would be well demonstrated; for else it would cause confusion, and so destroy, if not all, at least clere and distinct vision.

4. Lastly, supposing all before were made good; the question is whether the hand or toole of any artificer be able to worke the formes or moulds, and consequently the superficies of the glass soe true, as that to nature they shall be distinguished from other convexe superficies, as the spheriques, coniques, &c.

Sir, I know it is a difficult taske for you to treat by letters, but since we have yet no other way, and that the infectious ayre hinders both yours and my goeing to London, where we might meet to consider how to bring this to some good pass, I desire you to doe us the favour, in the meane while, to write to us as oft as you can.

I heare Mr. Hobbes is expected, with his charge, very shortly. I doubt not but he will finde you out; and by him you may send your letters to us, if you can finde no other. Or if you send your packett to one Mr. Boothe, steward to the Countess of Devonshyre, at Byflett, nere Oatlands, to be sent by him to me at Welbeck; in regard of messengers that pass between them and us, your letters will come to us that way.

Sir, I beseech you present my humble service to the noble knight and lady, where you are, as also to Mr. Aylsbury and Mr. Hyde, with my hearty thanks to them for their favours. Soe God keepe you and

Your faythfull friend and servant,
ROBERT PAYNE.

THOMAS LYDYAT TO MR. ROUSE.

[MS. Bodl. 313.]

To his friend, Mr. Rouse, Fellow of Oriel College, and Keeper of the public Library in Oxford.

Mr. Rouse,—Having occasion to send to Oxford, I have sent you a copy of my period for Dr. Morrison, not so fair a one as I would, (during mine imprisonment my papers of some were many of them stained, and some quite marred with wet;) but indeed all that I have left, except only that with Dr. Bainbridge his censure, and mine answer to it; a transcript whereof, and of my postscript in the bottom of my table hung in the library, being some part of it worn away, I have sent withal: that you might the better understand what I said to you, of hanging up a better in its place. I pray you remember my service to Dr. Morrison: I would I were able to gratify him or any of you all in a better matter. I pray you also, as you have fit opportunity, remember me to Dr. Turner; I was indeed very desirous to have spoken with him, and tarried all that afternoon, the night following, and the next day, till past nine oclock in Oxford, only for that cause: and when he sent me word by his man, that I could not speak with him till two oclock in the afternoon, the excuse that I made was true, that my horse was weak, and borrowed but for a day: whereunto I might have added, that the poor man of whom I borrowed him (my nephew, the bearer hereof, lately one of your college tenant's tenant in Kenington, whose errand to Oxford at this time is to bring a child of his, one of my grand nephews, to be a chorister in New College,) hath none other means to get his living but by his teem, whereof that was one, and the principal his fhiller: as all your college tenants and the whole town of Kenington can witness: and therefore I was loth to adventure the wronging of him in that kind; especially this busy time of harvest, and opportunist time of the year to cart any whither. Otherwise I could have been content to have further attended Dr. Turner's leisure. So with remembrance of my duty to my betters, and with my duty and my best service to my good nurse the University of Oxford, I remain

Yours to be commanded in what I may,

THOMAS LYDYAT.

Allerton, Aug. 2, 1638.

NATHANIEL TORPORLEY TO THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4409, fol. 87. Orig.]

July 5th, 1632.

May it please your Lordship,—I presumed heretofore to move your Lordship on the behalf of Mr. W. for some consideration to be had of his extraordinary expense in attending the publication of Mr. H.'s book, after the copy was finished. The same humble request I am induced to renew by reson of his present wants, occasioned by that attendance.

For his literary labour and paines taken in forming the work and fitting it for the publick view, he looks for no other reward then your Lordship's acceptance thereof as an honest discharge of his duty. But his long attendance through unexpected difficulties in seeking to get the book freely printed; and after that was undertaken, the frivolous delaies of the printers and slow proceeding of the presse, which no intreties of his or mine could remedy, drew him to a gretter expence then his meanes would bere, including both your Lordship's pencion and the arbitrary help of his frends. It is this extraordinary expense, which he cannot recover, which makes both him and me for him appele to your Lordship's goodness and bounty for some tollerable mitigation therof.

I purpose, God willing, to set forth other peeces of Mr. H., wherein, by reson of my owne incumbrances, I must of necessity desire the help of Mr. W., rather then of any other; whereunto I find him redy enough, because it tends to your Lordship's service, and may the more freely trouble him, yf he receive some little encouragement from your Lordship towards the repairing of the detriment that lies still upon him by his last imploiment. But for the future my intention is to have the impression at my own charge, and not depend on the curtesy of those mechaniks, making that which may seeme to be saved by the other way, will not counter-vaile the trouble and tedious prolongation of the busines. But the copies being made perfect and faire written for the presse, they shall be sufficiently bound to deliver the books perfectly clen out of theire hands, and by this meanes the trouble and charge of attending the presse will be saved. Therefore, my Lord, what you do now will be but for this once; and in such proportion as shall best like you to favour the humble motion of him who is

Allway most redy at your Lordship's commaund,

T. A.*

* This letter, although signed by the initials T. A., is in the handwriting of Torporley, and from that circumstance and the subject matter of the letter, there

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 143. Orig.]

Wellington, January 8th, 1641.

Worthie Sir,—I have not much to write to you of, onelie I have heard nothing of those bookes you writ to me of. I have sent you hereinlosed what Mersennus latelie sent me. I desire you will doe me the favoure to write it oute and send it me, for I confess his hande is an Arabicke character to me; I praye you keepe his paper till it please God wee meete. I doute heer hath bin ill weather for Mr. Reeves to worcke in. And so wisshing you all hapiness, I rest

Your assured freind to serve you,
CHARLES CAVENDYSSHE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 145. Orig.]

Wellington, Feb. 5, 1641.

Worthie Sir,—I thanke you for your letter and the transcript of Mersennus problem; if he hath read Mr. Briggs or Mr. Oughtred I wonder he would send it, but it maye be he hath found it the analytically waye himself. I am glad Mr. Reaves was in such forwardness when you writ; but I doute the glass (which I hope is nowe finished) is not of the same which you tried your refraction in, because Mr. Reaves hath broken in his triall so much glass, that I doute there is none left of that which you tried your refraction in; but I hope fine glass differs so little in refraction that it will not doe us much harme. I hope you goe on with your owne analytically worcke as your occasions will permit you. I have no more at this time to trouble you with, but remaine

Your assured freind to serve you,
CHARLES CAVENDYSSHE.

can be little doubt but that it was written and composed by him. There is no direction to this letter, but the allusion to Warner's pension shows to whom it was addressed. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the initials W. and H. are intended for Warner and Harriot. This letter will serve to show the reason why Torporley afterwards attacked the work of Harriot: he doubtless failed in some application to the Duke of Northumberland, and his well-known irascible temper converted his previous respect for Harriot's memory into hatred. See my *Life of Sir Samuel Morland*, p. 28.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 134.]

Wellingor, June 26, 1641.

Sir,—I perceive oure business of making the perspective glass proceeds not, and I knowe not well howe to help it, unless there be some as good matter to make glass in some other place to be bought, for it seemes that at Broadstreet will not be had; I am not willing to trouble Sir Robert Mansfeild about it, though I thinke he would not denie me. Therefore, if you or Mr. Reaves can finde fitting matter for us somewhere els, ye should doe me a greate favoure; Broadstreet I suppose will be the best place to make the glass, when ye have bought the stuff to make it of. I shall write to Mr. Reaves to give us his help herein. I must againe thanke you for your waie of ordering æquations, and doe desire that you will proceed in your intended analytically worcke, as your occasions will give you leave. I desire to knowe if Mr. Warners analogicall worck goe on or not. And so wisshing you all hapiness I remaine

Your assured freind to serve you,
CHARLES CAVENDYSSE.

If you knowe an easie and readie waie to measure the refraction in water, you should doe me a favoure to let me knowe it; for I confess I knowe none.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 136. Orig.]

Wellingor, Julie 24, 1641.

Worthie Sir,—I am glad to heare you have got some glass; I hope it is good and fit for oure purpose, for I should be unwilling that you and Mr. Reaves should bestowe your paines upon course glass. When you have tried what the refraction is in that glass I desire to knowe it, and allso howe you like the glass. I have latelie received some propositions out of France, some demonstrated and some not, but I will not divert you from the business you have in hand. I am glad you have begun the analogiques, and hope allso that you proceed in your owne analiticall worcke. And so wisshing you all hapiness, I remaine

Your assured freind to serve you,
CHARLES CAVENDYSSE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 139. Orig.]

Wellington, November 20th, 1641.

Worthie Sir,—I hope Mr. Reaves is in a good forwardness with the convex glass; I dout not but you will trie all conclusions with it, which may conduce to informe you whether it be an hyperbole or no; as allso what proportion the diameter of the glass hath to the line of the contracted beames of the sun at the pointes of concourse; as allso to observe what aparances are made, the eye being placed in, before, or behinde, the pointe of concourse; and in the mean time, before the concave glass be made, to trie whether my concave glass which you have, will in anie sort fit it. Sir, I leave the further scrutinie of this to your better consideration, and wisshing you all hapiness, remaine

Your assured freind to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSHE.

I praye you comend me to Mr. Reaves when you see him.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit Mus. 4278, fol. 141. Orig.]

Wellington, December 18, 1641.

Worthie Sir,—I thanke you for your letter of December 13. I am glad Mr. Reeves is so well fitted for oure worcke; when he hath done it, I dout not but you will make all such trialls as maye give you satisfaction whether it be a true hyperbole or not, and then proceed to the making of the concave glass; if this fit it not, I shall still be in hope that a concave on both sides will. I have not (to my remembrance) seene Henischius arithmetick, nor should desire, for his mislike of demonstration by letters; yet if you thinke there be anie thinge in him considerable, which is not in Vieta or de Cartes, I desire you will send it me, and Mr. Moselei will paye for it, as allso for Scheiner's Ars Nova Delineandi. I confess I expect not an exact booke of analiticks till you perfect yours. And so wisshing you all hapiness I rest

Your assured freind to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSHE.

ROBERT PINK TO THOMAS LYDYAT.

[MS. Bodl. 313.]

Mr. Lydyat,—I cannot so well give you account of your tractate which you have sent me, as if you yourself come over hither to me. Which that you may do without your charge or trouble, I have of purpose sent over this my servant Henry Davis with a horse for you. He hath friends to visit some few miles beyond you, which he may do and be back with you at Alkerton upon Monday or Tuesday, as you shall appoint, to attend you hither. A chamber and fire and diet you shall have with me at New College, and the longer you please to stay, the better welcome shall you be. Is this all, will you say? No! but there is that more in it, which will, I am sure, compell you to come over. And that is a great desire my Lord Primate of Ireland hath to see you, and to joy your company for awhile. I need not tell you, for you know him better than I do, that he is a man of that esteem, as no man now living, that I can hear of, is, for his exquisite knowledge and solid judgment in (almost) all points of learning. You cannot any way grace yourself more in the eye and opinion of the University than to have it known that he loves you and approves your learning. I, perceiving his good affection to you, told him of your “Apparatus;” and at his earnest request, delivered him a good part of it, viz. all from the 88th page to the end, to read over: the former part he told me he had read over long since; his meaning was, I thought, in English. Dr. Bainbridge was then in company with us, and therefore I mentioned your Mesolabe to His Grace, and Dr. Bainbridge his non satis Geometrice, telling them both that I looked to having defects punctually discovered, and not so in the general. And my Lord, if any man will be able to press him to that, and disclose either your mistake, or (which I rather believe) his. So not doubting but that you will have that respect to His Grace’s loving expressions of the desire he hath to see you here, as to come over to him, and make me your host while you please, I heartily wish you a speedy and safe journey hither, so remaining always

Your assured loving friend,
ROBERT PINK.

New College, Oxon.

November 13th, 1641.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 168. Orig.]

Hamburg, January 18, 1644.

Worthie Sir,—It is so longe since I hearde from you that I doute my letters which I last writ to you, came not to your handes. I sent you inclosed in one of them the answere which I receaved from Auspurge concerning Reyeta's glass, and allso my desire that you would be pleased to enquire of Reyeta, who I heare is at Antwerp, of what conditions one of his glasses may be had. I suppose some merchant of your acquaintance will doe so much for your sake. I have latelie had some discourse with Doctor Jungius and Mr. Tassius; douteless they are both verie learned men. I was at Doctor Jungius his house, where he shewed me manie treatises of his owne in manuscript, videlicet, *De Locis Planis*, *De Motu Locali*, staticks, hydrostaticks, and some observations of insects. I have as greate an opinion of his abilities as of anie mans. I finde he is not yet minded to print anie thinge, but I hope hereafter he will, and I despaire not in the meane time but he will imparte somewhat to me. I asked Mr. Tassius (as you desired me) his opinion of your refutation of the Dane, who aproves of it, and that you doe it without helpe of the Table of Tangents. I writ in some of my last letters to knowe if Cavalieros worckes and Sethus Calvisius of musick were to be had. Sir, I have no more at this time, but wisshing you all happiness remaine

Your assured friend to serve you,
CHARLES CAVENDYSSE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 175. Orig.]

Hamburg, January 24, 1644.

Worthie Sir,—I give you manie thankses for your letter of the 10 of this month. I am glad to heare you meane not to trouble your self with Longomon. more than as an appendix to some of your intended worckes, which I confess I longe much to see, whatsoever it be, especiallie if it be of analytycks. I give you also manie thankses for your inquirie of Reieta, and hope shortelie to heare from you whether there be anie hopes to procure one of his best glasses. I am glad he will print

somewhat howe to make them. Who that is that makes those excellent glasses in England, I know not. I should have guessed him to have bin Hammilton, who was generall of the artillerie to Leslei, but you write him Haman, whom I have not heard of, but I hope heereafter wee may procure one of them. I am sorie Calvsius cannot be had, I shall not yet trouble you for the other, but returne you manie thanks for your inquirie of them. I am now growne into some acquaintance with Doctor Jungius, who is pleased to visit me commonlie twice a weeke, and to imparte to me some of his conceptions de motu locali; wee are yet but in the definitions, which are verie well expressed; he hath allso imparted to me divers theorems on the same subject, but not demonstrated them, but I doute not but he can and will, after he hath laied foundation enough in definitions and axiomes to builde upon. I am sorie I lost so much time before I was acquainted with him, but I shall endeavoure to redeeme it during my staie heere. And so hoping to heare shortelie from you, and wisshing you all happiness, I rest

Your assured friend to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSHE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 177, Orig.]

Antwerp, March 26, olde style.

Worthie Sir,—Not to trouble you with more particulares of oure journei than that at Rotterdam Sir William Boswell came to us, whom I found to be that which I supposed him formerlie to be, a discreete, civill gentleman. I perceive he thinkes Monsieur de Cartes his last booke to be full of fancie, though he esteemes much of him. Heere I mett with Sir Kenelm Digbie's booke, but had no time to reade it all; but it apeares to me to have some things in it extraordinarie. Wee met heere with the famous Cappuchin Rieta, his booke is nowe in the press heere almost finished. Hee solves the aparences of the planetes by excentricks, without æquants or epicycles, and yet not according to Copernicus system of the worlde. He teaches allso in this booke the making of his newe telescope; his tube for his best glass was spoiled so that wee could not see it, but wee sawe another made by his directions, but had not the oportunitie of looking at a convenient object far distant, but as I guess it is not better than

things, & distant objects even. I had not discourse enough with your friend to make him make queries, but doubtless he is an excellent man and very conversant, and I found him free and open in his discourse to me. He says he can easie and easiliness make the longitude, but he discovers not that in this matter. He says the satellites of Jupiter are little suns, and many other novelties he hath observed, many of which he will not discover in this house. I have no more now to trouble you with, but to desire that you will thinke of publishing some of your rarities, especially in the analiticks. And so wishing you all happiness, I remaine

Your assured friend and servant,

CHARLES CAVENDISH.

Wee are now going towards Bruxella.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL

[Ms. Arch. Brit. Mus. 6278, fol. 149. Orig.]

Hamburg, July 26, 1644.

Worthy Sir, — I give you many thanks for your letter, which I received yesterday, and since things goe not so well in England I am glad you are so well placed for the present, for I suppose it a place of good means as well as of honor; yet, as by the grace of God wee shall one daie meet in England, and be more happie there than ever wee did. I thinke we shall remaine a while in this towne, and so be deprived of the happiness of your conversation but by letter, which I desire you will be pleased sometimes to afford me at your best leisure. I desire you will doe me the favoure to send me one of De Cartes his new bookes, *De Principiis Philosophiæ*, without anie addition of his olde worckes, except he hath either added or altered something in the matter; I desire you will let me knowe the price of it, and howe I may with most convenience returne monie to you, for I am likely to trouble you for more bookes. I praye you let me know whether Mr. Warner's Analogicks be printed. I hope you proceed in your intended worcke of Analiticks, which if you doe not, I beseech you doe, and finish it with all convenient speed: for I confess I expect not anie absolute worcke in the kinde, but from yourself. I praye let me knowe what new inventions are extant in the mathematicks latelie, if anie. And so wishing you all happiness, I rest

Your assured freind to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDISH.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 151, Orig.]

Hamburg, Aug ⁸/₁₈, 1644.

Worthie Sir,---Douting that my letter of last week came not to your handes, makes me nowe trouble you with this. I give you manie thanks for your letter, and am most glad that you are well and in so good a condition; I doute not but you have hearde the occasion of oure comming over, I take no pleasure to write it, nor I suppose you to reade it; Gods will be done, and to that I humblie submit. I desire you will be pleased to send me De Cartes *De Principiis Philosophiæ*, and none of his olde bookes, except there be some addition or alteration. I desire your opinion of the late discoverie of newe stars; I see Gassendus doubts of it. I desire to knowe if Mr. Warner's Analogicks be printed, and if there be any newe bookes of Analiticks, but I expect no greate advancement of Analitickes but by yourself, therefore I beseech you proceede in your intended worcke. I am likelie sometimes to trouble you for bookes, therefore I desire you will let me knowe howe I maye returne monie to you. I longe to see you. In the meantime I hope to converse by letters. I remaine

Your assured freind to serve you,
CHARLES CAVENDYSSE.

JOHN PELL TO SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4280, fol. 101.]

Amsterdam, August 7, 1644.

Right Honourable,—Nine days agoe was your answeare to mine left at my lodging by a man that would have nothing for postage. Had I seene him, perhaps I might have learned some conveniency of sending backe to you againe, so that my letters might be lesse chargeable than if they come thus single to you by the ordinary poste.

I had sent you Des Cartes his new booke forthwith, if your letter had given me direction how to convey it to you; which, seeing you have not done, I resolve to send it to Hamburg by the next ship, to be left for you either at Berthold Offermans, a booksellers; or else, at some other friends house which I shall signify by letter. Though the title-page of the

other part tell us that it is ab auctore perfecta variisque in locis emendata, yet I have given orders to leave it out, and to binde his *Principia Philosophiæ* apart for you; whereby halfe the price is abated. I suppose I shall have it to-morrowe, and then I shall soone finde some ship to send it by: for such opportunittes betweene this towne and Hamburg are very frequent.

Des Cartes himself is gone into France. Monsieur Hardy tells us, in a letter lately written, that Des Cartes met him in Paris, and blamed him for offering so much mony to our Arabicke professor at Utrecht, for his Arabicke manuscript of Apollonius. Which Mr. Hardy interprets as a signe of envy in Des Cartes, as being unwilling that we should esteeme the ancients, or admire any man but himselfe for the doctrine of lignes courbes.

But I think France alone will afford me argument for a large letter, and therefore I leave it till the next time.

Come we therefore to England. And first for Mr. Warner's Analogickes, of which you desire to know whether they be printed. You remember that his papers were given to his kinsman, a merchant in London, who sent his partner to buy the old man: himselfe being hindred by a politicke gout, which made him keepe out of their sight that urged him to contribute to the parliament's assistance, from which he was exceedingly averse. So he was looked upon as one that absented himselfe out of malignancy, and his partner managed the whole trade. Since my comming over, the English merchants heere tell me that both he and his partner are broken and now they both keepe out of sight, not as malignants, but as bankrupts. But this you may better inquire among our Hamburg merchants. In the meane time I am not a litle afraid that all Mr. Warner's papers, and no small share of my labours therein, are seized upon, and most unmathematically divided between the sequestrators and creditors who (being not able to ballance the account where there appeare so many numbers, and much troubled at the sight of so many crosses and circles in the superstitious Algebra and that blacke art of Geometry) will, no doubt, determine one in their lives to become figure-casters, and so vote them to be throwen into the fire, if some good body doe not retrieve them for pyc-bottoms, for which purposes you know analogicall numbers are incomparably apt, if they be accurately calculated.

I cannot tell you much better news of my analytically speculations, of the finishing of which you desire to heare. I came over hither in December last, not bringing any of it

bookes or papers with me: nor hardly clothes, for the worst I had seemed good enough to weare o' shipboard. I then thought not to stay heere above a fortnight; nor did I imagine that before I gat out of this towne againe, I should be persuaded to clime the cathedra, and make inaugurale orations and prælusions, and afterward reade publikely 5 dayes in a weeke, an houre every day in Latine. Which had I foreseene, I thinke that all the bookes and papers that I had, both yours and mine, should have come along with me to enable me to doe those things the more easily. And yet I have no great minde to goe fetch them, nor to send for them; so long as they are there unstirred, they seeme to be safe. But the disasters of the whole kingdome put me in minde of what Melancthon used so often to say, *non est tutum quietam movere*. What may happen to them in the remoovall, by searchers, pirats, &c., I am not willing to try. Yet so long as they are there we cannot count them out of danger. But should that befall Mr. Warner's papers and mine which we feare, it would put me into an humour quite contrary to that in which I have hitherto beene. I have thought nothing elaborate enough to be printed, till it were so complete that no man could better it, and did therefore so long keepe my name out of the presse: but now I begin to count nothing safe enough till it be printed, and therefore I have almost resolved to secure my thoughts, not by burying my papers in England, nor by fetching them hither, but by publishing the same notions heere that I have committed to paper there.

I had thought heere to have given you account of what I have now in hand; but being desirous by this poste to let you know that your letter came safe to my hands, I am constrained to breake off heere, deferring the rest till my next. In the meane time I remaine, Sir,

Your humble servant,
JOHN PELL.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4279, fol. 173, Orig.]

Leyden, August 14, 1644.

Sir,—On Sunday noone I received youre lettre of Friday, together with nine copies of youre refutation of Longomontanus, the whiche, according to your desire, I have distributed as followeth, viz: to Golius, who, upon perusall of it, said it was a most solid refutation, thanking you very much that you

remembered him with a copie, and said withall, that hee at his last beeing at Amsterdam much endeavored to have wayted on you there. But he told mee that it is well thirty yeares since Longomontanus his doctrine first saw light, since which tyme hee hath by many letters beene advertised of his error, but being strangely enamoured of his invention, could not bee made to retract it; and hee hath growne extreme old in his dotage thereon, "wherefore," said Golius, "t'were scarce religion to trouble the obstinat old man any more, since other thoughts would better become his yeares than the mathematicks." I then went to Salmatius, *professor honorarius*, who likewise shew'd many tokens of his kind acceptance, and told mee (among other discourse, whereof I had much with him) that the age of the author of this false opinion would sett an authority on it, and therefore it had the more need of refutation. Walarus thankes you very much, expressing no faint desires to have the honor (as hee said) of youre acquaintance. I have presented one to Mons^r. de Laet but this morning, for at a many other tymes that I had formerly been to wayte on him, I was not so happy as to find him. Van Schooten also thanckes you, but hee being very old and indisposed I had not much talke with him as I had with the others. To Dr Kyper, being a man reasonably vers'd in those studies, and not of low esteeme here, I presented one; I have given one to Toncher Hooghland, a chymist and physician, Des Carte his most intimate freind and correspondent, who hath promised at his next writing to send one to Des Cartes. And so, having retayned only one to show my friends up and downe where I goe, I hope they are all disposed of to your mind. If you please to send twelve more I can dispose them to some other professors; 3 or 4 I would send to England to Mr. Oughtred, Mr. Barlow, and others, if you doe not yourselfe. I judge, by the leaves, that these coppies are part of some booke which you will shortly blesse the world with, and hope that my expectation shall not bee in vaine. Now, sir, I must thanke you for the honoure you have done mee by using mee as an instrument in this your busines; truly I doe so well like the employment, and I ressent this your favoure, that I confesse myselfe obliged to bee,

Your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

W. PETTY.

PS.—There are some in whom (as in him qui ex pet Herculem, &c.) this your magnum opusculum hath begott such an opinion of your meritt that they resolve to live Amsterdam to receyve your instructions.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 153, Orig.]

Hamburg, Aug. $\frac{16}{28}$, 1644.

Worthie Sir,—Yesterdaye I received yours of the $\frac{10}{28}$ of August, for the which I give you manie thankes. I heare nothing yet of our removing from hence, if we should remove into Hollande I should be in hope to see you, and intended to see De Cartes, but you write he is gone to Paris. I desire your judgment of De Cartes his new booke. Doutelesse he is an excellent man. I hope Mr. Hobbes and he will be acquainted, and by that meanes highlie esteeme one of another. I am sorie Mr. Warner's analogicks are not printed, but I yet hope they maye, as also other worckes of that excellent olde man. I am glad you intend to secure your thoughts by publishing them, and that you are printing Diophantus with newe illustrations after your manner, which I am exceeding greedie to see, but I doute you will not in this worcke teach us the whole science of analiticks with all that pertaines to it, which if you doe not now, I beseech you doe heereafter, for I suppose you intended such a woorck, and if you finish it not, I doute wee shall have no better analiticks than wee have. I have not yet received your refutation of C. S. Longomontanus his quadrature of a circle, but I shall inquire dilligently for it, for I longe to see where he goes out of the way. I am well acquainted with Mr. Gascoine, whoe was providore to oure armie: he is an ingenious man and hath shewed me howe perspectives maye be much improved; I onelie mislike his glass next the eye which he makes convex on both sides; I tolde him it woulde make confused sight, if De Cartes his doctrine be true, but upon triall it proved more distinct than I expected, yet I thinke a concave on that side next the eye would doe better; his perspective did not multiplie more than myne as I thinke, but his speculation is most true, and this was one of his first trialls and not made to the manner of his best inventions. Wee lodge neere St. John's Church. And so wisshing you all happiness, I remaine

Your assured freind to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSSHE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 155, Orig.]

Worthie Sir,—Manie thankes for yours of the 17 of September. I am sorie for Beaugrand and Herrisons deathes, but I hope it will make you nowe seriouslie thinke of polishing and publishing your former thoughts of analiticks. I never sawe Harrison's 6th tome, nor I thinke his 5th, yet somewhat of algebra in those tomes I have, but nothing newe as I remember, or verie little. From Robervall and Fermat I expect much. Nicerons perspective I thinke I have at London, and as I remember one hath manifestlie convinced his booke of error; but if I mistake, and that you approve of Nicerons perspective, I desire you will send it me. If there be anie more than is in that little booke allreadie extant, concerning the newe jomales, you shall doe me a favoure to send it me. I am extreamelie taken with Des Cartes his newe booke, yet I thinke Kercher the jesuit of the loadestone hath prevented Des Cartes, for they differ little as I remember; I confess I conceive not howe the *particulæ striatæ* by theyr motion can reduce a loadestone, or touched needle (formerly moved from their meridian), to their meridian againe; or if they doe, the situation of the poles would be contrarie to Des Cartes his description. I beleve Mr. Hobbes will not like so much of Des Cartes newe booke as is the same with his metaphisickes, but most of the rest I thinke he will. Doctor Jungius hath bin once with me, I like him extreamelie well, but I cannot speake Latin well nor readilie, which hindered me of divers quæres, and besides I would not trouble him too much at the first visit. I finde him verie free, and intend, God willing, to be better acquainted with him. He approves of your confutation of Longomontanus, though he seemed to thinke Long. would take exceptions that you use tangents, which he refuses to be tried by. If Gassendes Philosophie be extant I praye you send it me. I have not yet seen Mr. Tassius, but he sends me word he will come to me. They are commonlie full of business or els I would often visit them. I mervaile you have not received £5, which I paid to Mr. John D'Orvill longe since, who promised to doe it with all convenient expedition; but I hope you have received it before nowe. I have troubled you enough for once.

I remaine your assured friend to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSHE.

Doctor Jungius prefers the analiticks of the ancients be-

fore Vietaes by letters, which he saies is more subject to errors or mistakes, though more facile and quick of dispatch, but I conceive not yet whye.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 157, Orig.]

Hamburg, Oct. $\frac{1}{2}$ ⁰, 1644.

Worthie Sir,—Manie thankes for yours of October $\frac{2}{12}$. I conceive there might easilie be a mistake in the waie of returning that £5 to you, but I am glad you nowe have it. What difference there is between banck dollers and rixdollers I knowe not, but I intended you should receive to the value of £5 sterling; if it want anie considerable sum I praye let me knowe it, for though the whole sum be not much considerable, yet the cosenage is. I received yesterdaie a letter from Mr. Hobbes, who had not seen De Cartes his newe booke printed, but had reade some sheets of it in manuscript, and seems to receive little satisfaction from it, and saies a friend of his hath reade it through, and is of the same minde; but by their leaves I esteeme it an excellent booke, though I thinke Monsieur Des Cartes is not infallible. Mersennus is gone towards Roome. Those bookes I desired might, I suppose, have nowe bin in print, for Mersennus mentioning them so manie months since, as worckes either printed or readie for the press, made me upon that supposall desire them if extant. Mr. Hobbes writes Gassendes his philosophie is not yet printed, but that he hath reade it, and that it is as big as Aristotle's philosophie, but much truer and excellent Latin. Though you discommend Niceron for a vainglorious man, yet your naming of his booke commended it to me, yet not knowing certainelie whether I have it or not, and expecting a second edition, for the present I desire it not. I desire Gassendes his refutation of Des Cartes his Metaphisicks, printed in 4to.; and if there be anie other booke of philosophie or mathematicks latelie printed, I desire it allso, especiallie your Diophantus, if extant, or anie thinge els of yours. I desire you will dispose of the remainder of that smalle sum I returned to your owne use. Manie thankes for the copie of Reitas letter. I admire his glass, and would gladlie buye such a glass, and get acquaintance with the frier and his workman by letter if I could.

Your assured friend to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSSE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 159, Orig.]

Hamburg, November $\frac{6}{8}$, 1644.

Worthie Sir,—Manye thanks for your letter, wherein you write that you have Apollonius 3 bookes of conicks in Arabick, more than wee had in the Greeck, and 36 authors more. I hope some of those are of the mathemathicks. Howsoever I dout not but they are worthie the press. I like extreamelie both the proposition and demonstration of Apollonius in your letter; and to my apprehension the expression of the same proposition in Mersennus his book is perplexed and no demonstration translated. I wonder Goleas hath not published it all this whyle; yet being nowe in your handes, I am not sorie he did not; for I assure myself wee shall nowe have it with more advantage than the loss of so much time. Though I doute not but your explication of Diophantus will put us in to a more sure waye of analiticks than formerlie, yet I suppose there is so much to be added and explained concerning analiticks that it will require a large volume; and I hope you continue your intention of publishing such a worke, which I beseech you thinke seriouslie of to publish with all convenient speede; for it is a worcke worthie of you. I have sent to inquire at Auspurge of the famous Reieta, to procure me one of his best sorte of glasses, but I have yet no answeare. If your occasions will permit you, I shall take it as a favoure if you will visite my Lord Widdrington, nowe in his passage towards France. And so wisshing you all happiness I remaine

Your assured friend to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSSE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 161, Orig.]

Hamburg, December $\frac{10}{8}$, 1644.

Worthie Sir,—Manie thanks for your letter and Gassende his booke, which I received by Sir William Carnabye. I am of your opinion that Gassandes and De Cartes are of different dispositions, and I perceive Mr. Hobbes joines with Gassendes in his dislike of De Cartes his writings, for he utterli mislikes De Cartes his last newe booke of philosophie, whic

by his leave I highlie esteem of. I am sorie the peevish Dane Severin diverts you from your better studies, for to my apprehension your refutation is full and plaine, and the proposition you builde on so obvious, that I thinke I could demonstrate it in $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour. I have not yet received answeare from Auspurge concerning Reita's glass, but I perceive Mr. Hobbes esteemes neither of his glass nor beleevs his discoveries, for he is joined in a greate friendship with Gassendes. I writ to him Gassendes might be deceived as he was about the varieing of the perpendiculars; he excuses him what he can. Mr. Tassius is sick, but I perceive hee is verie courteous. I have not latelie seen Doctor Jungius, but I have a greate opinion of his abilities. I desire to knowe if all Bonaventura Cavallieros worckes be to be had, as allso Sethus Calvisius worckes of musick, for I sawe heere but some fragments which Mr. Tassius lent me. You will excuse me that I requite not your favoures for the present, as I desire I can onelie yet acknowledge them, but shall heereafter by the grace of God endeouvre to requite them to my power. And so wisshing you all happiness I remaine

Your assured friend to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSSE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 163, Orig.]

Hamburg, December $\frac{17}{27}$, 1644.

Worthie Sir,—I hope you have received my letter which I sent last weeke by my brother's servant. I have little to adde, but this inclosed concerning Reieta's glass. I desire you will be pleased to inquire if he be at Antwerp, and if he be, to inquire of him if one of those glasses maye be had both sooner and at an easier rate. I desire by your next to knowe if Bonaventura Cavelliero and Sethus Calvisius of musick be to be had. I hope you have done with the waiewarde Dane, that you maye returne to Apollonius and Diophantes, but especiallie to your owne analiticall worcke, which I extreamelie desire to see. Mr. Hobbes puts me in hope of his philosophie which he writes he is nowe putting in order, but I feare that will take a longe time. I confess I regret much from him and yourself; Mr. Doctor Jungius and Mr. De Cartes I hope hath not yet done. I expect allso some rarities in

analiticks and geometrie from Fermat and Robervall, so that I hope oure age will be famous in that kinde. And so wisshing you all happiness I remaine

Your assured friend to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSHE.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 179, Orig.]

Paris, June 27, olde style, 1645.

Worthie Sir,—I give you manie thankses for your letter of May 17^{th} , which I received not longe since. I writ to you a letter from hence a greate whyle since, in which was one inclosed to Doctor Jungius, and a proposition demonstrated by Mr. Hobbes, all which I hope you have received. I have as you desire procured not onelie the approbation but demonstration of your fundamentall proposition by Mr. Hobbes his meanes. Fermat is not in this towne, and Mersennus is on his waye hither, so that I knowe not whither to write to him. But I doute not but more handes with demonstrations might be procured if you desire it; I heare some of them wonder you would not publish a demonstration of it yourself. I tolde Mr. Hobbes I assured myself you could demonstrate it, and thought it more obvious than I perceive they thincke it. I am glad you are publishing of Appolonius and Diophantus, though if Goleas meane to publish his Appolonius, I could be content you forbore yours, his being the perfecter copie, and he having bin at some cost about it, though I doute we shall be losers by it, for I beleieve your notes would abundantly recompence the defect of your coppie. I have not yet seen Bullialdes Astronomie, but Mr. Hobbes thinckes he hath not much advanced oure knowledge. Mydorgius hath publisshed nothing of late, nor anie of the rest more that I heare of. I hope you proceed with your analytickes, and that er longe you will publish it, for I expect not so much from anie man in that kinde as from yourself. I suppose you will one daye advance also the doctrine of conickes and of other difficulties in geometrie. I knowe not when wee remove, nor whither; but when and where-soever I remaine

Your assured friend to serve you,

CHARLES CAVENDYSHE.

JOHN PELL TO JOHN LEAKE.

[MS. Birch, 4280, fol. 94. Original draft.]

Amsterdam, August 7th, 1645.

Mr. Leake,—It is a yeare agoe since these inclosed papears were printed, and then upon this occasion. I found a booke of Longomontanus of 9 or 10 sheetes *De Mensura Circuli*, printed heere at Amsterdam since I came hither, but without my knowledge. I therefore thought good to give notice that it was done without my approbation, as knowing the measure to be false, as also to show a new way of refuting all those that make the circle's area and periphery *too great*. And such another way have I of refuting all those that make the circle's area and periphery *too little*, if there be any such, for I doe not remember one example amongst all the foolish cyclometers that ever I saw. He that printed Longomontanus his booke, printed also my refutation, and that they might allwayes be joined, he added those numbers 73, 74; for Longomontanus ends in 72. I caused these my papers to be dispersed among the mathematicians all over Europe. I hoped that of those which I sent so long since to London, one might have come to your hands, but I perceived yesterday by Mr. Sugar that you had not heard of it. I sent also one to Longomontanus, who answered ignorantly and scurvily; and upon occasion of a letter written by me to a friend in Denmarke, he has lately published a second reply not altogether so monstrous as the former. Mr. Sadler hath a copy of his first reply and of the Paris professor's judgement of my refutation. I have received other mathematicians' verdicts, onely I have as yet none out of England. My intent is to appeale the judgements of all those that by demonstrating my fundamental theoreme $\left(\frac{2r^2t}{r^2-t^2} = d\right)$ can shew themselves able to judge of such a controversy. Therefore by your meanes I shall hope to obtaine a line or two subscribed by your Gresham professors, and as many other students as will take the paines to demonstrate the first theoreme. Such I take to be Mr. Gunton, Mr. Fiske, Mr. Leake, Mr. Boud, and some others better known to you than to me; which approbation and demonstrations I desire to have as soone as may be, because I would print them with my owne and those which I have already of other men's, that so those ignorant dames may be so much the more confounded to set a thing demonstrated so severall wayes, which Longomontanus sayd

was *indemonstrabile*. And though now they begin to feare that it may be demonstrated, yet all the mathematicians in the University of Copenhagen cannot doe it, such shallow artists have I to doe withall. If any of our London mathematicians be unwilling or unable to write Latine, let them write English, or the catholicke language [a, b, c, + — &c.], and let me alone with the rest. If you want more coppies of my paper, and Mr. Hartlib of Duke's Place cannot furnish you, I shall send you as many as you desire; or if there be anything else wherein I may serve you, you shall allwayes find me

Your assured friend and servant,
JOHN PELL.

*To his much esteemed freend, Mr. John
Leake, at his house by the Old Swan
in Thames Streete, London, these I
pray.*

SIR WILLIAM PETTY TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4279, fol. 172, Orig.]

Paris, November 8th, 1645.

Sir,—Father Mersen his desire to convey this inclosed to you, serves me for an happie occasion, to expresse my thankfulness for the good of that acquaintance with Mr. Hobs, which your letters procured me for by his meanes, My Lord of Newcastle and your good friend Sir Charles Candish have beene pleased to take notice of mee; and by his meanes also I became acquainted with Father Mersen, a man who seemes to me not in any meane degree to esteeme you and your works, and who wishes your studies may ever succede happily, hoping (as others also doe) that the world shall receyve light and benefitt by them. Sir, I desire you not to conceive that any neglect or forgetfulness hath caused my long silence, for the often speech I have of you either with Sir Charles, Mr. Hobs, & Father Mersen (besides the courtesy I receyved from you) makes me sufficiently to remember you. But, to speake the truth, it was want of buisines worthy to make the subject of a letter of 16^p postage, especially since Mr. Hobbs served you in procuring the demonstrations of other french mathematicians. I could wish with Sir Charles that wee could see your way of analyticks abroad, or if a systeme of the whole art were too much to hope for, for my owne part

I could wish wee had youre Diophantus which was ready for the presse before my departure from you. Those rules of algebra (though few) which you gave mee and exercise have made mee able to doe many pretty questions. I intend to reade no authour of that subject untill I may be so happie to reade something of yours. Sir, if there bee anything wherein I might serve you, I desire you to use

Your thankfull friend & humble servant,
WILLIAM PETTY.

HENRY POWER TO SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

[MS. Sloan. Brit. Mus. No. 3418, fol. 94.]

Hallifax, June 13th, 1646.

Right Worshipfull,—I could not overslippe those kind respects, and faire expressions you pleas'd to shew towards me in Mr. Smith's letter, without the returne of a few gratulatory lines. The presentment whereof I cannot count a piece of presumption, since you layd me the foundation to worke upon. I cannott but really thanke you for the communication of your opinion; I shall trace your directions, by which meanes I question not but I shall attaine to the utmost of my desires. My yeers in the University are whole up to a midle bachelaur-shippe, which height of a graduate I am sure ought to speake him indefective in any part of philosophy. Our second yeere of sophistry is always taken up in physicall contemplation (without perfect knowledge whereof no cleere passage is granted to any in the commencement house), and I hope no materiall piece then passed my eie, an extract whereof is not remanent in my present selfe. Yet I shall (submitting to your maturer judgment) review the whole body of philosophy, especially naturall. The pleasantnesse of which science (had not your desires concurred) might have re-invited me to that study. I intended to have seene Cambridge a moneth since: but some intervening accidents still quas'd my journey: and now you know that supernaturall cause which prolongs my stay here. I hope the heavynesse of that hand will shortly be removed, and our colledge repupill'd, and then (God willing) I will increase the number. I shall waite there of your instructions: what physicall institutions you please to appoint, I question not but the University affords; and I shall be ready to make use of them, and of each opportunity the weeke affords, wherin I may

visit you by a paper-mercury. If (after I have finished the theoreticall part of physick) you will be pleased to induct me into some practicall knowledge, your commands shall fetch me up any time to Norwich; where I shall be very glad to weare the livery of,

Sir, your obliged friend and servant,
HENRY POWER.

Our towne can furnish you with very small news, only the death of some of your acquaintance, viz. Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Sam. Mitchell. This enclosed is from my father-in-law to your selfe: if your occasions will permitt the returne of a few lines to either of us by this bearer, wee shall be very glad to accept them.

HENRY POWER TO SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

[MS. Sloan. Brit. Mus. 3418, fol. 92.]

Right Worshipfull,—The subject of my last letter being so high and noble a piece of chymistry, viz. the reindividually of an incinerated plant, invites mee once more to request an experimentall of it from yourselfe, and I hope you will not chide my importunity in this petition, or be angry at my so frequent knockings at youre doore to obtaine a grant of so great and admirable a mystery. 'Tis not only an ocular demonstration of our resurrection, but a notable illustration of that psychopanuchy which antiquity so generally received, how these formes of ours may be lulled and ly asleepe after the separation (closed up in their Ubis by a surer than Hermes his scale,) untill that great and generall day wher by the helpe of that gentle heat, which in six dayes hatched the world, by a higher chymistry it shall be resuscitated into its former selfe; *suamque arborem inversam in continuo esse et operari, iterata præservabit.*

The secret is so noble and admirable, that it has envited my enquirys into divers authors and chymicall tractates amongst which Quercita and Angelus Salæ give some little hint thereof, but so obscurely and imperfectly that I have no more hopes to be ocularly convinced, through their præscriptions, then to be experimentally confirm'd, that the species of an incinerated animal may be encask'd in a piece of winte chrySTALL, as some other mineralists confidently affirme. Alsted, I confesse, in his Pyrotechnia, more cleerely describe the matter, but the manner of experimenting it hee utter!

leaves unmentioned. Therefore my only addresse is to you, hoping to find as much willingnesse to communicate, as ability to evince the certainty of this secret to

The most engaged of your friends,
HENRY POWER.

R. Coll. Cambridge,
Feb. 10, 1647.

PS.—Sir, this enclosed is from a worthy friend of myne who hath made bold upon my incitement to enwrappe a few lines to you, if you please to repay us both but with one single answer, it will not only evince us of your faire acceptance of them, but shall also challenge a double gratulatory as a due debt, in counterpoise and recompence thereof.

WILLIAM OUGHTRED TO MR. GREATORIX.

[MS. Ashm. 394.]

Aldbury, Dec. 19th, 1652.

Good Mr. Greatorix,—Give leave to intreate you to remember my service to my good friend Mr. Lilly, and to enquire of him and other astronomers about London, what they have observed concerning a comet, *stella crinita non caudata*, now and for 11 nightes together as often as the skie was cleere, in manner as I shall describe. Upon Thursday, Dec: 9th, I first saw it, neere the East, about 7 of the clock at night, a round dim light, about 4 degrees of estimacioun from the head of the staire under the foote of Orion westward; the diameter of it seemed to be 16 inches; upon Saturday at 11 at night it was ascended nere the shild of Orion, almost as a right line through both the shoulders, so that the comet and they were about an equall distance asunder; then it went upward through the nose of the bull, till upon Tuesday night it was close, but a very small deale westward to the lowest star of the Pleiades. Upon Wednesday night it was come almost as high as the foote of Perseus, and upon Thursday night it was seene above the wing of that foote of Perseus westward higher then in a right line, through the star in that foote and the wing, and almost at their distance. The present Sunday, while I am writing, it is come within lesse than a degree of Gorgon's eye, and $\frac{1}{2}$ a degree to the east side. The motoun decresethe nightly, and so doth the diameter, especially for these latter dayes, being now become but in shew not past halfe so big as at the first appearance.

You shall doe me a favour to write or procure to be written to me what hath byne observed by the astronomers about this celestiall appearance, and what judgement they give of it.

Your very loving friend,
WILLIAM OUGHTRED.

H. THORNDIKE TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4279, fol. 261.]

December 23rd, 1652.

Sir,—Mr. Tovey is gone out of towne and hath left mee to dispose of Mr. Warner's papers, which I would have had done himselfe. I have therefore sent you whatsoever I can conceive to concerne the canon: beeing, (1) The canon itselfe from 1 to 100,000. (2) A collection of papers sowed together, concerning (I suppose) the construction and use of it, intituled on the front *Tabularia*. (3) Papers of Interest and the questions of it, sowed together. (4) A peece by itselfe of about halfe a quire, beginning with, "Any ratio being given." (5) The canon from 1 to 10,000. (6) A foule copy of the same, in which are bound up other loose papers concerning the subject. (7) Foule papers in nine bundles, which seeme to be the first copy of the large canon. And my request to you is, first that you will take your own time to peruse them, in order to a resolution of publishing them, which, upon perusing them, I hope you will declare: and then in consideration of common casualties, and the uncertainty of my continuing where you are, that you will certify mee of the receipt of the particulares. Which will bee very briefly done, if you think fit to sende mee this backe, with your name subscribed to a line signifying the receipte of them. And here, Sir, my best love and service recommended, I take leave, and remaine, Sir,

Your very loving freind to serve you,
H. THORNDIKE*.

* From a note by Pell, at the back of this letter, it appears that the project of printing Warner's works was relinquished on account of the incompleteness of his papers.

LIST OF MR. WARNER'S PAPERS.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4394, fol. 106.]

An inventorie of the papers of Mr. Warner.

1. A tract of exchanges in folio, containing eleven leaves, Anglice.
2. Varronis sententia de tympanis illustrata, tribus foliis.
3. A treatise of coines.
4. Another of the same.
5. A tract about ingotts.
6. Another of the same.
7. Opus Saturninum.
8. A bundle containing thirty papers intituled "Opus Joviale."
9. A small bundle intituled "Observationes Westmonasterienses."
10. A bundle intituled "Monetary."
11. A bundle intituled "Generall rules of Warre and Fortification observed by the experience of Prichard Hansard."
12. Six tracts sewed together intituled "Tabularia."
13. The faire copy of a canon of 100,000 logarithmes.
14. Canones analogici originalis.
15. Schedæ miscellanæ.
16. A bundle intituled "Analogicks."
17. De monetarum homonimicarum æquivalentia.
18. De resectione spatii.
19. A treatise sic incipiens "Any ratio being given."
20. A treatise thus beginning "Of that columnne."
21. A bundle "de refractione definitiones."
22. A bundle intituled "Mr. Protheroe."
23. A bundle intituled "Sir William Beccher."

December 14th, 1667. Received the abovesaid papers from Dr. Thorndyke, which I promise to restore upon demand—JOHN COLLINS.

ANTHONY THOMPSON TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch. Brit. Mus. 4279, fol. 259, Orig.]

November 22nd, 1658.

Mr. Pell,—There is this day a meeting to bee in the Moore Feilds of some mathematicall freinds (as you know the custome hath beene) there will bee Mr. Rook and Mr. Wrenn,

my Lord Brunker, Sir Paul Neale, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Scarburrow, &c. I had notice the last night of your being in towne from some of the gentellmen now named, and of there desire to injoy your company; their will bee no such number as you usually have seene at such meetinges; 12 is the number invited. Sir, I hope you will excuse the short warning, for it was shorte to mee*.

Yours to serve you,
ANTHONY THOMPSON.

PELL'S RELATION OF A MEETING WITH HOBBS.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4425, fol. 204, Orig.]

Easter Munday, March 31, 1662.

This morning Mr. Thomas Hobbes† met me in the Strand, and led me back to Salisbury house, where he brought me into his chamber, and there shewed me his construction of that Probleme, which he said he had solved, namely the *Doubling of a Cube*. He then told me, that Vicount Brounker

* I insert this letter because it is a curious memorial of the Royal Society in embryo. It is generally stated, that Dr. Goddard's society terminated on the foundation of the one at Oxford, but this letter proves the contrary. As it may be interesting to the present members of the Royal Society, I insert here a copy of the original regulations of the Society at Oxford, from MS. No. 1810 in the Ashmolean Museum.—

October 23rd, 1651, Order'd—

1 That no man be admitted but with the consent of the major part of the company.

2. That the votes for admission (to the intent they may be free and without prejudice) be given in secret; affirmations by blanks,—negatives by printed papers put into the box.

3. That every man's admission be concluded the next day after it is proposed; so as at the passing of it, there be at the least eleven present

4. That every one pay for his admission an equal share to the money in stock, and two-third parts of it for the instruments in stock, answerable to the number of the company.

5. If any of the company (being resident in the University) do willingly absent himself from the weekly meeting, without speciall occasion, by the space of six weeks together, he shall be reputed to have left the company, his name from thenceforth to be left out of the catalogue.

6. That if any man doe not duly upon the day appoynted performe such exercise or bring in such experiment as shall be appoynted for that day, or in case of necessity provide that the course be supplied by another, he shall forfeit to the use of the company for his default 2s. 6d., and shall performe his task notwithstanding within such reasonable time as the company shall appoynt.

7 That one man's fault shall not (as formerly) be any excuse for him that was to succeed the next day, but the course shall goe on

8. That the time of meeting be every Thursday before two of the clock.

[† This Mr Hobbes says he was born April 5, 1588.]

was writing against him. "But," said he, "I have written a confirmation and illustration of my demonstration, and to-morrow I intend to send it to the presse, that with the next opportunity I may send printed coppies to transmarine mathematicians, craving their censure of it. On this side of the sea," said he, "I shall hope to have your approbation of it." I answered that I was then busy, and could not persuade myself to pronounce of any such question before I had very thoroughly considered it at leysure in my owne chamber. Whereupon he gave me these two papers, bidding me take as much time as I pleased. Well, said I, if your work seeme true to mee, I shall not be afraid to tell the *world* so: but if I find it false, you will be content that I tell *you* so; but privately, seeing you have onely thus privately desired my opinion of it. "Yes," said he, "I shall be content, and thanke you too. But, I pray you, do not dispute against my construction, but shew me the fault of my demonstration, if you finde any." Thus we then parted, I leaving him at Salisbury house, and returning home.

THOMAS BRANCKER TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 36, Orig.]

Tottenham, May 9th, 1666.

Revered Sir,—I understand by Mr. Collins that you had my last, but are, as you had reason, offended at Mr. Pittes presumption. Little souls have little designs; what his was, I know not, but I thought it not at present convenient to do any more than I did, viz: take notice that the letters were open'd and enquire by whom. However, I durst not conceal it. The man is I hope very fair; as to all other matters wherein I have dealt with him I have found him so. Possibly he was hasty to see what assistance you were pleased to afford us. I am thus tedious about him, because I would fain entreat for him to procure his pardon. What I wrote in my last concerning the book, I again refer to your consideration, for as much as my design herein I hope is not sordid or mean; but the truest advantage that may be gained to the argument. I have now only to acquaint you that they have in hand the table. They omitte the first leafe, according to what I hinted in my last to yourselfe about it. Only whereas Rhonius ordered the incomposits to be printed in a larger character when they first appear in the table, viz: where they

were roots; I have altered it thus, to put a rule either over or under the number, and let it be of the same body with the rest. For I presume the end of that different character was only to make it visible, and I conceive this makes it more visible and distinct, and besides it avoids that unhandsome intrenchment upon the page which you will find in the Dutch edition. But these things you will better observe when the first sheet comes to your hands, which I hope you will find well done. They goe on slowly, because the short rules between the descending parallels are very chargeable, and therefore they have no more than will compose $\frac{1}{2}$ a sheet *at once*; so that they do but one whole sheet in a fortnight. I should be very glad to wait on you at London, could the health of that place invite you thither. In the mean time, I beg your candid interpretation of anything that comes from me in word or deed as to this matter, for as much as, if I know my own inclination, of all vices I am not disposed to deceit or impudence, and in this particular I have very cogent obligations to the contrary. I had written sooner but that I was confined to my chamber by an ague, which, by God's goodnes, is now removed, not without some small relishes of it, which I hope will passe away. It's scarce pertinent to tell you that there was a report about town that you had left this world for a better. Your own lines to Mr. Collins are a solid refutation. God Almighty continue your health and opportunityes to serve his glory, 'tis the prayer of, Sir,

Your ever obliged to honour and serve you,

THO: BRANCKER.

THOMAS BRANCKER TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 38, Orig.]

Tottenham, June 21st, 1666.

Honoured Sir,—By the hands of Mr. Collins I received your last on Friday, viz: 4 leaves of copy for the sheet P: but without any note for direction for printing therof, or by way of answer to anything of my last. This I only advertise you of that, if any such letter were intended, you may understand it was casually excluded the covert. I humbly thank you for the pains and accuracy in those papers, and I hope further directions for printing them are not altogether necessary. I have transcribed them without any alteration, unlesse so far as was needfull to conform it to the marks wherciu the

presse differs from your writing. They will this day or to morrow have done with the table (as I suppose) and will be wholly imployed in the body of the book again as the meddling with the table. Although readers and printers are all very willing to see it out; yet, whenever you please, the presse shall be perfectly stop't to attend you. I shall from time to time acquaint you where they be, and when they want further help, but no such addresses are intended to streighten you in your conveniencies. If you please to put a title to the table, they may print that and the first leafe of the table, which I shall presently fall on proving once more, unles you have any body that can and will ease me and shew me the errata, which I hope will not be very many. My last tedious letter gave you an account of what I then thought necessary, nor have I now any thing else to adde thereabout. I beg your pardon for having been an occasion of so great a divertisement to you, wherein if I did not fear I had already intrenched on your other occasions, I should have adventured to beg your assistance for generall direction in these studyes, and I have fancied that 2 or 3 generall fundamentall notions would lend me no small light, untill God shall please to grant me the happinesse of further attendance on you. And I wish I might be as meet for future as I am thankfull for past communications. In the mean time I must wait for an opportunity to serve you to my power. I commit you to God's protection.

Yours ever obliged to honour and serve you,

THO: BRANCKER.

THOMAS BRANCKER TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 40, Orig.]

Tottenham, July 6th, 1666.

Honoured Sir,—Your last of July 2 came to me July 5. I return humble thanks for the sheet therein enclosed. I have copyed it and purpose tomorrow morning to send to the press. The labour and time which the processe and copyes therof required must needs have been great, and much aggravates your bounty in the communication. And I cannot but, upon occasion herof, adventure to expresse what hath been much in my thoughts before. I am very sensible what an occasion of trouble to you this my imperfect undertaking hath proved. Which yet I can not say I repent of, because I can not question a considerable advantage to be reaped thereby by all in-

telligent readers, and particularly because you have condescended not only to permission but favourable assistance: for which I daily look on myself (as well as thousands others) as obliged to all gratefull acknowledgement as far as my present or future capacity may reach. My desire and serious study shal be to serve your interest, as far as I may understand it, and be accepted in my endeavours. I know the notions you bestow upon the treatise are not valuable even by jewells, but yet I see nothing little or sordid in it for you to accept of some gratuity, although incomparably beneath the obligation you have laid upon us. If I might be so bold my request would be to have from you a hint of your thoughts concerning it. 'Tis true Mr. Collins and I have discoursed hereabout, but he is not nor shal be in the least acquainted with the open proposall which my confidence of your pardon makes. Whether he hath in his letters anything that looks this way I know not, but the full satisfaction I have of my own integrity to endeavour your truest service puts me on the adventure. And methinks it is much more respectfull to your goodnesse to be open and sincere, than either to expresse myselfe tenderly and obscurely, or, which is worse, to be altogether ignorant of what behaviour may become us in this present case. My bookseller I know will not be very unmannerly herin: and I would deal with him as from my own motion did I know what were proper, but he shall never know from me directly or indirectly that I ever scribbled a syllable about the affair. You need not fear any inconveniency in being free to me in this matter even as to your son. I am not so great a stranger to morality or conscience as to use such forward expressions, had I not uprightnesse to support them. And, although I may not despair of being an incomparable gainer by any service I can undertake for you, yet I conceive I am not herin selfish beyond what reverence and gratitude allow me. But if any thing in the premises be any way peccant and offensive, I submit to your correction and it shall be, if you please, as if it were unwritten. As for the book, the compositor hath made your last papers fill a great deal of room, something of the paper of March 5 running into R, which loose print they ever told me their letters would needs require. I have written out the primes to above 30000, in the first 10M I find 1227 (counting 1 for a prime, which possibly Guld omitted, and so made 1226), in the 2d xM 1031, in the 3rd xM 983, in the 30000, 3241. But my purpose is to prove the whole table of incomposits again before I finish this catalogue. Mr. Collins hath lent me Kinckhuysen's Conicks (in Low Dutch) and Mydorgius, on which I spend some time

about parabolically draughts. If you please you may now keep a week or more before the press, but I shall undertake that it shall attend your leisure. I do not find I have order in your last to proceed to the xxix. probl: and therefore hope to see your directions. I fear you give yourselfe the trouble to copy verbatim what you send me. I conceive you might adventure to send me your only accurate draughts, and ease yourselfe of that labour, keeping the notions by you possibly in some other method. Begging your pardon and continuance of undeserved favours, I commit you to God's care and protection.

Yours ever to honour and serve you,
THO: BRANCKER.

CHRISTOPHER SAWTELL TO WILLIAM LILLY.

[MS. Ashm. Oxon. 423, Orig.]

Weymouth, August 6th, 1666.

Mr. Lilly,—I wrote to you the 18th of the former month concerning the wonderfull motion of the tide as it was carefully here observed for 4 hours time, viz. July 17th, from about 10 in the morning untill 2 in the afternoone. I also wrote the same to the Post-office in London; notwithstanding which, it was put into the printed intelligence in one manner, and in the Gazette in another manner, and neyther of them aneere the truth, and for what eyther reason or policie I cannot imagine, but made me to be derided here, until I shewed a copy to many of what I wrote them to London; since which they reply if they print one false that is so wonderfull, how many us believe the rest, &c. Sir, I intreated you by my letter to have given me a few lines in answer that you had received mine, but to this morning I have not received any, which makes me doubt that you have not received mine, or else that you doubted the truth, or that it was not of any worth. If it came not to your hand, pray be pleased by a few lines to give me notice and I shall give you (if you desire it) a very true, sure, and punctuall account of it, or in any particular thing or accident that you shall require of it. If you doubted the truth I'll assure you that to what I wrote you ther is not a tittle false, I am very confident, viz. that the sea did ebb and flow seven times in four hours time; with the rest of particulars written you, to which a clowde, as it were, of witnesses will appeare; that there were many more

ebbings and flowings it is probable to be true by the report of many; which say that the sea did soe all the morning, and that it did soe likewise againe in the evening, but they say that this was not so violent; but this 4 houres time that I gave you account off was as I have said, carefully observed by so many and that of the chieftest mariners, merchants, and other gentlemen, as well as other sorts of people, both men and weomen, one friend calling and sending for another, that to me it seemes an absurdity in the least to doubt the truth; the chiefe occation of observation being the extreame violence of it, one wherof I heard being in house, being talking with one, we had much pittie for a ketch there riding in the road, we thinking of a very great and suddent storme of wind, but looking out of doores found noe wind att alle, but saw the sea at a distance full of ravelling waves with much noyes. If not of worth to you, pray take the will for the deed. I aymed at the best. The thing to all persons of this town was and still is wonderfull, and I thought it worthy of publique note, to which end I sent it to London preferring you before Mr. Gadbury, who otherwise had had the account. However, Sir, if you will not afford me no other account of it, you let me begg you to give me a few lines that you have received mine, that I may know that it came to your hand; and if by writing so presumptuously to you, strangers to each other, I have offended you, pray pardon me; it is but the second offence; I hope I then shall not committ the third: yet in the meane while shall remaine, Sir,

Your friend in what I may,
CHRISTOPHER SAWTELL.

*For Mr. William Lilly, Astrologer, at the
corner-house, over against Strand-bridge,
these, in London. Post paid, 3d.*

THOMAS BRANCKER TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4278, fol. 41, Orig.]

Tottenham, August 17th, 1666.

Much honoured Sir,—I conceived it unnecessary to trouble you with any line from me since the receipt of your last sheet, untill I could return it or part of it in print. This is now done, and you may please to send to Badiley for a sheet which I presume my bookseller will send on Munday. In it the fractions are very much amended. Mr. Collins tells me that

now they say if I had blamed them, they might have been corrected before. But as I have formerly written, I found fault at the first fraction that ever they printed and afterwards too. I conceive they were not then so possessed with sufficient hopes of advantage so as to put them on the charge of new stamps, the procuring of which hath made this delay. I am now most taken up with making a catalogue of the errata in the table of incomp. which is necessary to be done before the catalogue of the incomposits themselves can be truly made. Sir, I return you my humble thanks for your candid acceptance of any part of my behaviour towards you in this businesse, of which my Lord Brereton hath been pleased to give me an hint. May there be anything of another nature, I shall thankfully accept of your admonitions, and, in a word, truly serve all your interest. We now hope for further directions from you at your next conveniency. At present you are no further interrupted by

Yours, ever obliged to honour and serve you,
THO: BRANCKER.

JOHN PELL TO MOSES PIT.

[MS. Birch, 4279, fol. 183, Original draft.]

Brereton, June 3rd, 1668.

Sir,—Yours of May 28 came to my hands May 30. Monday June 1, I sent a messenger to Newcastle, who brought me from you Mr. Brancker's new book, more costly bound than I desired. I have turned it over, and finde it no way imperfect; no sheet deficient, missfolded or missplaced. But the great number of press faults keepes me from writing to you for coppies for my friends, because I suppose they had rather tarry till they may have coppies corrected by my hand throughout.

Your superscription, both of your letter and of the book, would have startled me, if I had been farr from this place. For in both you say *John* Lord Brereton, as if *William* Lord Brereton were dead and the title were fallen to his eldest soune, whose name is *John*. But since yours, we have heere received letters from the father, by which we are assured that he is in health, and intends to begin his journey hitherward upon Friday June 5, about the time that this may come to your hands. I hope his Lordship will bring one of Deane Wilkins his bookes with him; or at least will be able to de-

write it so to me, that I may guess of what bulk it is, and whether it be fit to binde blank leaves in part of it. And therefore I doe not now call for the cobby which you say the Deane hath left in sheets in your hands for me. Your care will preserve it entire, cleane and safe for

Your assured freind,

JOHN PELL.

*For Mr. Maas Fit, a stationer at the
White Hart in Little Britaine.*

HENRY OLDENBURGH TO LORD BRERETON.

[MS. Birch. 4259. fol. 42. Orig.]

London, Sept. 22nd, 1668.

My Lord.—I pray your Lordship to accept of the enclosed print, which contains a tart confutation of the late French pretended miracle, said to be done in a village near Saumur; the narrative of which was sent hither in French, and here translated and printed in English. I suppose your lordship hath heard of it, how that Our Saviour appear'd, by way of a picture on the altar, at the time of the masse, for a quarter of an houre, many people seeing it with astonishment, which afterwards was examined by the Bishop of Angiers, and declared for a miracle in print. I have sent a copy of these transactions to my correspondent at Paris, a true Huguenot, with a desire to render the first head of this book French, and to send it to the place where that appearance of Our Saviour was made, to undeceive, if possible, the poor people, and to discover the cheat of those clergymen, that would father a lye upon their God.

I saw yesternight a cart leaden with at least 600 bricks, whereof each by weight weighed above four pounds, drawn by one horse in an uneven and ascending way, by a new contrivance, which avoydeth rubbing much more than ordinary carts. It has been devised, as I mentioned formerly, by the concurrence of persons of several nations; and the patent of them is given in divers contry's; here, to the Duke of Monmouth, and to Sir Ellis Leyton (as himself told me), and at Paris to some great persons; as also in Flanders. In the

mean time, our mathematicall mechanicians doe not want exceptions against the extraordinarines of the contrivance.

* * * * *

Your Lordship's very humble and faithful servant,
H. O.

*For the Right Honourable the Lord Brereton
at Brereton in Cheshire. Stonebagg.*

P.S. Mr. Hook presents his humble service to your Lordship, and begs the favor to send him some account of the causeway found so deep under ground, and of what shels are found in stones, or *ligna fossilia* &c. Whereby you will much oblige him.

MICHAEL DARY TO JOHN COLLINS.

[MS. Birch, 4425, fol. 54, r^o. Orig.]

The equation is this:—

$$+ y^4 + 8 y^3 - 24 y^2 + 104 y - 676 = 0$$

Mr. Collins,—I have beene lately trying to break biquadratic equations into two quadratic ones, and I have effected my purpose in a great many, some by the aliquote parts, and some by the cubick mant, but this soure crabb I cannot deale with by no method, &c.

Your servant,
MICH : DARY.

Tower, the 8th Febr : 1674–5.

NOTE ON THE SOLVING EQUATIONS, BY JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4432, fol. 26, Orig.]

May 20, 1675.

Mr. Dary only solved cubick equations by ayd of a quadratic equation in a particular case, not knowing the use of both the rootes of his quadratic equation; but Collins knowing how to take away two tearmes in any equation hath a different generall method of solving these and higher

equations by ayd of log^{mes}. or by his little table of continuall proportionalls for interest, whereby he finds two rootes at a time, and depresseth the equation two degrees. Whereas Deschartes cubick equation only serveth to breake a biquadratick equation into two quadratick ones, whereof the rootes are afterwards to be found, and a paire of rootes being by Collins method alwaies found, or two impossible ones removed (by ayd of the rootes of pure powers and adfected equations) one degree lower than that proposed, it follows that solid problems are effected by plaine geometry, et problema Deliacum tandem feliciter expugnatum. *Deo gloria!*

JOHN COLLINS TO MR. OLDENBURGH.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4432, fol. 25.]

May 25, 1675.

Sir,—Be pleased to intreate the learned and worthy Mr. Tachirnhaus, to make a construction by a circle for finding a roote of either of these equations, which have the conditions he requires

$$a a a - 3 a a + 3 a - 1 = N$$

In which if a roote be	1	0	
	2	1	Which are the cubes
	3	8	of numbers less than
	4	27	the roote by unit.
	5	64	

Or to this equation

$$a a a + 3 a a + 3 a + 1 = N$$

In which if a roote be	1	8	
	2	27	Which are the cubes
	3	64	of numbers greater
	4	125	than the roote by unit.
	5	216	

And when he hathe demonstrated the same and illustrated the worke by examples in numbers he hath solved the Delphick probleme with great renowne, and intreate him to make the same publick in the Transactions, the consequence of it will be that he hathe taken away the two first or highest tearmes in these equations, which renders it probable that the like may be done in other and higher equations, and consequently the difficulty that hath hitherto been crux ingenii will be removed; this is the thing most wanting in mathematicks, and if he doth this, 'tis that I so much aspire after,

and have methinks a prospect of methods that I hope will not faile in the attainment, consisting of two branches. The one to make such habitudes or co-efficients relating to two tearmes in an equation, that taking away one of them, the other shall vanish with it. The other to reduce such tearmes to those habitudes that want them, though something hath been done in this kind and not in vaine, yet there still is required more still labour and time, than can be afforded by his and

Your most humble servitor,
JOHN COLLINS.

SIR SAMUEL MORLAND TO JOHN PELL.

[MS. Birch, Brit. Mus. 4279, fol. 143, Orig.]

Saturday, 13th May, 1682.

Sir,—Not being able to wayt on you as yet (as I intended) I take the boldness to send you my first request in writing, which is to beg you to answer the following queres:—

1. Supposing a foot to be divided into 12 inches, what is the number (and decimal parts) of cubick inches which are equal to the content of a cylinder, the diameter of whose base is 1 inch, and the height 12 inches?

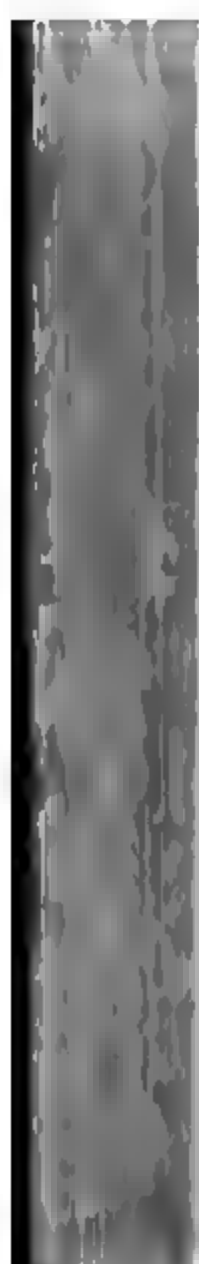
2. What is the number of cubick inches that equal the content of a cylinder, the diameter of whose base is 2 inches, and the height 12 inches?

3. What is the number of cubick inches answering to a cylinder, the diameter of the base being three inches, and the height 12 inches?

And if your leisure will permitt you, I would beg a table giving the number of square inches conteyned in the areas of all circles from 1 inch diameter, to a 100 inches diameter.

And what trouble this shall give you, shall be acknowledged by

Your most humble and faithful servant,
S. MORLAND.



A P P E N D I X.

- I *Corrector Analyticus, or strictures on the Artis Analyticæ Praxis of Thomas Harriot, by Nathaniel Torporley. From the original manuscript preserved in the library of Sion College.*

Tractatum analyticum illum posthumum proximis diebus hisce promulgatum retracturo, triplex mihi incumbit negotium pro triplici rerum retractandarum differentia. Quædam enim ejusdem dictata (quis hoc credat? in mathematicis præsertim quibus inservit demonstratio, ut lapis Lydius ad segreganda a falsis vera, a tali vero præsertim Coriphæo mathematicorum credito, a talibus præsertim recognitoribus summa fide et diligentia omnia describentibus) non solum controversa et dubia, sed etiam a veritate aliena, pseudola et falsaria. Quæ idcirco sunt accuratius discutienda, redarguenda et resecanda, ne vel decipiatur inter legendum artista, vel præ indicio damnetur assertor. Quædam etiam sunt imperfecta et mutila, ne dum non ab ipso authore consummata, sed ne etiam, quæ ab ipso bene excogitata et acitu necessaria sunt tradita, ab ejus administris eadem promissa fide et industria posteritati transmissa. Neque vero est ut sese excusatos haberi præsumant a testata intentione sua illam præcipue partem artis ornandi, quæ spectet ad resolutionem numerosam, accitis reliquis tantum obiter ejus ut puta introductionis. Collatis enim his quæ erant propriæ Harrioti ipsius inventiones, cum reliquis quas abunde mutuum assumpsit: tam quidem in pusillo compingeretur sua ipsius inventa, quas proprias quæsivit opes, nihil ut fuerit reliqui, si universa ejus inventionum farrago congeratur, ad justum voluminis quantumvis exigui comprehendendam dimensionem. Itaque tertius ordo animadvertendorum talium esto præceptorum quæ prius ab aliis tradita, facta levi aliqua mutatione in possessionem hujus authoris pervenerunt. Etsi illius modi aliena occupandi consuetudo adeo evasit usitata et familiaris, ut non solum licitum sed et laudabile videatur esse quod fuerit publicum. Prorsus ut mihi videantur scriptorum hodiernorum plurimi non tam authoris agere ad lectores docendos, quam scholares in ludis literariis, quando


dictata præceptore didicissent, memoriter eodem coram condiscipulis repetentia. Sed ut non dignum vituperio indico in alienam mensam immittere falcem aliquam vel methodicam, vel expositivam vel dactaminis, dummodo debitus primævo servetur honos: ita nego planum optime meriti de re literaria mereri cramben his positam nedam, sed neque ullam inventionem, nisi illum quæ illecebris jubet et grata novitate moretur discentem. Atque hujus generis commissa, quando maximam partem occupent totius editi opusculi, otiosum fuerit singula percensere. Suffecerit ergo eadem generalius et carptim perstrinxisse. Neque præterea erit opus has ita notatas tripartitas discussiones sigillatim et suo ordine sub quodam methodo reductas percurrere: quando quædam ex observatis pluribus ex his tribus censuris obnoxia sint, adeo ut quæ falsa sint, illa oriantur ex omissione jam latorum præceptorum; et quæ aliunde ascititia sunt, illa ex non recte intellectis antea traditis in falsa degenerent. Si ergo non servetur ordo in his recensendis, sed quævis utrumque primo obvia examinentur, nihil retulerit, ordo enim et methodus ad fabricam non ad demolitionem inservit. Nam de excusanda stili ruditate non est ut laborem, decrepitus jam senex et jam moriturus. Altero demonstrationes satis illas ornatas, si ex omnibus rhetorum phaleris, uti quæ ornantur cibi puritate licet diminuta exprimantur. De reliquis contendant aucupatores famæ. Ego si dedecoris pristini labem abstersero, pulchre discedo et probe et præter spem. His ita breviter præfatis deinde videamus quod Harriotus instauratus apportet bonive malive. Primo itaque de Harrioti methodo dicamus, cujus sæpius mentio facienda est in sequentibus, ut constet et de prolatis et de prætermisissis, ubi non possum non conqueri, illud ne male habere quod ejus glossarii ita penitus transformarunt eandem, ut non solum non ordinem sed vix verbum ejus retineant. Id quod forte laude dignum esset, si alicujus illiterati fortuito inventa distribuissent. Sed cum hominis per eos in cælum sublatis et cui encyclopediam summam ascripserunt, opera ita transmutarunt ut vix vestigium ab eo pressum appareret: quod non erat aliud quam confessio tacita alicujus deprehensæ imperfectionis cui suppetias ita esse percuperent, aut saltem se illi fore præpositos crederent. Atque illius methodus illa erat.

Primo accurata tractatio irrationalius surdorum sive, ut ille vocat eos, radicalium numerorum, non illa quidem aliena ab analytica arte contentibus ejus interpretibus in sectione, sed totam artem omittentibus mixum. Nam si inutilis ad Exegesis, cur ejus ibi fecerunt mentionem? Si mentionem fecerunt, certe ut non inutilis, cur igitur non descripserunt?

His insuper addidit, veluti etiam præludia ad ipsam analyticam; speculationem de numeris et binomialum speciebus, de extractione radice quadratæ e binomio plano, et quo plurimum sudavit (et illud forte nequidquam) de extractione radice cubicæ e solido binomio, usque ad exhaustionem viginti septem aut octo chartarum. Nam solebat ad imitationem juris peritorum per chartas ab una parte exaratas, et per articulas simul colligatas, distribuere seorsim diversa documentorum suorum membra, ut ita homogenea unum in locum

reponerentur, præpositis quibusdam paragraphis plerumque literarum cum chartarum ascripto numero, ad satis methodicam inventionem cujuscunque particularis subjecti, quando ad illud relatio quomodo-cumque esset facienda.

Quibus accesserunt, vel processerunt potius. Operationes logisticæ in notis ita dictæ ab Harrioto, ubi incipiunt ejus glossatores sub titulo. Logistices speciosæ quatuor operationum formæ exemplificatæ non ita scilicet magistraliter distanti illo. In ipso analytices artificio contentus trimembri divisione inscribit primam ejus partem ita. De generatione æquationum canonicarum sub paragrapho *d*) compaginatis ad illud argumentum chartis 21 cum appendiculis duobus de multiplicatione radicum.

Secunda pars autem sub titulo "De resolutione æquationum per reductionem," habet paragraphum *e*) chartas 29. item *f* *a*) chartas 7 : *f* *β*) chartas quoque 7 : et succedens illis in chartarum numeratione, *f* *γ*) ad chartam *f* 18 *γ*) cum appendicula sub lemmate duplici non illa contemnenda licet a suis omissa : Deinde *f* *δ*) chartæ 8. *f* *e*) chartæ 4. *f* *ξ*) item 4 : Postremo seorsim sub signo  chartæ novem continentes reductiones veterum ad Harrioti methodum revocatas.

Sed tertiam partem (non ita studio dissentiendi) cum Vieta in suo libro. De numerosa potestatum resolutione, et recte merito. Non totus fere est Vietæus per exempla singula, et supposito paragrapho, et in chartis 13 sunt exempla tria quadratica quorum primum est suum, duo reliqua sunt Vietæ, quinque cubicæ omnia Vietæ præter primum. Et quinque quadrato quadratica quorum quartum est suum, reliqua Vietæ. Et sunt ista secundum Vietæ methodum æquationum omnino affirmantium. Altera ejus pars sub paragrapho *b*) in chartis 12 habet cum Vieta habet analyticam potestatum affectarum negatæ quadratica *b* 1) *b* 2) *b* 3) cubica *b* 4) ad *b* 10) quadrato-quadratica *b* 10) *b* 11) *b* 12).

Tertia ejus pars sub paragrapho *c*) habet 18 chartas, tractat analysin potestatum avulsurum cum Vieta, ubi radices sunt multiplices et singularum limites demonstrantur. Exempla hujus sunt quadratica duo, cubico-cubica 4, quadrato-quadratica duo. Sunt alia quædam particularia hunc spectantia, de quibus suo loco.

Hæc est generalis ; et quantum poscit nostram propositam perbrevis ejusce methodi synopsis tam illa facilis et perspicua quam est septimembris illorum distributio. Unde partem liquet e tribus illis partibus eam de numerosa resolutione totam esse usurarium et ipsum Vietam a capite ad calcem redolere, paucis, ut dixit Harriotus, mutatis. Illa autem pauca cujusmodi sunt ? quæ certe non nihil compendii præcepto afferunt, sed et quæ nihil negotii adimunt operatione. Ex sequentibus etiam patebit secundam partem reductionum Vietam agnoscere parentem ex parte maxima, alioqui alios præcedentes habere authoris : ut nihil ex toto volumine in genere reliqui supersit Harrioti proprium præter primam generationis partem, quam certe non numerito dixerit quis fabricam vel officinam nihili ; non quod nihil exinde boni oriatur, sed quod ex nihili ingeniosa tractatione, totum illud quodcunque sit (quod sane non est contemnendum in-

PROBLEMA 20.

Æquationem quadrimoniam

$$\begin{aligned}
 &aaaa - baac + bcaa + bcda \\
 &\quad - caaa - bdca + bcfa = -bcd f \\
 &\quad + daaa - cdaa - bdfa \\
 &\quad + faaa - bfaa - cdfa \\
 &\quad \quad - cfaa \\
 &\quad \quad + dfaa
 \end{aligned}$$

posito $bc + df = bd + cd + bf + cf$ ad binomiam $aaaa - bbbaaa$

$$\begin{aligned}
 &\quad - bbcaaa \quad bbbccc \\
 &\quad - bccaaa = \frac{bb + bc + cc}{bb + bc + cc} \\
 &\quad - cccaaa
 \end{aligned}$$

sublati reducere scilicet gradibus a et aa .

PROBLEMA 21.

Æquationem quadrimoniam

$$\begin{aligned}
 &aaaa - baaa + bcaa + bcda \\
 &\quad - caaa - bdaa + bcfa = -bcd f \\
 &\quad + daaa - cdaa - bdfa \\
 &\quad + faaa - bfaa - cdfa \\
 &\quad \quad - cfaa \\
 &\quad \quad + dfaa
 \end{aligned}$$

posito $d + f = b + c$ ad binomiam $aaaa - bbaa = bbcc$
 $\quad \quad - ccaa$ reducere, sublati scilicet gradibus a et aaa .

Istæ sunt tres illæ reductiones præclare æquationis ejus quadrimonis ad tres binomias, seu mavis generationes binomiarum, quæ ad resolutionem numerosam magis sunt accommodæ, utpote quæ sint minus affectionibus oppressæ. Quæ quidem glossariis Harrioti forte viderentur sufficere ad praxin suam exigeticam exercendum. Sed non istæ similiter mihi sufficiunt ad facultatis specimen ut consultet ne etiam paulò penitus rimasse Harriotica. Nam restat in adversariis ejus omisus modus secundus generandi binomiam æquationem problematis decimi noni ubi tolluntur gradus aa et aaa , idque ab illa æquatione quadrimonia qua describitur in propositione undecima sectionis secundæ inter originales, nec locum sortita est inter reductitias.

Ut igitur accuratius de Harrioti dormitatione statuamus et simul constet in mathematicis sequè atque philosophicis æquivocam generationem posse reperiri. Sic igitur se habet apud Harriotum in

d 72^a) sed quia sordent illis locutiones Harrioticæ eminentius potius phrasi paraphratarum.

Æquationem quadrimoniam

$$\begin{aligned} aaaa - baas + bcaa - bcda \\ - caaa + bdaa + bcfa = + bcdf \\ - daaa + cdaa + bdfa \\ + faaa - bfca + cdfa \\ - cfaa \\ - dfaa \end{aligned}$$

ad binomiam

$$\begin{aligned} aaaa - bbbb &= - bbbc \\ - bbca \\ - bcca - bbcc \\ - ccca - bccc \end{aligned}$$

vel per conversionem
signorum ut vult Harriotus

$$\begin{aligned} bbbc &= bbba \\ bbcc + bbca \\ bccc + bcca \\ + ccca - aaaa \end{aligned}$$

reducere, sublati scilicet gradibus aa et aaa.

Et ignoscant, uti spero, si sequendo authorem, non adeo cum illis fuero sollicitus, ut signa intervertam cum illis, quo ponatur summa potestas affirmativa, etsi ab altera æquationis parte sint homogenea negativa, quod aliquid in se saltem habet indecori, sed nobis minutia non sunt animadvertenda.

Et ad correctionem horum problematum accedens, utar tali argumentatione nam sunt et nobis syllogismi, me hæc hostis inter alia convitia et hoc crimnaretur domino Petworthiæ quod essem dialecticus ignarus.

Si sit possibile ut ex æquatione quadrimonia generetur binomia necesse est ut in gradibus ablatis coefficientes utrumque negativa sint æqualibus coefficientibus affirmativis sed in hisce problematis impossibile ut coefficientes utrinque (hoc est in utroque gradu ablato) negativa sint æquales coefficientibus affirmativas.

Ergo,

In hisce problematis non est possibile ut ex æquatione quadrimonia generetur binomia.

Contra majorem propositionem peccant paraphrastæ pueriliter, contra minorem peccat Harriotus inconsideratius.

Sed ad primum errorem castigandum paraphratarum scilicet qui ex posita unica æqualitate, puta $b + c = d + f$ in problemate 19 et 21 et $bc + df = bd + cd + bf + c$ in problemate 20, non est ut multum laboremus. Ipsi enim suo indicio sibi ipsis opponuntur in locis plurimis reductionum suarum, ubi inferunt hæc verba in æquatione proposita per particularium contradictionem eliditur gradus primus, secundus, vel tertius, et tollantur contradictoria redundantia, item rejecto re-

dundantium ex contradictione et similia, ex quibus, per ipsos manifesto sequitur nisi fiat elisio, rejectio, vel redundantia inæqualius et contradicentibus alicujus coefficientis partibus, falsam esse et impossibilem ejusdem gradus cui ascribitur coefficientis ablationem. Et merito illud quidem. Nam si inæqualitate existenti inter partes ejus affirmantes et negantes: si excessus fuerit penes affirmantes aufertur ex illa parte æquationis tanto plus justo quantum est differentie partium coefficientes in gradum ablatum ducta. Sin autem exuperent negantes tantundem excedet illa pars æquationis ipsum homogenium datum, cui statuitur esse æqualis. Impossibile igitur est, ut ad unicam positam æqualitatem coefficientis partium inferatur ablatio plurium quam unius gradus parodici. Quod ipsum satis erat notum Harrioto. Nam in singulis illis ejus paralogyemis assumit ut in confesso duplicem partium duplicium coefficientium æqualitatem ad binos quosque tollendos gradus. Et hoc facilius admisit incommodum quia in præcedentibus ad tollendos gradus tantum singulos, eadem æqualitates partium coefficientis unius cujusvis qualiter inserviebant quo facilius introducta est hypothesis æquationis geminæ partium, quæ contra minorem argumenti esse nostri propositionem militat et jam nunc nobis sed majori conamine et mactimis validioribus oppugnanda est, sequentibus præmissis lematia.

Lemma primum.

Si quantitas aliqua semel atque iterum bisecetur inæqualiter: factum a partibus minoris inæqualitatis, et differentie quadratorum dimidiarum differentiarum inter partes inæquales.

Eato quantitas ab divisa primo in c puncto in duas partes inæquales ac , cb , deinde in duas alias ad , db , ubi inæqualitas prima inter ac , cb minor est $\overbrace{a \quad c \quad c \quad d \quad b}^{\text{inæ-}}$ qualitate secunda inter ad et db , et sequitur propositum.

Nam tertio divisa eadem in partes æquales ac , eb , per 52 est factum ex ac , cb , cum quadrato ce æquale quadrato semissis scilicet eb : atque etiam factum ex ad , db , cum quadrato ad æquatur eidem semissi ergo et æquantur invicem. At ec et ed sunt dimidiæ differentie partium ac , cb et partium ad , db , ergo facta a partibus cum quadratis dimidiarum differentiarum, sunt invicem æqualia, et ablato ab æqualibus quadrato minoris differentie ec erunt residua æqualia, nimirum factum ex ac , cb æquale facto ex ad , db cum differentia quadratorum ec , ed , dimidiarum puta differentiarum, ut erat propositum.

Jordanus in 20 primi ex hypothesis hujus propositionis infert aliam conclusionem, licet aliis verbis factum scilicet e partibus differentie minoris ac , cb æquari et facto e partibus reliquis et facto ex differentia alicujus unius partis primæ divisionis et partium singularum divisionis reliquæ; ut sit factum ex ae , cb æquale facto ex ad , db , et facto ex differentia inter ae , ad , et differentia inter ac , db , quod instar corollarii poni potest.

Lemma.

Si quælibet duæ quantitates bisecentur inæqualiter; quæ sunt ex quatuor producta e singulis partibus unius in singulas partes alterius, æquantur producto quod fit a totis in se ductis.

Hujus lemmatis non est e longinquo accersenda demonstratio cum sit propositio idem cum primo secundi Euclidis quamvis generalius enunciata, ad omnes species quantitatis comprehendas, et quasi reciproca ejusdem repetitio. . . . *areλ.*

II. *The Autobiography of Sir Samuel Morland, in a letter addressed to Archbishop Tenison. From the original manuscript preserved in the library at Lambeth Palace.*

[MSS. Lambeth, 931, Orig.]

SIR,—I am not ignorant of the various reports of the excessive prodigalities and other sins of my youthful daies, that have now for a long time been spread abroad by the credulous and censorious world; especially since it has pleased Almighty God of late years, to visit mee with manifold crosses and afflictions which have kept almost as exact time and measure as formerly did Job's messengers. And farr be it from mee to act the pharise's part, or plead my innocence, in any other terms.

However I have thought it necessary, (being sensible of my mortality, and knowing well that I address myself to a true Nathaniel, in whom there is no guile') to make you my confessor, and to give you an abbreviat of the history of some part and passages of my life, being willing to carry the rest into the grave with mee, by reason of the circumstances of the age wee live in, there to bee buried in oblivion.

Having received my education in Winchester Colledg, I was removed to the University of Cambridg, where having spent nine or ten years, I was solicited by some freinds to take upon mee the ministry, for which, fearing I was not fitly qualified, I betook myself to the study of the mathematicks. Soon after, an occasion presenting itself, I accompanied an ambassador, (among several other gentlemen) sent by the protector to the queen of Sweden. At my return, I was recommended to Secretary Thurlo for an assistant, and in a few months time after, sent by Cromwell as an envoy to the duke of Savoy in behalf of the protestants of the valleys of Piedmont. And from thence to Geneva, as his resident, to manage the affayrs of those poor people together with other forraign ministers, as likewise to transmitt the moneys collected in England for their

relief, and to prepare minutes, and procure records, vouchers, and attestations, for the compiling of an exact history of the Waldenses.

That negotiation being ended, and having exposed an account at my return of the whole transaction to a select committee of gentlemen who were appointed by Cromwell to examine particulars and make their report, as appears by their certificat marked (A)*, registered in the council books, of which I have the original, I was admitted into the most intimat affayrs of state; where I had frequent opportunities of taking a clear view of all proceedings from 41 to 56, and so forwards for severall years.

Amongst other intrigues, I was an ey and ear witnes of Dr. Hewet's being inhumanely trepann'd to death (together with several other persons of quality) by Thurlo and his agents. For instance, one Dr. Corkor was sent by Thurlo to Dr. Hewet to advise him and desire him on the behalf of the royalists, to send to Bruxels for blank commissions from Charles 2nd. And when those commissioners were come, was ordered to desire to bee employed by him to disperse part of them into several counties and to keep the rest by him, which done he was seized on, together with those commissions, and condemned by a High Court of Justice, and at last cruelly executed.

I was likewise privy to a design which was carried on by Sir Richard Willis (whom Charles II. trusted with all his affayrs in England) from a year before Cromwell's death to the rising of Sir George Booth (afterwards L. Delamar) for giving up the person of his majesty. At which time, the said Sir Richard Willis, by the appointment of Secretary Scott, and one person more (Thurlo being now out of employment) hired a great house called Weston Hanger, in Kent, moated about, and situated for the purpose, and then advised and pressed Charles II. with all diligence to come for England, and reside in that house for the better encouragement of those who should rise in arms for his restauration.

To this proposition the king readily consented, and the day of his setting out from Bruxels (as I remember) was appointed, and notice thereof being given to Scott by Sir R. Willis, there were several thousands of chosen men arm'd cap-a-pé, who had instructions to place themselves round about in woods and as privately as was possible, and upon the watchword given that the king was enter'd into the said house, to rush in and murder him and all his followers in a hurry, so as it might never be known by whose hand he fell, which was thought by the contrivers a much better method than formally to bring him to a tryal before a High Court of Justice, as they had don his father.

Now the horror of this and such like designs to support an usurped government, and fearing to have the king's blood layd another day in foro divino to my charge, (there being no person but myself, and the contrivers, and the cheif of those who were to act it, privy to it); and calling to remembrance Hushar's behaviour towards

* This paper marked A and entitled "Certificate of the committee for Piemont concerning Mr. Morland's negotiations for the protestants of the valleys," is preserved in the same volume, and is apparently the only one now remaining.

Abolom, which I found not at all blamed in Holy Writt, (and yet his was a larger step than mine, I having never taken any kind of oath or made any formal promise that I ever remember to any of those governments); as likewise seriously reflecting upon those oaths of supremacy and allegiance which I had taken during the reign of Charles I. at Winchester Colledge, I took at last a firm resolution to do my native prince, and the rightfull heir to the crown, all the service that should lay in my power. And here I cannot omit to observe,

1. That this juncture of time was the darkest moon of all that king's reign, a time when hee was in a manner abandoned by almost all his neighbouring princes and states, and miserably betrayed by many of his domestic servants, and some of those in whose hands were all his secrets and principal affayres. A time when he was in great distress for moneys, that being prest by Sir Richard Willis to send him fifty or sixty pound, as oft as hee sent him over new instructions, which was usually once a month (though at the same time hee had much greater sums conveyed to him by my hands in dark nights and obscure places such as the Vine Tavern in Holborn, hackney coaches, and the like!) His Majesty was frequently forced to pawn his plate or jewels, and as I remember, once to sell his coach horses to supply him. All which misfortunes Sir Richard Willis having enumerated and illustrated in a letter of his to mee about the same time to encourage the king's enemies here, pin'd the basket, and closed his letter with this paragraph, verbatim, viz., *And now I know not what power that little king has left him, unless it be to command his followers to run madd as they please.*

2. This was a time when I lived in greater plenty then ever I did since the king's Restauration, having a house well furnish't, a sufficient number of servants and attendants, a very good coach and horses in my stables, a revenue of above a thousand pound per annum to mainteyn it, and several hundreds of pounds of ready money by mee; and a beautiful young woman to my wife for a companion. Now the giving myself up to serve the king was not onely to hazard all this, but to live in dayly expectation of being taken out of my bed or house, and drag'd to the torments, and there had my *flesh pull'd off my bones with red hot pincers*; these were Thurloe's own expressions how they had dealt with mee had they in the least suspected mee.

3. Had ambition been and titles of honor been what I aym'd at, whenever the king should be restored; so little appearance was there at that time of any such change, and such characters were then given of the king's person, that to rely upon a promised honor, would have seemed no other then building castles in the ayr, and a hundred pound for the purchase of a Gartar would have been thought a desperate adventure.

4. Had gold been the god I then worship't, I had fayr opportunities, as its well known whilst I resided at Geneva, to have gone away with above twenty thousand pounds into some remote corner of the world, where the power then in being could never have

reacht mee. Or I might have accepted at my return of a much greater sum to have timely discovered the whole design of Cromwell's expedition into the Indies for the Spanish gold, all those commissions and instruments being either in my view or in my custody.

Whoever shall seriously consider the foregoing observations will hardly believe that any self ends, (though possibly they might, by the pravity of man's nature, and the subtilty of the Divil, bee injected into the fancy) could possibly outwey the considerations of duty and conscience in such an undertaking as this of mine was, in the blackest and worst of times.

Having now resolved upon the end, the next thing was to contrive the means of effecting it. And having made choice of one Major Henshaw, (whose life I had some time before saved, he being one of the forty men who had sworn neither to eat or drink till they had killed Cromwell) I gott him to send a letter to Charles 2nd. by one of his confidants, to acquaint him that there was death in the pott, if ever hee entered within the doors of Weston Hanger. This letter happened to bee put into his hands, as hee had one of his boots already on, and was drawing on the other, to ride post towards the water side, in order to his coming over, as Sir Richard Willis had advised him, for the encouragement of his party. This letter putt a stop to his journey, but with much difficulty, the king being made almost believe, by the lord of Ormond and others, that this was onely a stratagem of the protector, to throw dirt upon his beloved favourite, and so to spoyle his best design.

However, the king sent mee an answer marked (B), whereupon I dispatch't Major Henshaw himself, with a second letter, and accompanied it with several long letters, all written with Sir Richard Willis his own hand, discovering from time to time all the king's secrets, and whatever His Majesty had entrusted him with.

To this the king sent mee a second letter marked (C).

With one of these letters came a privat paper, as from the king (but in truth from the chancellor himself), ordering mee to send him in another privat paper an account of his chancellor Hyde, and what I knew of him, for hee was then accused of corresponding with Thurlo, and receiving moneys from Cromwell. I believing it came really from the king, sent such an account as it seems did not very well please his lordship. And *Hinc illæ lachrimæ* ! From that time hee became a mortal enemy.

When I went over to Buda, upon the king's Restauration, the chancellor charged mee *not to ask any thing of the King, till he came into England, His Majesty being resolved to give mee more than in modesty I could petition for.* But when I had wayted in England till all things of moment were given away, and at last desired to know what the king designed for mee, his answer was, *sounds ' what the Divil would you have '*

Before the king's coming over, by Major Henshaw's and his confidants privat agreement, as I believe with the chancellor, my wife was made believe that there was a patent brought over and hid

under ground to give mee the Garter, and make her a dutchess, as being descended from a noble family in Normandy, which was a truth, and they had so far possess'd her with this vain imagination, that shee, desiring mee to walk with her privately into the garden of my countrey house, a little beyond Bow, she *conjured mee upon her knees in the face of Heaven to promise and swear to grant her a certain request, which was never to ask any thing of the king but let him do as hee pleased.* And when I pleaded with her, and foretold her what really fell out afterwards, her answer was this—*The misfortune fall upon mee and my children.*

The king being restored, all his promises ended in a patent for a baronetcy and a gentleman's place of the privy chamber, which was onely a place of great expence, and cost mee at the coronation 450 pounds in two days. And after I had, *by the chancellor's order as from the king* delivered up the first letter into His Majesty's own hand, where hee had promised mee the Garter, &c., I had given mee a pension of 500 pounds per annum out of the post office. But being forced to live at a great expence, and lay out great sums in taking out patents and riding at the coronation, &c., and so run myself in debt, there was one sent to mee to give mee an alarm, that the Duke of York would have the post office settled on him, and my pension would bee lost, and I should do prudently to sell it, and there was a chapman for it, which was Sir Arthur Slingsby, who had it for a sum much beneath its value, and as I heard afterwards, hee bought it for the Lady Green, with the king's money.

Now finding myself disappointed of all preferment and of any real estate, I betook myself to the mathematicks, and experiments such as I found pleased the king's fancy. And when I had spent 500*l.* or 1000*l.*, gott sometimes one half, sometimes 2 thirds of what I had expended. Sometimes I had pensions, sometimes none. And care was taken by the ministers of state (under whom I was forced to truckle, waiting oft at their doors among the footmen) that one thing should bee spent before I gott another. One while I was made a commissioner of excise, paying part of it to one who had procured it. But in a few years being run in debt by chargeable experiments I was forced to part with it. At last, with much ado, I gott those pensions that I have of late years enjoyed, but they being very often stopt, I was at great loss and expence, borrowing money at 50 in the hundred and so anticipating my pension.

About two years before the king's death, hee sent mee into France about that king's water-works, and I borrowed near a thousand pound upon my pension (to repay the dowble to those who lent it) to prepare models and engines of all kinds for that expedition. But I was no sooner arriv'd there but the lord treasurer *by his Majestyes permission* stopt all my pensions for three years.

King James did indeed at my return (which was with the loss of above 1300 pistoles, as may appear by the French king's answer to my last petition marked D) take oft the stop off my pension, and ordered the payment of the arrears, but permitted the lord treasurer Rochester to cutt off above 1300*l.* to pay the workmen for the en-

gin that serves Windsor Castle with water upon the account of some boons, and some reimbursements I had gott of King Charles in about a year and a half's time before my going over into France. And one of the boons was 150*l*. which payd for the jewel hee gave mee for pleasing him with the engine, and in remembrance of old services, which jewel I was forced to pawn and part with at Paris to furnish myself with money to bring mee back to England.

As an addition to all these misfortunes, having charitably redeemed a certain woman (whose moralls I then knew not at all) from perishing in a prison, was inhumanely betrayed by her, under a pretence of gratitude, into a vain expectation of marrying an heiress of 20 thousand pound. And swallowing too greedily the gilded bait, it proved my utter ruin.

I know it is objected against mee, that I have been extravagant in expences with several wines. And I must confess, that was the only content I had in the world, all other things proving cross and full of trouble and bitterness. Besides that, I never frequented either tavern, or kept in pension women of pleasure. And what money ever came to my hands, excepting about 6 or 700*l*. per annum, in my family or relating therein, went amongst workmen of all sorts, for engines and chargeable experiments to please and divert His Majesty; or else for secret service, which were often very considerable sums. Somewhat may bee judg'd by the paper (E). I am sure I have now hardly left ten shillings in the world.

After all I would fain retire and spend my life in a Christian solitude, and heartily beg you to lend me your helping hand, to have my condition truly represented to His Majesty, whereby you will highly and for ever oblige

Your most affectionate, humble and faithfull servant,

S. MORLAND.

May 3rd. 1689.

P.S. There is one thing that I omitted in the abbreviat of my own history, which is, that when I did engage to serve the late King Charles 2nd, and did reveal some conspiracy against his life, yet at the same time I plainly sent him word that it was upon condition, *that I might never be call'd to bear witness against any of the conspirators, if upon his restauration, they should happen to bee arraigned at the barr of justice.* And when Sir H. Vane was ordered to bee brought to his tryall, the Attorney-Generall did indeed send for mee, and did very much press mee in privat (and that in the King's name) that I would appear as a witness against him, forasmuch as His Majesty had been informed that I was privy to many transactions, where the said Sir Henry Vane was principally concerned, that would by the law of England bee adjudged high treason. But my answer to him was this, that I hoped His Majesty would remember his promise, *that not a hair of their heads should ever be toucht upon any account.* Besides that I would rather be prest to death than come in judgment against either him or any other, whose designs I had formerly discovered. And thereupon went home to

my house, and burnt a certain sheet of paper all written with Sir H. Vane's own hand (which was a draught of a model of a new government with severe reflections on monarchy), as also several other papers, which would have been great evidence against him.

Extract from another letter of Sir Samuel Morland to Archbishop Tenison, dated July 20th, 1688.

..... In the interim I began to consider that perhaps I might do the public some kind of service, during this my retired life, by explaining in a new manner and method, the first six books of Euclid, and reducing them to common use and practice, and making all things plain and easy to the meanest capacity; which is a thing that in my opinion would be of excellent and singular use, as well for all publick schools as for all young students in the universities; but as yet has not been performed to purpose by any author that I have seen whatever.

The following paper is taken from the same manuscript.

The proposalls Sir Samuel Morland gave unto Major Wildman for the King's secret service were as followes.

1 To open any letter though written and seald up with all the care and nicety that is practicable, and having copied out the contents, to seal the same up again, with as many as shall be desired; provided he have the same paper, wax and ink, that the party that wrot and seald it shall be so far from discerning his letter to be opened or disfigured, that he shall not know his own letter from the other counterfeits.

2. To wash a written paper as white as before it was written.

3. To counterfeit all handwriting so dexterously, that, upon occasion of state, the king may send the coppies and keep the originalls of any letters, dispatches or other papers, till any designes be ripe for conviction

4. To copy any number of whole sheets of paper close written on both sides in as many minutes time, with this advantage, that it will be impossible for the coppies to be erroneous (a).

III. *A Magnetical Problem by Thomas Lydyat, from the Bodleian MS. No. 313.*

First,—Considering the declination of the needle touched with the

(a) This document has been copied "in a minute" on the paper immediately following it, and can be distinctly read by holding it to the light. Next follows "An old writing pale, and almost worn out, copied in a minute from both sides," which is, however, rather indistinct.

magnes or loadstone, from the plain of the horizon, for shewing of latitudes, I demand whether the loadstone, as it lyeth in its natural place and mine in the earth, hath not the two points of north and south directly respecting the north and south poles of the earth. If so, then, whether a straight steel wire, hung by the middles with a small thread in equal balance, and touched on either end with the north or south point of the stone, will not likewise directly respect the north and south poles. I say, touched hard with the very end of the wire: not as the usual manner is, drawn or pressed with the north or south end of the stone, along from the middle to the end of the wire: which, as it may seem, makes the needle decline more than due.

Secondly,—Considering the variation of the magnetical needle from the plain of the meridian for shewing of longitudes, I demand whether the same magnes or loadstone, lying in his natural place and mine in the earth, hath not as those two principal points directly respecting the north and south poles of the earth, so also every other two opposite points of itself in the like natural force (although not in the same degree of force) respecting those points of the earth whereunto it hath like situation. So that, for example, to speak only of three other being the chiefest, a wire touched in manner aforesaid, with the vertical or opposite, that is to say, uppermost or nethermost point of the stone lying in or newly taken out of his mine, by his free motion, will, in the same horizon, turn that end directly up or down-right, and take wholly to itself the situation and place of so much of the axis of that horizon: and, moreover, there being a line drawn round about the stone, æquidistant from his poles of north and south, a wire touched in that point thereof that in the stone's natural situation respecteth the east or west, will likewise turn itself and lie level in the plain of the same horizon directly east and west: and finally, a wire likewise touched at a quarter of the said circle's distance, will duly assume to itself that situation and place where the plains of the meridian of the same horizon and æquinoctial meet with and cross and cut each other. I say still, the *same* horizon: because loadstones of divers countries must consequently have and shew divers horizons and meridians with points correspondent: there being no natural horizon or meridian, or east and west, in the world, as there is æquinoctial, and north and south.

This have I conceived in my mind many years since, upon comparing of our countryman Norman his New Attractive, concerning the declination of the magnetical needle by himself first observed, and variation of the same, with Baptista Porta his book *de mirabilibus magnetis*, but hitherto partly I have not had fit opportunity to make trial thereof, and partly I have neglected it, by reason I found it flatly contradicted by D. Gilbert in divers places of his books *de magnete*, and also by some of my learned friends; who, being asked by me, whether a needle touched in any other place of the loadstone besides the poles, would respect the poles in like manner as if it were touched in either pole, answered that it would in like manner, tho' not in like force, but by so much the weaker by

how much it was touched the farther from the poles; and that being touched in the circle drawn equidistant from the poles, answering the æquinoctial of the world, it would have no respect at all. All which notwithstanding, many times musing with myself and thinking on it, and finding as yet no other sufficient reason of the declination and variation both, I suppose it possible and likely that the loadstone generally and totally both may have such a respective force in it, as I have said, lying in his natural mine or newly taken out of it, and also may retain the same, and impart it forcibly enough, a good while after: if so be it be laid and kept still in the like situation. But the cause why few loadstones of many, do retain the same, [which made Severinus, in his first book *Orbis Catoptrici*, think there were divers kinds of them, some, whereof he reports himself and others to have made sufficient trial, having more points of respect (namely, east and west) than others,] may be for that, for the most part without regard they are laid, or else by reason of their shape they fall and lie long in a diverse or contrary situation from that which was their natural, now, that side upward which was downward, now that side eastward which was westward, now that side northward which was southward, whereby it comes to pass that within awhile, as they are much impaired in their two principal respective points of north and south, so they become, as it were, giddy and mopish, and at length almost quite defective in the other.

Now, if this prove true, I dare avouch, that thereby is given a most certain and ready means of measuring the longitudes, or east and west distances, and withal a most easy way of sailing by a great circle, that is to say, the shortest cut, toward what position or situation sever, the vertical touch for the most part being fittest for this use, and an æquinoctial for the other; whereas the polar touch can demonstrate only the latitudes, although them of all other the most firmly. But touching these corollaries there needs not any further discourse, until experimental proof be made of the former problem

Th. L.

THE END

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III. Treatises on Geometry written in England during the 13th and 14th centuries; including an hitherto inedited treatise on that subject, by Roger Bacon.

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IX. A catalogue of the scientific manuscripts formerly in the library of Dr. John Dee of Mortlake. From Dee's own catalogue in the British Museum.

X. A collection of early tracts on the method of illuminating, and on the materials employed in that art.

XI. A collection of early tracts on the practice of lithotomy.

XII. Anglo-Saxon tracts of the tenth century on Botany and Natural History, with an account in Anglo-Saxon of the wonders of the East; together with some middle-age treatises on the same subjects, and a selection of figures of animals and plants from early manuscripts. To be edited with translations.

XIII. An original journal of Edward Fenton's voyage to St. Helena in the year 1582, interspersed with scientific observations and notices of English science.

XIV. A description of the Merva, a mechanical instrument invented by Simon Sturtevant of Christ's College, Cambridge; from the autograph manuscript dedicated by the inventor to James I. To which will be added biographical notices of Sturtevant, and several hitherto inedited letters and documents.

XV. A collection of early tide tables, including a series made by John Marshall, temp. Elizabeth.

The following list of the names of English inedited writers is taken from the *Synopsis Veterum Mathematicorum* of Dr. Bernard, as being that of the authors which it was his intention to publish. This list will receive the marked attention of the Council, as the suggestion of one of the ablest of mathematical antiquaries.

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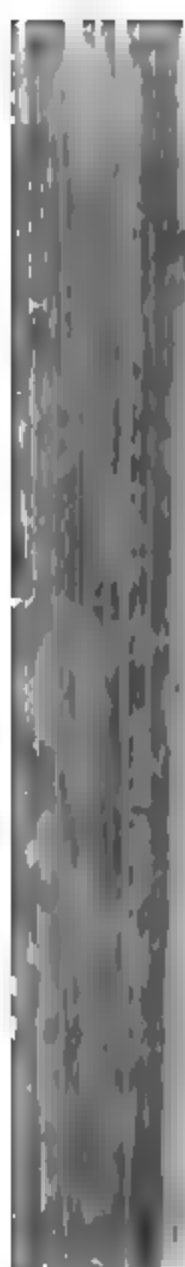
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